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New Movie

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MAY 8 1935
PERIODICAL DIVISION

Plastic Mask of
JOAN CRAWFORD
by Rosalie Rush

GETTING BACK AT EVE · By HERB HOWE

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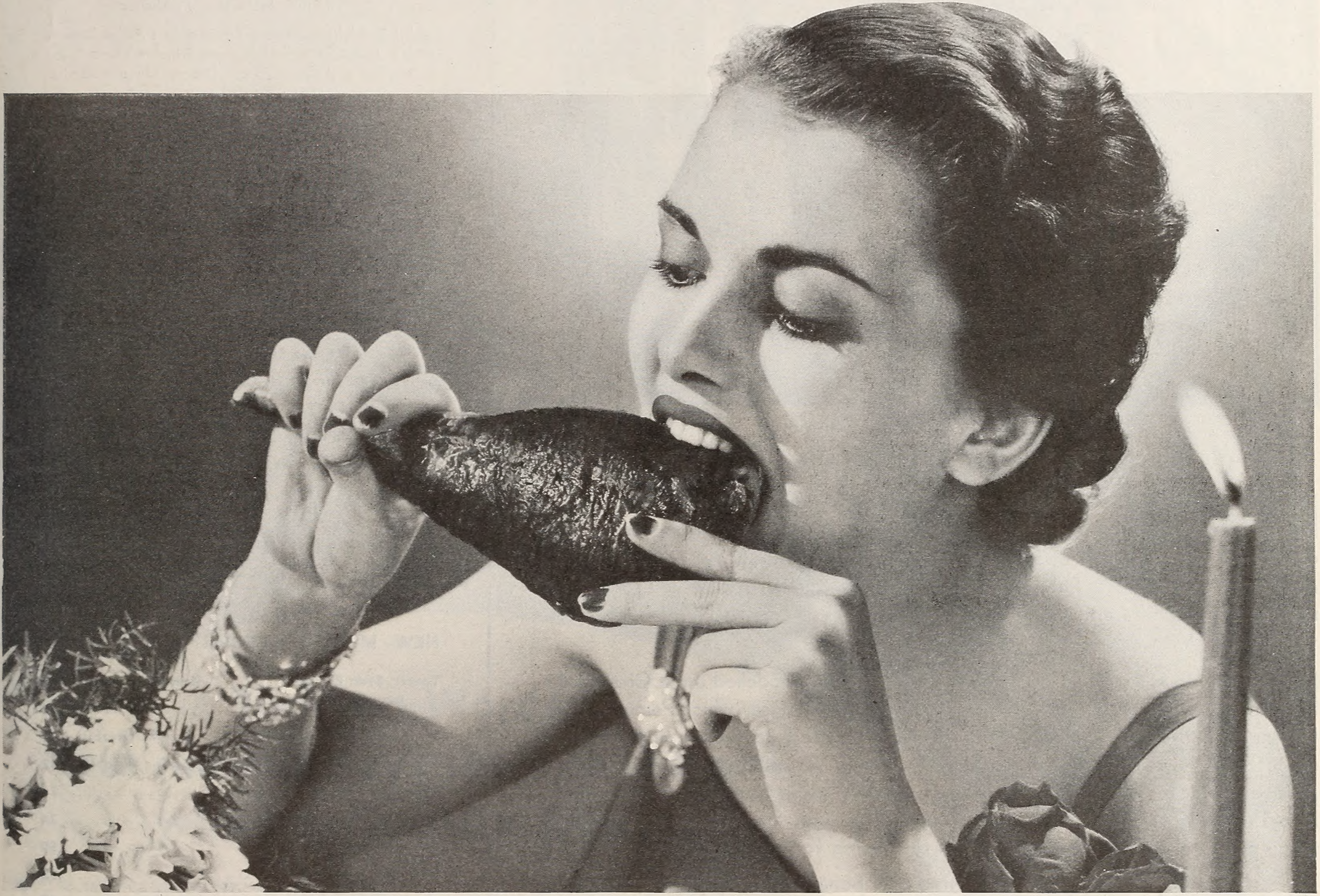

IT ISN'T BEING DONE, BUT IT'S *One Way* TO PREVENT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"

"IT'S worse than a blunder, it's a social crime," exclaimed the Director of the new Good Housekeeping Beauty Clinic. "That girl," she went on, "is headed for social suicide."

But dentists looked at it in a different light.

"An excellent picture," was their general comment. "It's a graphic illustration of a point we dentists are always seeking to drive home. If all of us gave our teeth and gums more exercise on coarse, raw foods, many of our dental ills would disappear."

Time and again dental science has crusaded against our modern menus. Coarse foods are banned from our tables for the soft and savory dishes that rob our gums of work and health. Gums grow lazy...sensitive...tender! It's no wonder that "pink tooth brush" is such a common warning.

YOU CAN'T NEGLECT "PINK TOOTH BRUSH"!

The slightest tinge of "pink" on your own tooth brush should make you start immediately with Ipana and massage. For unheeded, neglected—"pink tooth brush" may mean serious trouble—even gingivitis, pyorrhea or Vincent's disease.

Follow your dentist's advice. Brush your teeth regularly with Ipana Tooth Paste. Then, each time, rub a little extra Ipana into your gums. For Ipana and massage help restore your gums to healthy firmness. Do this regularly and the chances are you'll never be bothered with "pink tooth brush."

WHY WAIT FOR THE TRIAL TUBE?

Use the coupon below, if you like, to bring you a trial tube of Ipana. But a trial tube can be, at best, only an introduction. Why not begin, today, to get the benefit of the Ipana treatment with a full-size tube? Buy it now—and get a full month of scientific dental care and a quick start toward firmer gums and brighter teeth.

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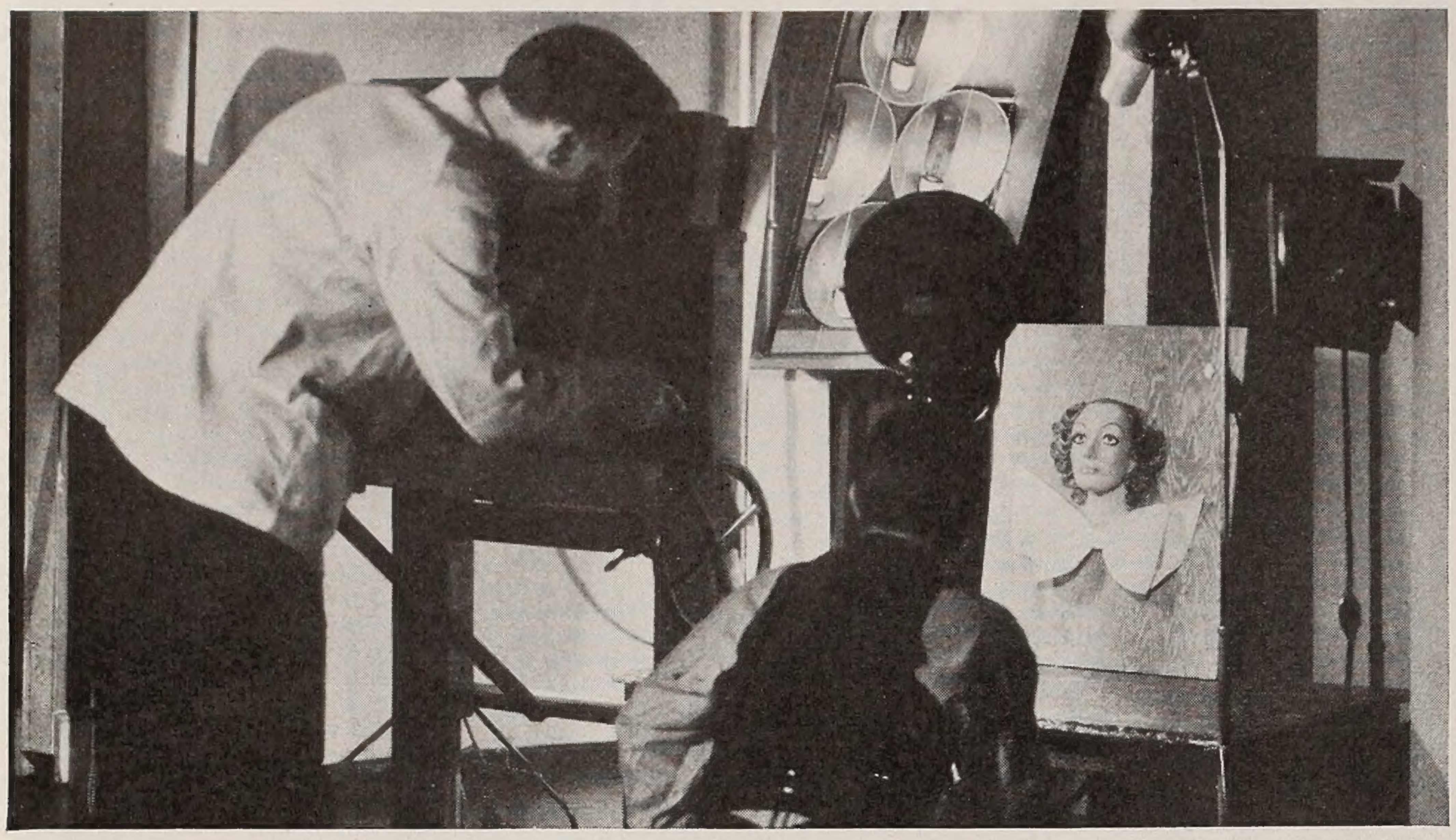
new movie



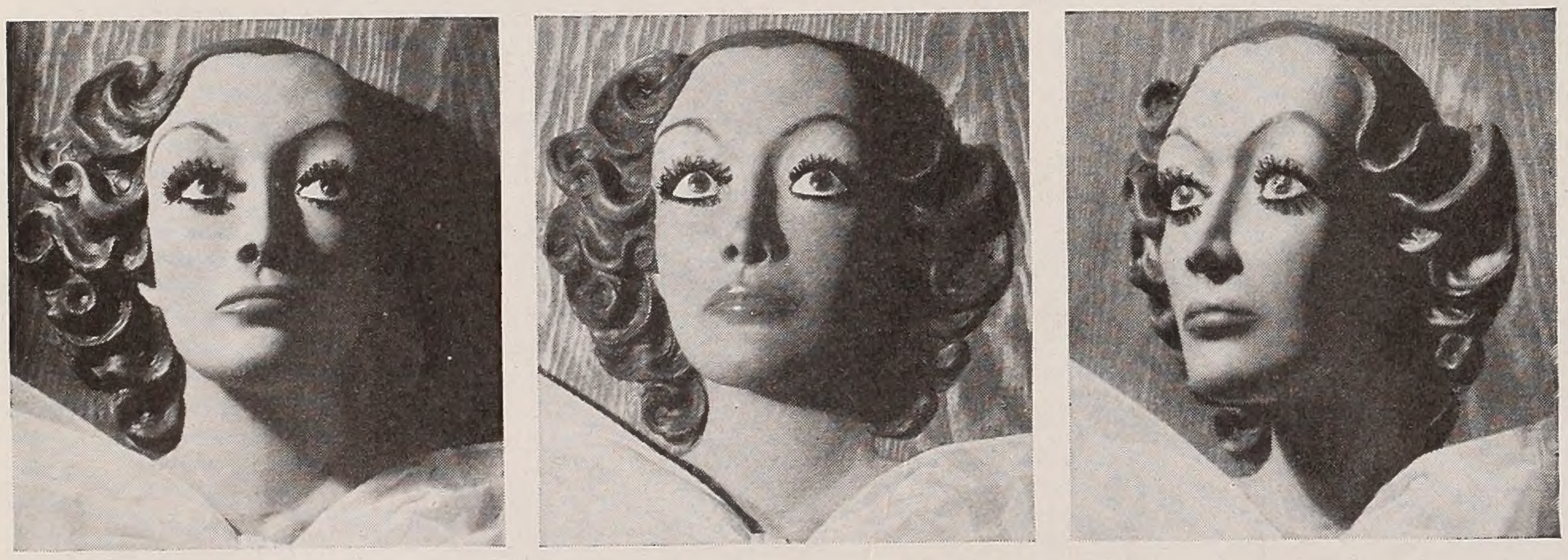
A GLIMPSE AT THE EDITOR'S NOTEBOOK

PERHAPS you would like to know something about our cover, this month. For years and years motion picture magazines have given you the same old covers—always a picture of a star, always a woman, and always smiling. It has grown pretty tiresome. For a long time we have wanted to give you something new, something different. And now, at last, we have done it. New Movie, as always, is first with the new idea.

HERE is how it was done. Our artist, Rosalie Rush, modelled Joan Crawford's head with a special, patented clay on an oil base, which remains soft. Dozens of photographs, taken from all angles, guided her in keeping the true contours of the face. Such a method of working, we are told by other artists, produces a mask truer than a plaster cast actually taken from Joan's face would be. The mask was colored and "dressed" in a huge bow tie of snowy white tissue-paper, the tints of Joan's complexion being faithfully followed.

AS a final step, the mask was mounted on a panel of three ply veneer, colored with oil stain, and photographed. Here we ran into our greatest difficulty. So alive-looking was the mask that, under various lighting effects, it took on entirely different facial expressions, just like a real human being. But at last we struck the right combination—something which is not entirely a caricature, but shows you how Joan's face is really molded. We are eager to know what you think of our experiment. If we have pleased you, that is all we ask.

At top of page: The mask being photographed. Below: Three of the many attempts to get just the right effect.



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COVER DESIGN BY ROSALIE RUSH

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NEW ISSUE ON SALE THE FIRST OF EVERY MONTH

"EVERY DAY I LOVE YOU MORE"

Thrilling Words—
but nobody says them to the girl who has COSMETIC SKIN . . .

IT'S WONDERFUL to *win* love—even more wonderful to *hold* it! So don't let unattractive Cosmetic Skin steal away your good looks. It is when stale make-up is left to *choke the pores* that the warning signals of this modern complexion trouble appear—tiny blemishes, enlarged pores, dullness, blackheads, perhaps.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

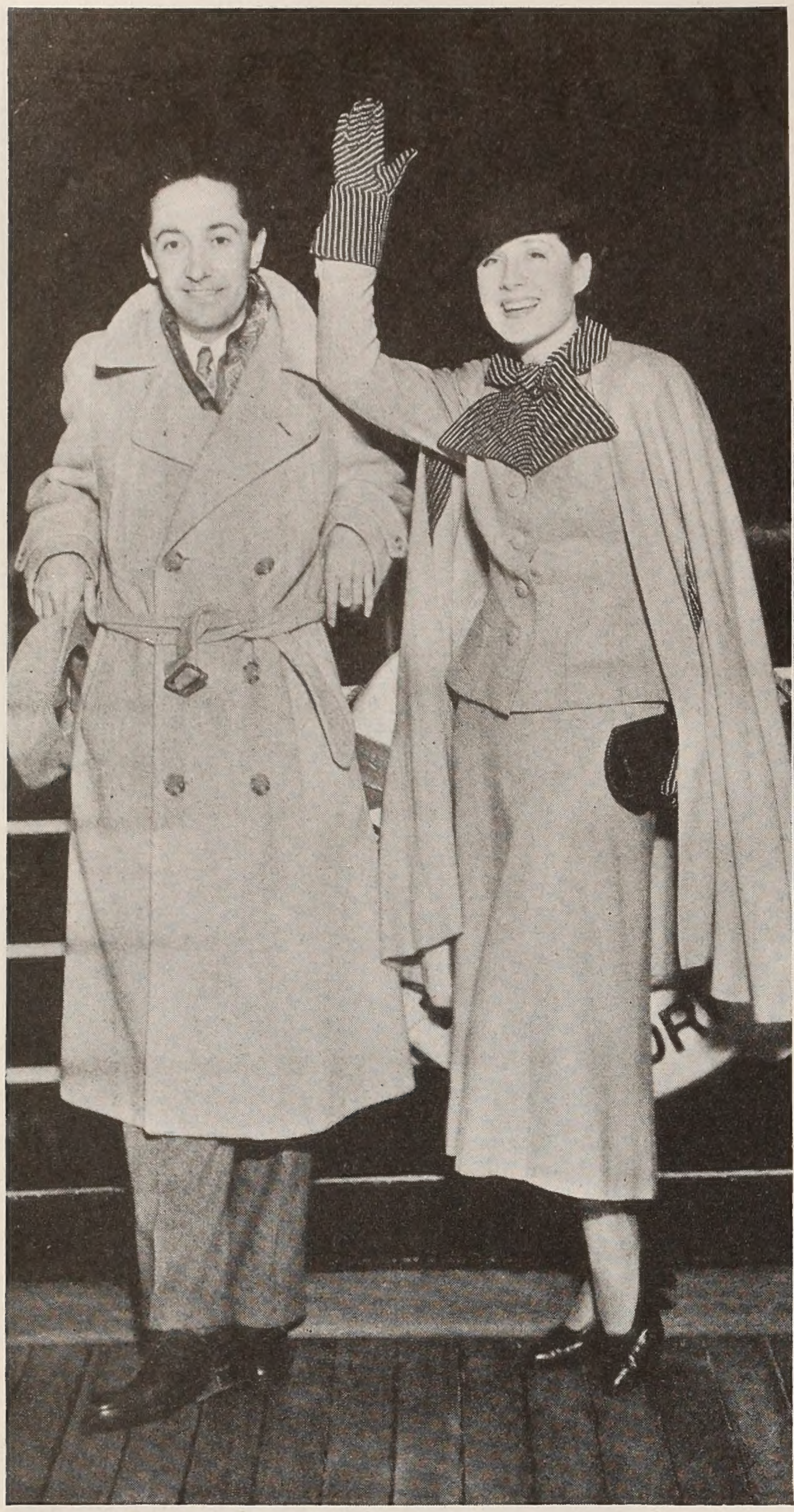
You needn't run this risk! For pure, white Lux Toilet Soap is especially made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deep down into the pores, swiftly carries away every trace of dust, dirt, embedded powder and rouge.

You can use all the cosmetics you wish! But to *protect* your skin—keep it delicately smooth and soft—follow this simple rule: Use this gentle white soap before you put on fresh make-up during the day and, of course, ALWAYS before you go to bed at night. Remember, 9 out of 10 lovely Hollywood stars protect their million-dollar complexions with Lux Toilet Soap!

RUBY KEELER

STAR OF WARNER BROTHERS' "GO INTO YOUR DANCE"

LIKE SO MANY GIRLS I USE ROUGE AND POWDER, BUT THANKS TO LUX TOILET SOAP I'LL NEVER HAVE COSMETIC SKIN



Norma's husband, Irving Thalberg, is her boss, while Joel McCrea and Frances Dee are both actors.

Joan Blondell's husband, George Barnes, is a successful and high-salaried cameraman.

Who Pays the Bills in a Two-Star Family?

More than one movie divorce has come because the stars couldn't solve that problem. This story tells you something you've always wanted to know ● By HELEN BURNS

YOU and I and the woman next door may argue with friend husband over who is to pay the bills because there isn't enough money to go around—but with the movie stars it's different. They have arguments, and many of them over who is to pay the bills because, very often, both husband and wife are earning too much money. The women can't resist flaunting their independence, and the men just can't help being jealous of their wives' earning capacity.

A dozen Hollywood bachelors have told me that they would never marry an actress who insisted on continuing her career after marriage. They had, they said, seen too many of their friends try it and fail. A man, they reasoned, could only be master of his home when he was the only wage earner in that home.

Yet there are two-star families, women stars married to male stars or to men earning the equivalent of a star's salary, who have successfully solved their financial problems. I decided to find out just who footed the bills in Hollywood's two-star families.

Immediately I encountered difficulties. Almost all the stars were reluctant to discuss the subject. That was the first rule they laid down for themselves—the refusal to talk about their money.

First I went to Norma Shearer, not only because she is one of the loveliest and most prominent of the happily married stars, but because she is both intelligent enough to analyze her reasons for doing things and gracious enough to discuss them frankly.

"Financial independence is not a woman's natural right," Norma said. "A man likes to feel that he's the provider. That's as it should be. I try never to act like a working woman when I'm with my husband.

"It's very dangerous for a wife to make more money than her husband. (*Please turn to page* 44)

And Al Jolson and Ruby Keeler, married, both draw pay-checks as individual performers.

NOW THAT I HAVE YOU... THERE'LL BE *No More Ladies*

An airy love bandit "swears off" the ladies when he meets his heart's desire—only to forget all about his promise the minute her back is turned! He's permanently cured of his roving eye—and the way it's done makes "No More Ladies" the season's gayest romance! Joan and Bob are at their very best in roles perfectly suited to them—while Charlie Ruggles, Franchot Tone and Edna May Oliver add to the merriment... Another delightful Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture, perfectly adapted from New York's laughing stage hit.

JOAN CRAWFORD ROB'T MONTGOMERY

in **NO MORE LADIES**

with **CHARLIE RUGGLES.... FRANCHOT TONE.... EDNA MAY OLIVER**

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture...... Directed by EDWARD H. GRIFFITH

$10 IS A LOT OF MONEY

A date with a movie star on ten dollars? Think it can't be done? Here's how one writer did it!

I'LL bet she wouldn't do it."

"You couldn't take Carole Lombard around the block for $10."

"You can't take *any* girl out in New York for $10."

"She wouldn't do it anyway, but I'll bet you haven't the nerve to ask her."

I had provoked these challenges at a stag dinner-party by asserting in very positive tones that Carole Lombard and Jean Harlow and a number of the other feminine screen stars were really "good fellows" who could have a thoroughly enjoyable time on a $10 date in New York.

With a bet of four dinners at stake, I prepared the case of Carole Lombard and Escort vs. The High Cost of Dates. The appointed day for the hearing arrived and the hour of four in the afternoon found me thirty-six stories above Park Avenue in a regally appointed suite of the Waldorf-Astoria. On a 17th century *chaise longue* the blond movie ingenue reclined in all her loveliness, wearing a silver cloth lounging pajama ensemble, with a long tight-fitting and high waisted coat and high collar which made her look like a princess out of a story book. Here was beauty and personality and bewitching charm which would have made the knights of old rush out and fight dragons.

"I suppose I'm Joe Doaks Number 38 today," I remarked as the formalities of the introduction were completed.

"You're wrong," she replied, "You're the first Joe Doaks all day, up to now. I haven't seen anyone except Lizzie Doaks. But I've been on the interview griddle all day and, let me warn you, one question about my being selected as the best dressed woman in Hollywood, and out the window you go!"

"Have no fear," I assured her. "I have no intention of interviewing you. What I want is a date. And what's more, the date mustn't cost more than $10." Then I went into the whole story, explaining that I wanted to prove to four very strong-minded young bachelors that Carole Lombard, the movie star, could have fun on a $10 date. "It will be an experiment," I said, "the results of which young swains can show to their best girls and offer as Exhibit A to prove that if Carole Lombard can do New York on $10, then half that amount should be enough in Backhomeville."

TWO nights later, with ten well-creased one-dollar bills in my pocket, Carole and I climbed aboard a west-bound cross-town bus at the Waldorf corner of Park Avenue and 49th Street. The great social experiment was on and she was not shy in admitting, "I think this is grand and loads of fun," even before we really got going. "And let me warn you," she continued, "no extravagance and no money for taxis. We'll ride in buses and subways or anything else that keeps the overhead down."

Two dimes, three minutes, and four blocks later, we hopped off the bus at Radio City Music Hall, Carole breathing a sigh of relief that (*Please turn to page* 57)

John Casey, whose stories for New Movie you know, dated Carole Lombard. He swore he'd do it on ten dollars or not at all. They had dinner, they went to the movies, they danced, they took a ride on a bus, and they took a ride behind a horse in New York's great Central Park. And John found that Carole was one of the grandest sports he'd ever met. How did he spend the ten? Read this story.

Decorations by Charles Mulholland

The grandest of all melodramatic musical romances

With all the glory of her God-given voice... the star of "One Night of Love" brings you new hours of thrilling entertainment!

Entrancing

Grace Moore

in her new picture

LOVE ME FOREVER

LEO CARRILLO • ROBERT ALLEN

Screen play by Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman

Directed by Victor Schertzinger

A Columbia Picture

hear her sing the
"MUSETTE WALTZ"

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Presto!–The Season's Smartest Colors for every Faded Fabric

Has your wardrobe the color-allure that the Spring and Summer months demand? Have your sport-togs that sprightly *chic* that Fashion demands? Are your summer curtains and drapes color-fresh? If not, don't delay one second... start Tintexing at once. For in a jiffy these magic tints and dyes will snap back faded apparel and home-decorations to gay-as-new color . . . or give them new Paris colors, if you prefer. Remember, it's so easy to be up-to-the minute in color-smartness with magic Tintex. Simply "tint as you rinse". 38 brilliant, long-lasting colors from which to choose.

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TINTS AND DYES

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE'S

GALLERY of STARS

The honor page to Grace Moore and a hope that "Love Me Forever" will be even more enjoyable than "One Night of Love"

Jones

FROM A. The pictures on these two pages give you an idea of the tremendous range of modern movie stories. In "Under the Pampas Moon" Warner Baxter returns to the sort of romantic adventure film which, with "The Cisco Kid," gave him his start. With him is little Armida, the whirlwind dancer.

TO Z. On the other hand, "The Flame Within" is about as far removed from adventures on the Argentine pampas as it possibly can be. Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall are cast as doctors in a hospital for the mentally afflicted, with their adventures limited to their own sensitive, tortured souls.

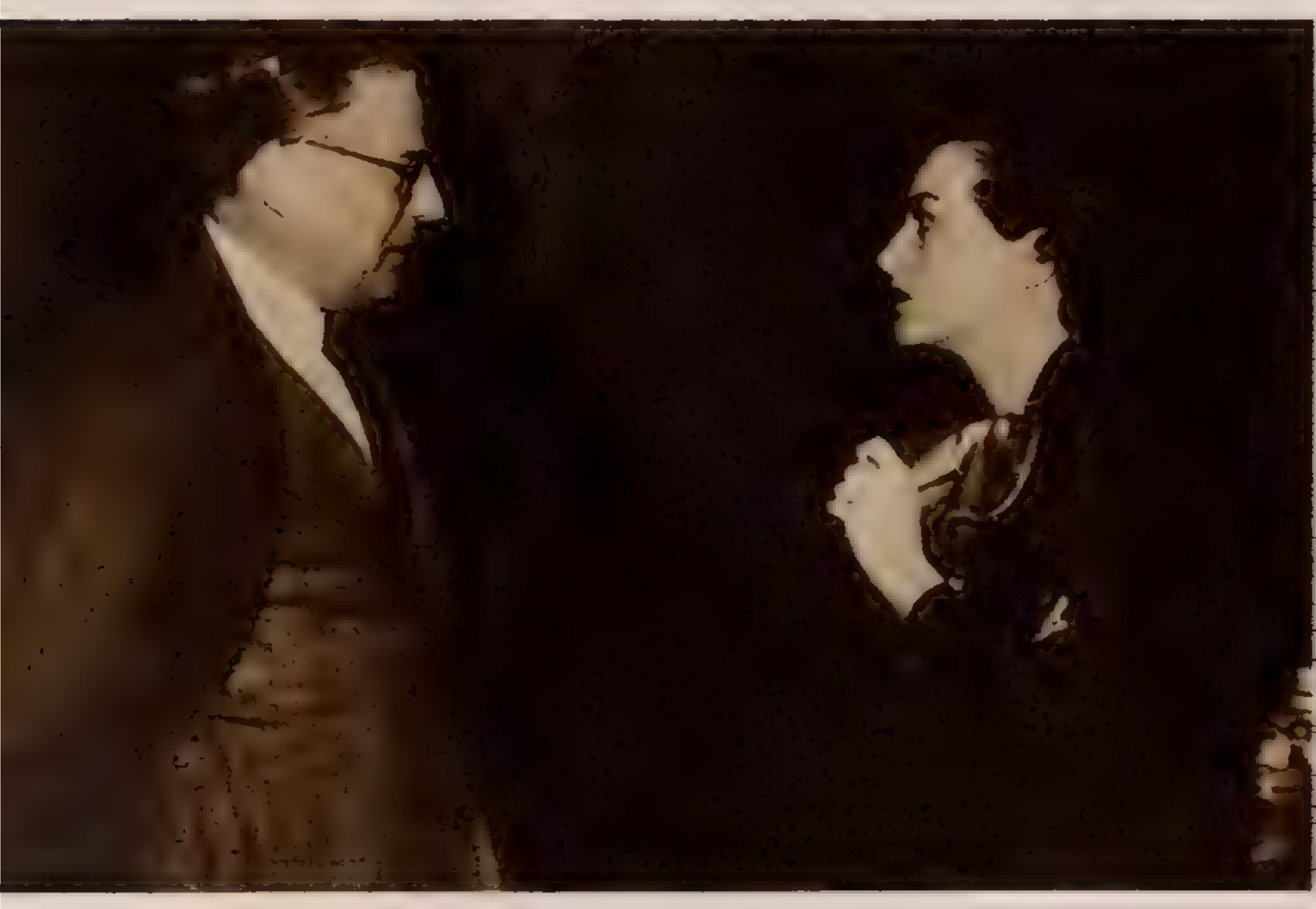
We Take You Right on the Set

Here is something new. For the first time in the history of the screen, we take you on the set and show you unposed photographs of a scene actually being made. The picture is M-G-M's "No More Ladies," with Joan Crawford and Robert Montgomery

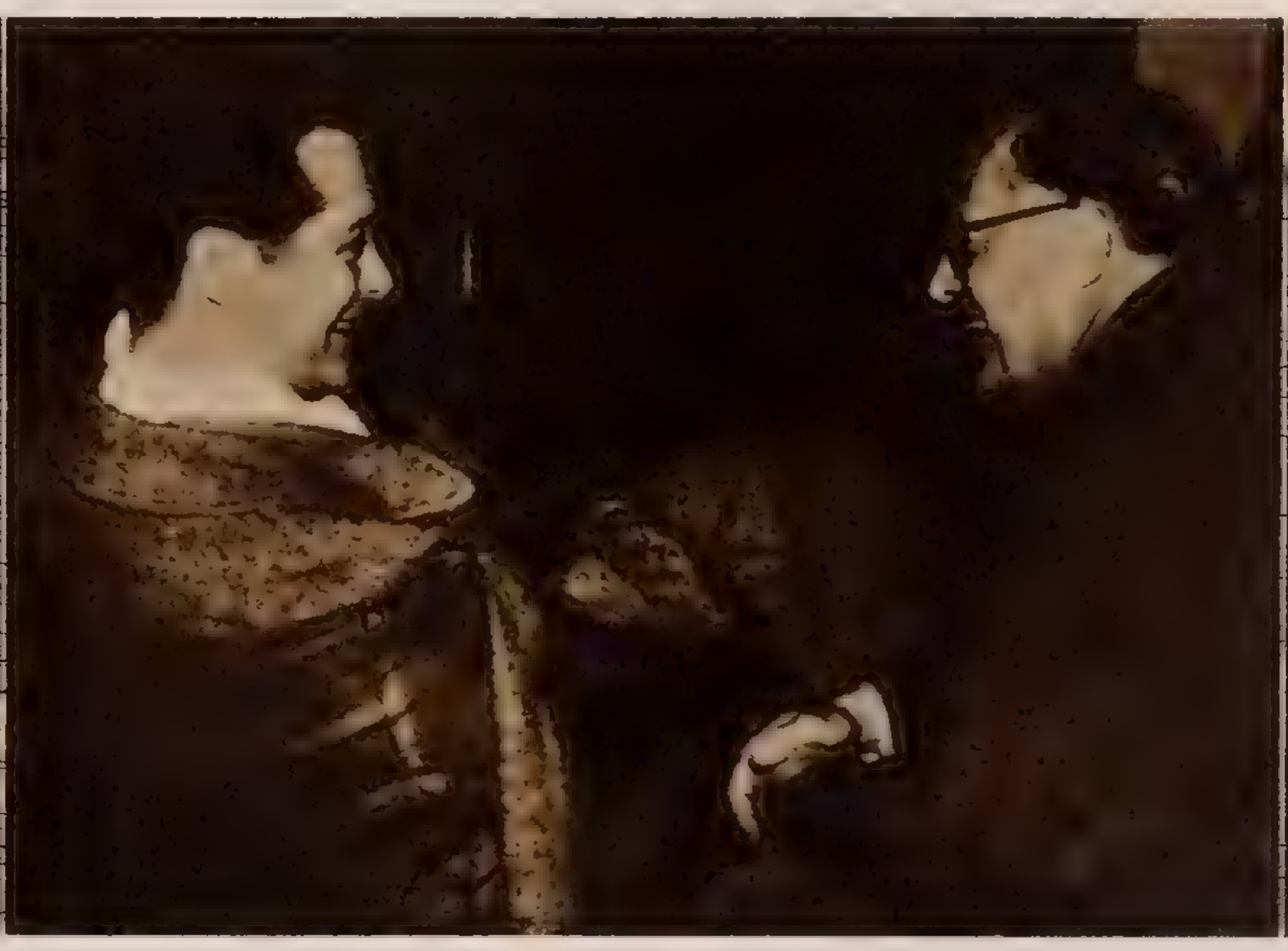
4. A last hurried glance at the technical blueprint. Yes, this is the scene that should be taken now.

5. All the furniture on the set is in place. The tired grips step to the sidelines, hoping for forty winks.

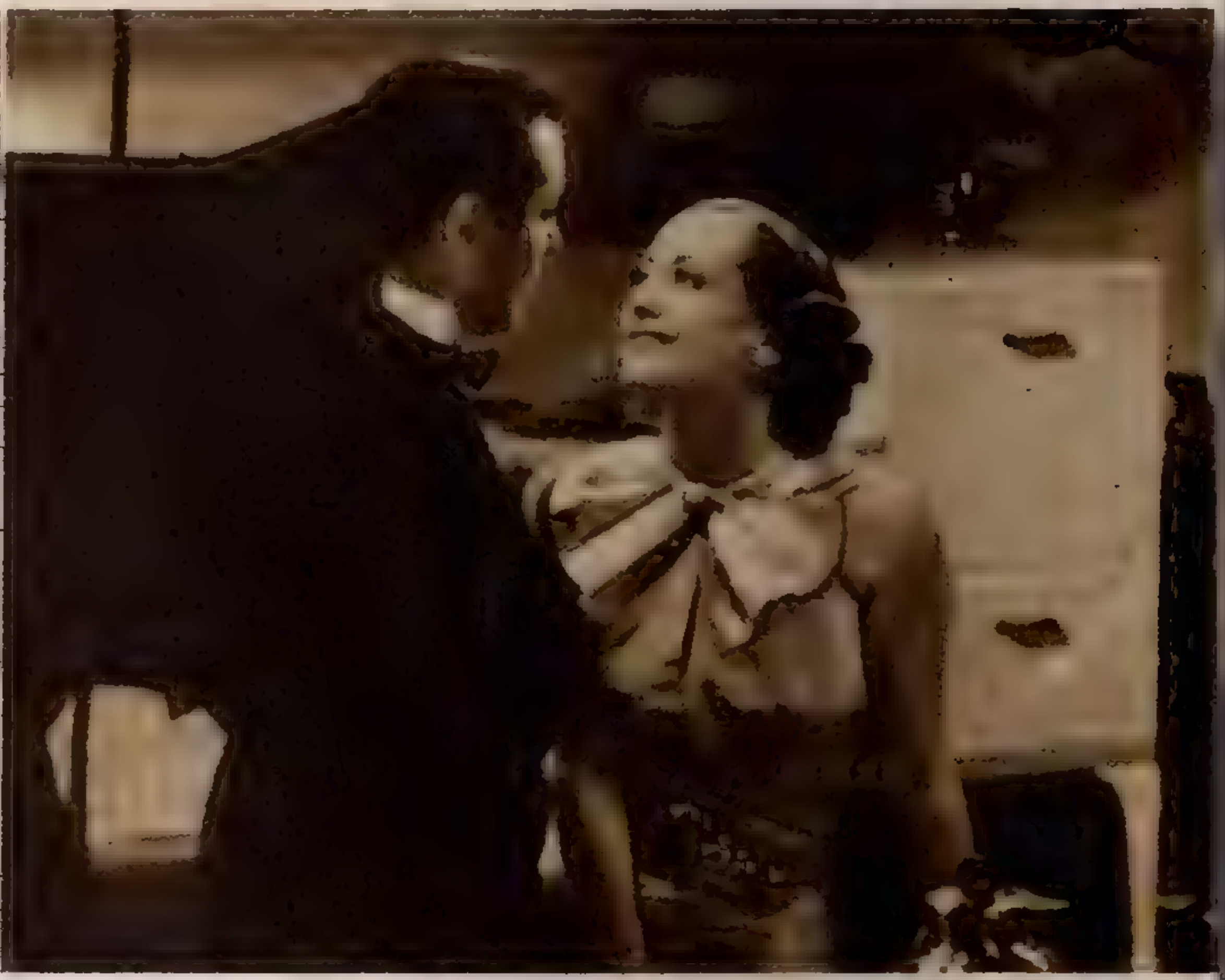
6. "Hey! One of those light bulbs is out." Hurry! The head grip dives into his box for another bulb.



10. "Run through it for me, Joan." And Joan rehearses her action, for Director Edward Griffith.

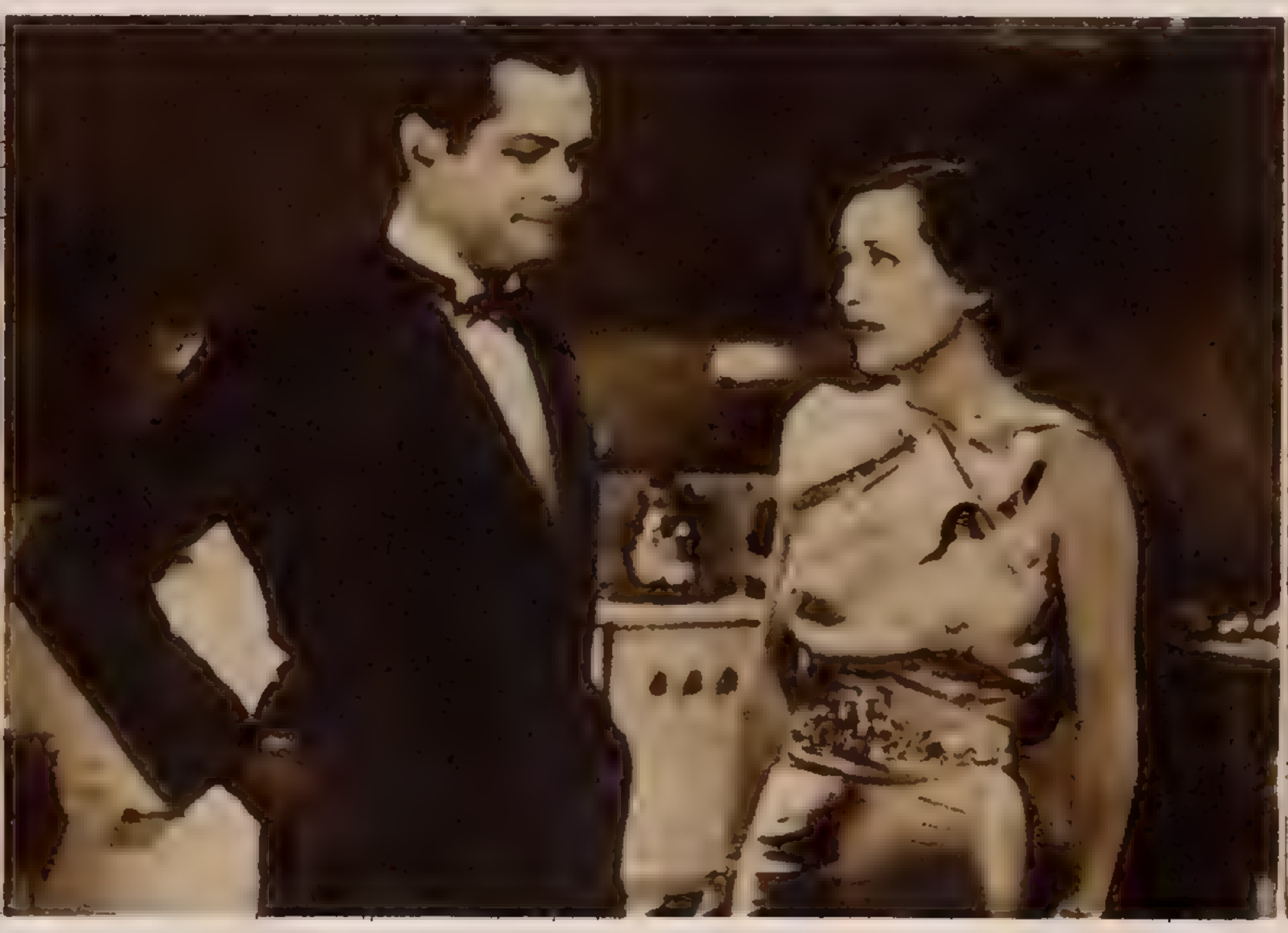


11. "Now, Bob, yours. Yes, that's fine. Keep it light and gay. A nice big smile. That's the idea."

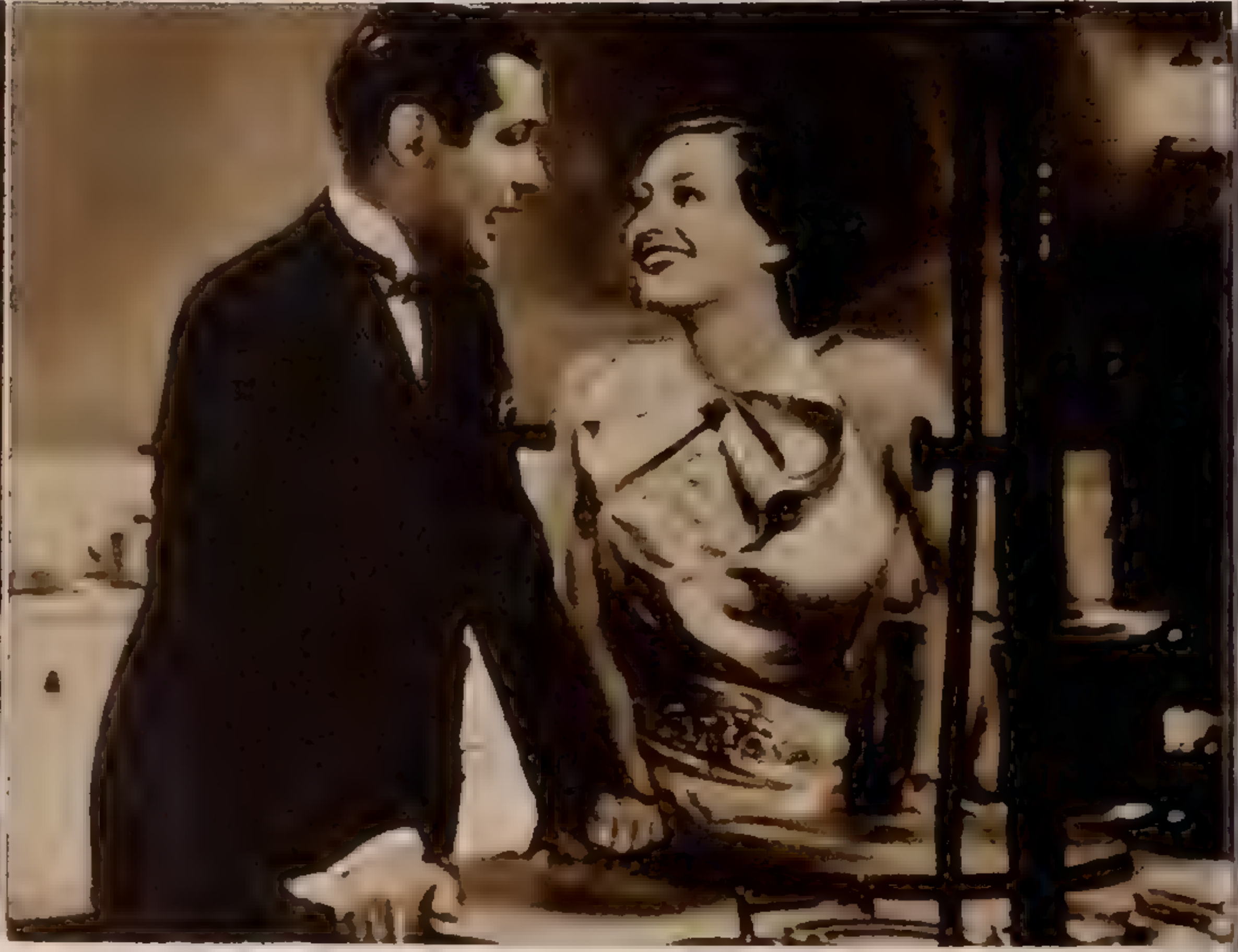


12. Joan and Bob walk through a rehearsal together, timing their dialogue to the action.

16. Grimly efficient, the man at the sound boom listens for the signal. Then . . . *"They're rolling!"*



17. With a soft whir the motors turn the cameras. Joan and Bob, at ease now, go into action.



18. Bob delivers a line of dialogue, and we catch him with his mouth still open. Joan laughs gaily.

1. Preparation for the take. At his rickety desk the harried script clerk gets the stars' cues ready.

2. High above the stage a spotlight man swings the beams of his great flood lamps into line.

3. Tense—working with high speed and precision—other electricians on the set balance lights with his.

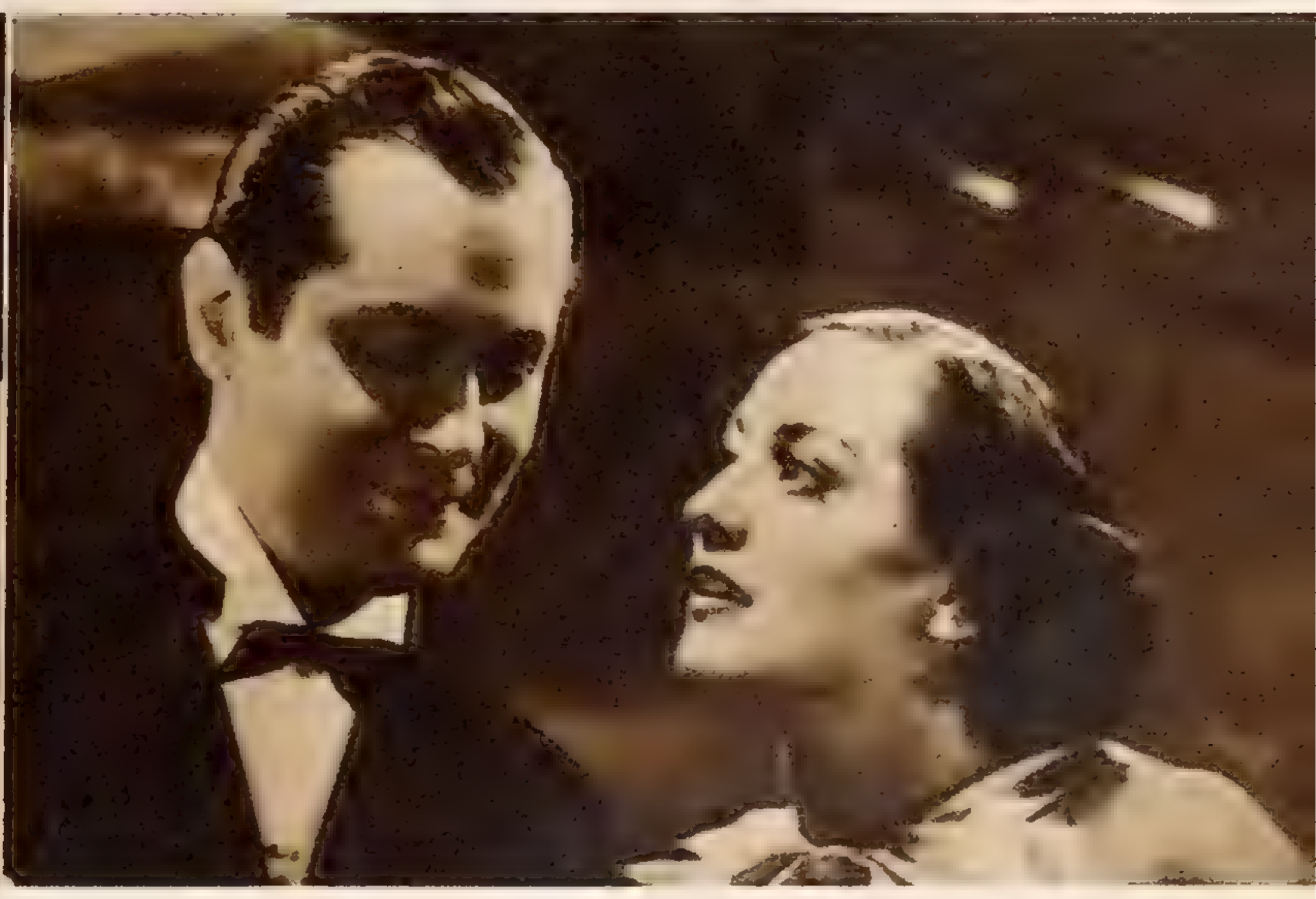
7. Two burly prop men fuss around with a cake to be used later in the scene, getting everything right.

8. Hastily the second cameraman checks his focus. Head inside the camera, he peers through the film.

9. "Miss Crawford! Mr. Montgomery! We're lighting you from this side," says the cameraman.

13. "Take your positions." With Joan still rehearsing, the camera is focussed to the tip of her nose.

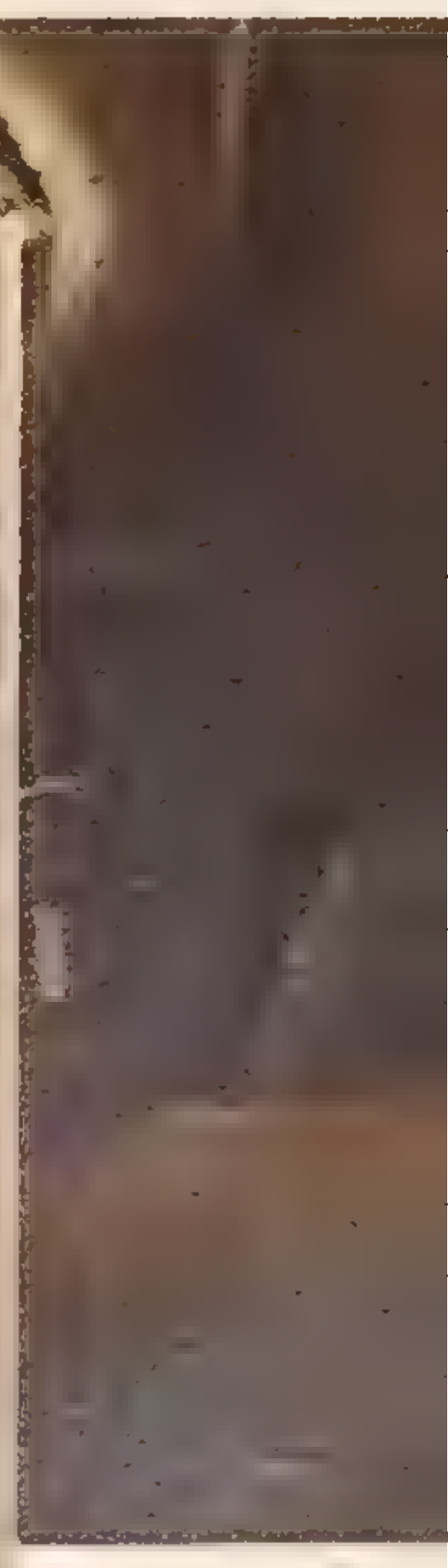
14. "Ready, Camera? Ready, Sound? O.K., we'll take it," says Griffith. "Here we go. Roll 'em!"



15. On the set, Joan and Bob go into character. Note Bob's closed eyes and Joan's lifted head.

19. Two seconds later. Bob has closed his mouth. Joan answers him. The cameraman watches them.

20. "Swell! Couldn't be better," smiles the director. "All right boys. *Cut!*"



These pictures were taken with a special camera no bigger than your hand, with a lightning-fast lens. Nothing like them has ever appeared in any motion picture magazine before now. Notice especially the one of Joan rehearsing for her director. We can't help feeling proud. NEW MOVIE has scooped the world!

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM EVANS

Outside of Valentino no star but Clark Gable, above, has appealed to so many women. Below: Warner Baxter, Dick Powell and John Boles—is their appeal too specialized?

Valentino was a dancer. How different is the nimble dancing of bubbly Fred Astaire! Below: Jimmie Cagney, Ronald Colman and Gary Cooper, too, show how times have changed.

COULD THE "SHEIK" WIN

The Great Lover, they called Rudolph Valentino. If he came back today, would he instantly outshine the other men of the screen? Or would he find himself outmoded, a man whose day was done? • By IRENE KUHN

IF Rudolph Valentino could come back today from that unknown world beyond the grave, would he be remembered? Would he at once regain his magnificent stardom, snatched from him nine years ago by death, jealous of his ardent, avid life? Would he be the screen's great romantic lover? Or would he be just another of the current favorites whose appeal is, in no single instance, the all-in-one quintessence of male magnetism and mysterious glamour that made Valentino?

Would Valentino today learn that the fickle feminine public no longer wants one man on the screen to have all their worship, but chooses to divide it among the reigning stars with voice appeal (Crosby and Powell); with dance appeal (Astaire); with drawing room appeal (Menjou); and with all the other varieties of male appeal possessed by so many talented young men today, each with his particular flair, each with his special following.

Almost a decade has gone since there passed from the lives of screen fans their great romantic idol, Valentino, the man who had everything, who was all things to all women, who moved as mysteriously and swiftly into death as he had into spectacular fame, who died at the height of his popularity.

Perhaps a million women, to guess conservatively, women of all ages, from all walks of life, of varying degrees of intelligence and susceptibility, took Valentino's passing as a personal loss.

Fifty thousand of them, in New York City alone, beseiged the doors of the coldly commercial funeral parlors where the "Sheik" lay in state. They clawed and fought to get inside. Mounted police, perspiring in the August heat, were forced to charge the crowd of hysterical women, weeping for a man whose voice they had never heard, whose face they had never seen, except in its shadowy black and white image on the silent screen.

TO this writer, who saw the ghostly smile on Valentino's face as he lay in his expensive casket in that palm-studded, flower-banked funeral room, who heard the weeping of women filing past his bier, and the unbelievable clamor of others outside, the cries and pleas of assorted women fighting to break police lines to look upon the dead face that had epitomized the most important thing in the world to them—romance—it seemed then, as if Valentino *knew* that his oft-uttered prophecy was a true one.

For, more than once, this svelte, swarthy tango dancer with that intangible male magnetism that carried him so swiftly to fame and fortune, to public adulation such as is given to few men, had been quietly sure of his unique place in the movie world. He seemed to be sure with a confidence that was almost prescience, beyond argument and dispute, that attempts to find a substitute for him would

Bing Crosby's voice has the heart-appeal that Valentino had on the silent screen. If Valentino had talked—what then? Below: Fredric March, Herbert Marshall and William Powell.

Wide World

HEARTS TODAY?

result in failure. "It can't be done," he always said.

His prophecy has come true. It is possible now, almost ten years later, looking backward across a depression, across a vastly changed world of ever-shifting values and loyalties, across a revolutionary change in pictures that made them "talkie" instead of silent, to see that Valentino was right.

THERE has never been a successor to Valentino; it is doubtful if there ever will be a successor to him who, alone, will appeal so strongly to so many women. New heroes have their following. Numerically each is strong. But where, in the roster of the great stars, Gable, Montgomery, Cagney, Chevalier, Crosby—even Novarro who most resembles Valentino facially—Lederer, who comes closest to him temperamentally; March, Baxter, Astaire—is there one who, through the sheer force of his own personality has behind him a record of $1,000,000 and $2,000,000 and more single-picture earnings such as Valentino had in "The Sheik" and "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse?"

Valentino's death wrought havoc with the box office. Movie magnates searched frantically for his successor; the search grew more frantic as the possibilities were narrowed down and tried, one after another, without success.

The movie executives kept on trying. Year after year, through changing styles in heroes induced by fickle taste in screen drama, they pursued the search for a second Valentino. (*Please turn to page* 36)

"Romance! It is inherent in all persons, that desire, and lacking in almost all lives." So said Rudolph Valentino, when he was alive. "I understand that desire, and that is why they will never find my successor." Was it a true prophecy?

Maurice Chevalier, on shipboard, turns the tables on the boys and gives them some of their own medicine.

Voigtländer & Sohn Braunschweig. Heliar 48cm 1:

News-snapping THE STARS

The trigger-fast news cameramen who snap the stars for the papers catch them in poses you and I will never see—but what they have to go through, to get them!

By GEORGE SHUTE

HIS chunky legs grasped firmly by his colleagues, the stocky fellow with the camera snakes along Indian-fashion on the topmost ledge of the Empire State Building. Hundreds of feet below, a steady stream of traffic flows onward. A few seconds later, the stocky fellow calls out, "Okay, boys! I got it," and is hauled to safety.

Sounds like movies being made, doesn't it? But you're wrong. It's only a news photographer taking a picture of one of your screen favorites. This photographer has just taken his life in his hands. Ask him how he felt and he'd reply, "It's all in a day's work."

In this particular instance, RKO-Radio Pictures' publicity department had decided upon a shot of its visiting star Wera Engels against a background of New York skyscrapers. The picture, photographers discovered, could be taken only if someone climbed onto the lofty ledge. And because they were assigned to the job, one of them took the picture.

NO two days are alike in the news photographing business. The men who meet the stars you see in pictures haven't the comparatively simple positions of studio photographers. They must take their pictures without lighting and often under great difficulty, especially when some of the stars refuse to pose.

Sometimes the job of snapping a celebrity is simple. More often than not it proves difficult.

Let us consider as experience number one the reluctance of Katharine Hepburn to pose, just after her sensational success in "Morning Glory" stamped her as the next First Lady of the Screen.

It is no longer a major secret that La Hepburn's countenance is generously sprinkled with those sun spots known as "freckles"; consequently, she frequently refuses to face a newspaper camera.

On her return to America following a quick vacation in Europe, alert city editors assigned their crack photographers to shipboard with definite orders to return with a Hepburn picture. (*Please turn to page* 54)

Above: A camera lad couldn't get the shot of Miriam Hopkins he wanted, so he followed her right into the theater and exploded his flash bulb there.

Left: Also aboard a ship, Katharine Hepburn dropped into novelist Ernest Hemingway's cabin for his autograph—and a cameraman was hiding in the corridor.

Right: And another of the boys practically climbed up the mast, aimed his trusty lens, yelled "Hey, Connie!" and shot Constance Bennett when she looked up.

Hollywood Scares HELL Out of Me

It takes a brave man to admit he's scared. Dick is not only brave, but honest

By DICK ARLEN

As told to Oliver Wallace

RECENTLY, a friend of mine wrote a piece for the papers in which I was flatteringly extolled as "an actor who had conquered Hollywood." In terms of high eulogy, he pointed out that Dick Arlen had handled his career as a business man should handle his investments; that this same miraculous Arlen had made a success of his marriage in a town where they just didn't grow that way; and that, now, after eleven years in pictures, he need never worry another day. Everything he owned was clear . . . there was a trust-fund in the background and money in the bank.

It was a swell story. Unfortunately, however, I don't even know the guy he was writing about . . . this lucky Arlen fellow . . . it must be two other chaps!

If such a Dick Arlen exists, he lives right there on my friend's typewriter. For, while I contemplate his list of facts and realize, flattered, that they are more or less accurate, I still can't reconcile his picture of this all-conquering-captain-of-his-Hollywood-soul with the floor-pacing, hair-pulling, nail-biting person I know myself to be!

After eleven years in Hollywood . . . it still scares Hell out of me!

Though advertised as one ". . . managing his career like a business man . . .", I have never made a professional move that hasn't been accompanied by uncertainty, advice from everyone I know (including two maiden aunts in Duluth) and a slight hysteria plus a running fever.

If my marriage has been a success, all I can say is thank God for Jobyna, who has more than had her hands full for the eight years she has been wearing my name.

For the trust fund and the cash in the bank, which have somehow miraculously escaped both the stock market and Caliente, I am also grateful and mildly surprised. But even these two comforting boons to my peace of mind will never bring true those optimistic words of my writer friend:

He need never worry another day in his life!

I promise you that I shall continue to worry every remaining day I live. Worry is not a depressed state of mind with me . . . it's a talent. Only those born with the gift can even approach the fine art with which I be-devil myself. Those new patches of grey over my temples are not service stripes from the calm life I lead. They've been jittered there!

In some other walk of life . . . in another town . . . I might be able to look back over the work I have accomplished in Hollywood and feel a fair amount of security, peace of mind and even a pardonable pride. But Hollywood is synonymous with uncertainty . . . and the movie business is a game without rules. It is the only career you can name that recognizes no precedent. You cannot say to a young (*Please turn to page* 48)

Dick, Joby, and Richard Ralston Arlen, their son. How long you can keep the home fires burning in Hollywood is sheer luck, Dick says. And that's only one of the things that has him scared.

THE C'S HAVE IT

Captivating, Charming, Clever, Cagey Claudette Colbert! That's what Elsie Janis calls her in this breathless portrait written especially for New Movie

CLAUDETTE COLBERT wins Academy Award.

Claudette Colbert flying to New York.

Claudette Colbert changes plans takes train.

Claudette Colbert tells reporter in Kansas City she will not divorce her husband.

Claudette Colbert seems undecided about divorce on arrival in Chicago!

Claudette Colbert arrives in New York, mum about divorce, but admits bleaching her hair.

Like a series of headlines the Colbert bulletins hogged space in the New York dailies for a week. One thing I was sure about, she had won the Academy Award, and another was that the often planned and as many times postponed story about one of my favorite weaknesses would be written, if I had to drag her by her new hair all the way out to my old Manor House in Tarrytown. Fortunately this was not necessary. Her "Hello Darling" when I called on the phone, the facility with which I got her on same and her first line after greeting being "When am I going to see you?" drove away all thoughts of dragging the award winner to my manorial lair.

We started to make a date but a "landing" seemed to be more difficult than the "take off" had portended, aeronautically speaking. Claudette's so-called vacation was being turned into the hardest work she had done for months by that master slave driver, King Radio. Some wag in Hollywood had convinced her that a visit to New York by any screen luminary without an appearance as guest artist on a national hook-up was unheard of. Just a half hour's work. Be heard by fans all over the country and incidentally money! Money! Money! Easy, unexpected. In fact, just like winning it on a horse race. It all sounded very simple.

One obstacle that an award-winner does not have to leap over is a radio sponsor, so it isn't surprising that Claudette didn't know that, when those gents with bulging bankrolls remove the rubber bands to the extent of thousands of dollars for a few moments on the very precious air, they have to see something for their money. What they saw in Claudette's case was a somewhat disgruntled young lady rehearsing practically all day for almost a week prior to the half hour broadcast.

It was Wednesday when I called her on the phone. "Vacation! I'm laughing," she said. "They grabbed me right off the train for a conference and I've been living in their darned old Radio City ever since."

"What about coming to the country for the week-end?" I asked.

"I'd love nothing better, but the broadcast is Sunday afternoon. What a sap I was to—" Her voice trailed disconsolately.

"Do you rehearse Saturday, too?"

"No! Oddly enough. I guess I'm supposed to rest up for Sunday."

OF course I thought she would want to go to a matinee. Most ex-stage folk who have "gone cinema" spend their New York vacations in orchestra seats. I was astounded when Claudette said she would like to come out to lunch on Saturday. "I'd love to get out of town where I can breathe. New York is so—so—I don't know," she hesitated. Well, I knew, because I suffer from one of (*Please turn to page* 40)

At the far right is a lovely portrait of the lady, looking every inch a queen. And the small picture is one taken with hubby Norman Foster. About a divorce, Elsie says, "Will she? Won't she?"—and reminds you of that word 'cagey.'

Above: Claudette with Clark Gable, in a scene from "It Happened One Night" which won heaps of Academy awards for everyone concerned.

Dyar

ALICE FAYE

People said Alice Faye was popular because of Rudy Vallee, but Alice is building up a following on her own merits. Soft clinging, ultra-feminine, she has much the same appeal that won so many fans for Clara Bow. Right: With Rudy in a recent picture.

Ralph IS MY PAL

By FREDRIC MARCH

Some time ago we printed a story about Fredric March, by Ralph Bellamy. Here's where Freddie gets even

IF I were going to be isolated for six months in some spot at the end of the world and I was given the privilege of having only one male friend on this retreat, I'd choose Ralph Bellamy as the perfect companion . . . for the rich conversations, the mastery of emergencies, the sense of humor and the merciful silences he would bring to such an experiment.

On the other hand if some lofty-browed scientist could successfully throw me back to my college days and years and send me on a jaunt to Paris with a pocketful of money and a bucket of red paint I'd still pick Ralph as the ultra-streamlined ideal companion in whoopee!

For four years we have been the best of friends (our wives are friends from stage days) and we are as inseparable as studio callboards will permit. In that time I've seen Ralph the center of various and varied settings . . . discussing Russian literature with the literati . . . smashing out a victory on a tennis court . . . losing a rubber at bridge with as much sportsmanship as he won the previous one . . . delving into international politics with some visiting dignitary . . . rolling a mean pair of dice on a Caliente gambling table . . . spending hours alone on the sand at Laguna Beach . . . or rallying the craziest members to play the craziest game at a party. . . but I have never seen him out of sympathy with the event of the moment.

At the left, in the small insert, there's a portrait of Freddie, and at the right is one of Ralph. Below you see Ralph answering his fan mail. As Freddie tells you in this story, he answers all of it personally.

His adaptability is a gift that makes it possible for him to get the greatest benefit, either intellectual or just plain pleasure, out of everything he does.

I am constantly amazed at the wide circle of friends he has. On every hand I bump into people who know Ralph and the group ranges from music reviewers to the kids at the corner gasoline stations. All children including my own are wild about him. . . . If his even disposition permits him any particular aversion it is for the man or woman who is easily bored . . . or pretends to be. Life is interesting and vivid to Ralph and his own sense of adventure and thirst for knowledge makes him impatient with people who do not get the utmost out of every available experience.

Though we have known each other only since our Hollywood days I have picked up enough of his background to realize this unquenchable zest for life must have begun in his youth. He is seven years younger than I, a mere stripling of twenty-eight, yet I find myself envying his background, the store of experience he has piled up.

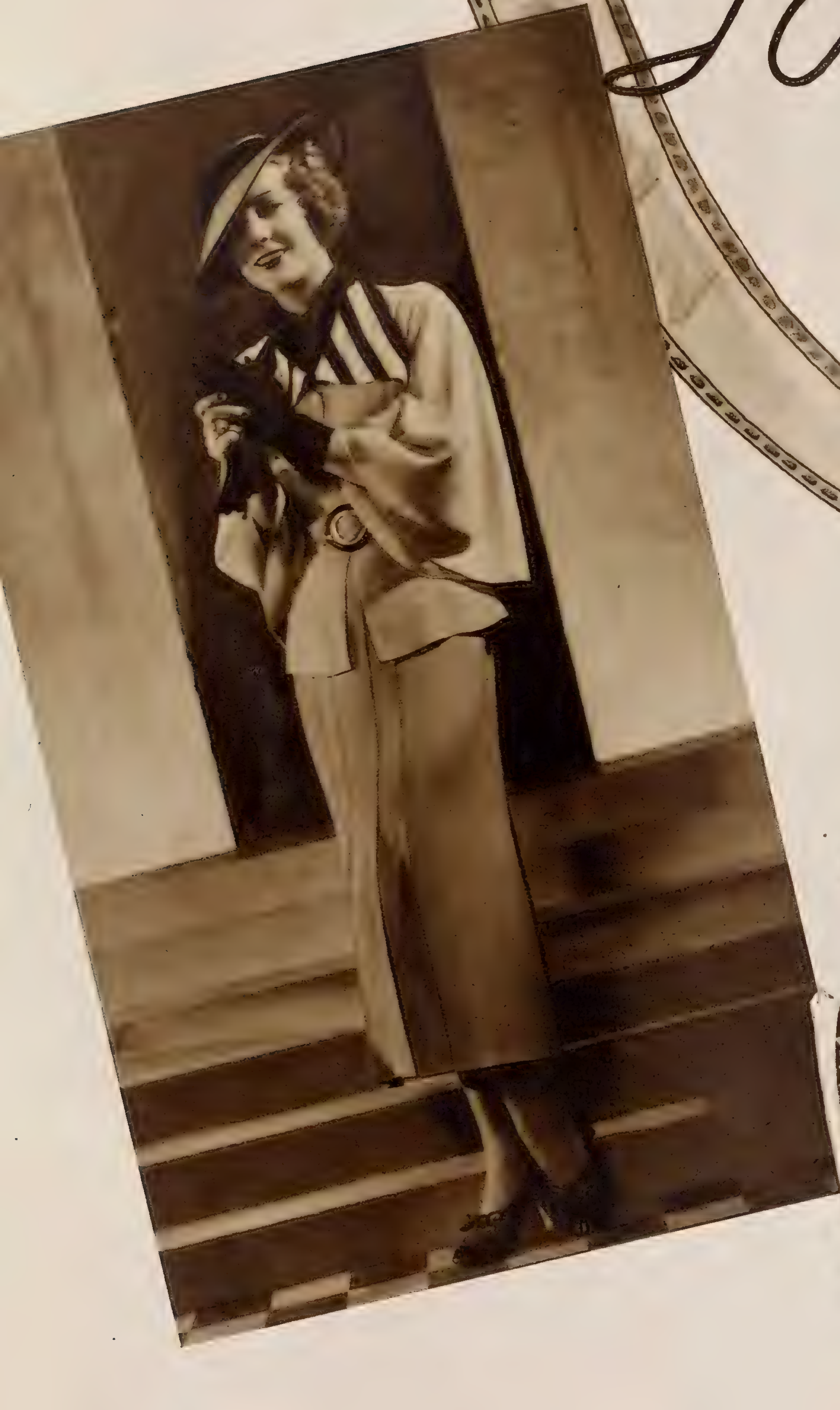
He has done everything I should have liked to do. When he was a kid he ran away from home. . . . He's played in stock companies and tent shows acting one week and painting scenery the next. He's been broke and affluent . . . hungry . . . struggling in bit parts, recognized on Broadway and a success in Hollywood, but it has all been just so much adventure to him, the lean with the fat, the good with the bad.

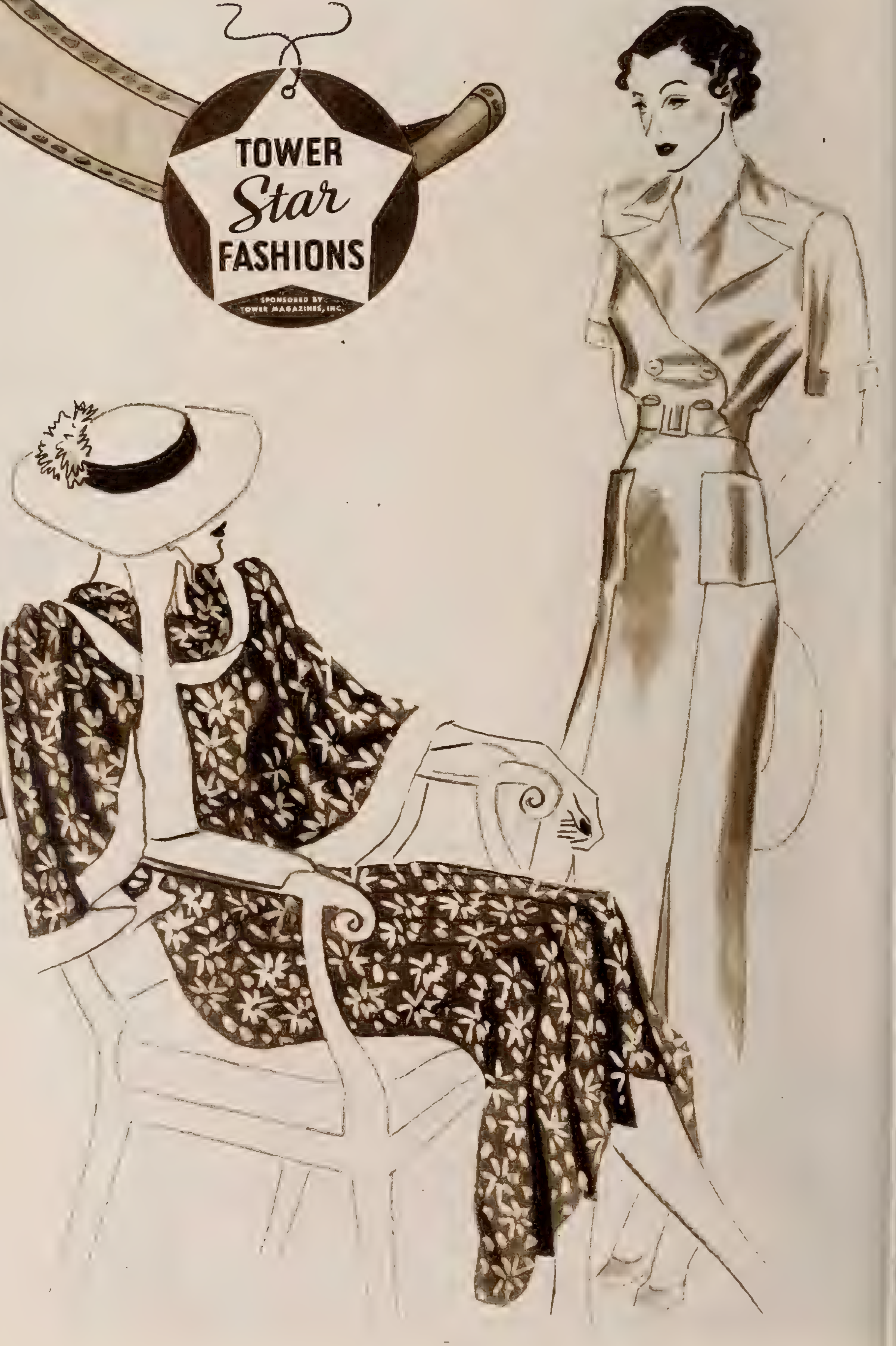
(*Please turn to page* 46)

TOWER STAR *Fashions*

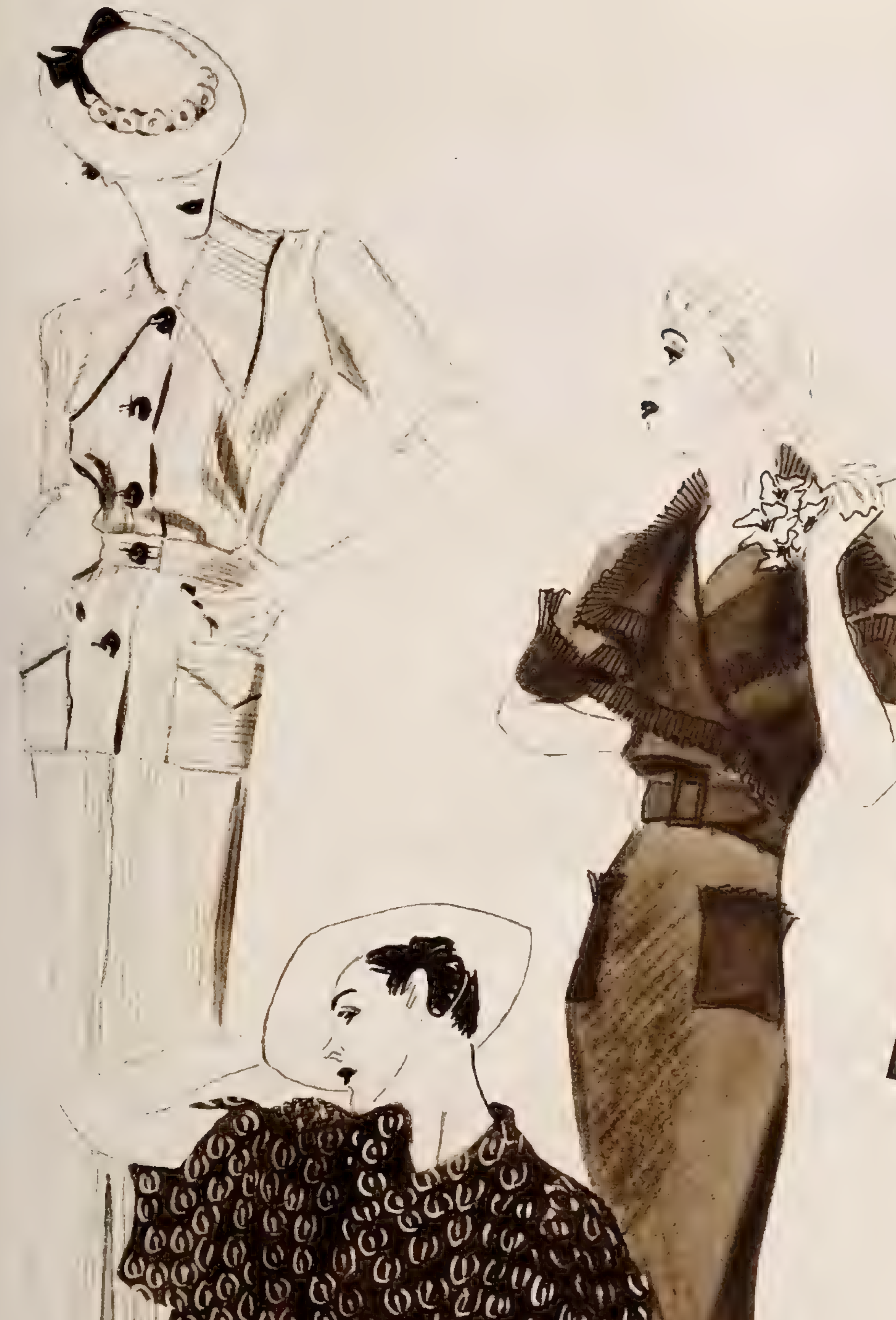
Even stars shine brighter in lovely clothes like these. You can dress to the stars' taste, too, —on very little money

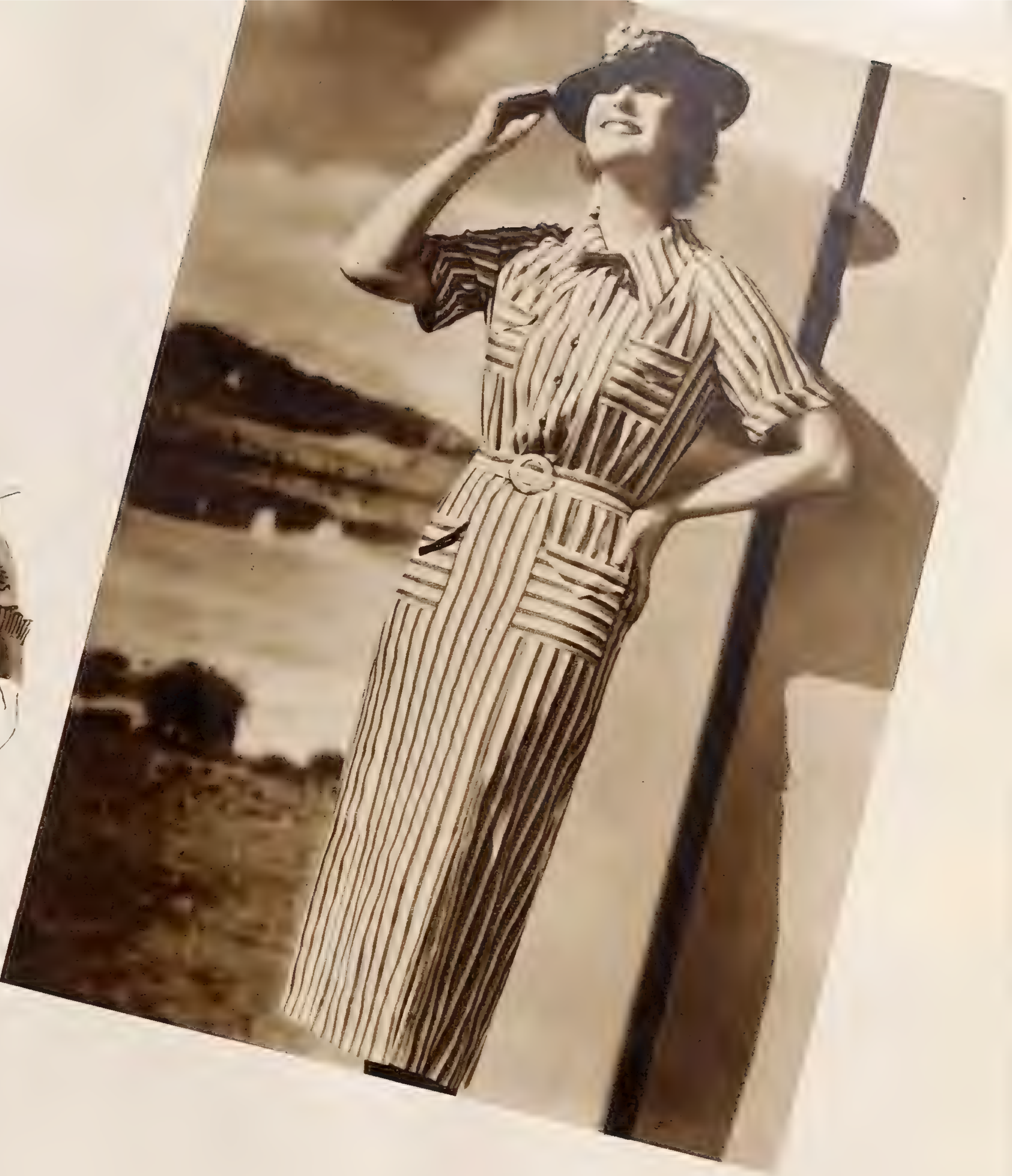
TOWER
Star
FASHIONS
SPONSORED BY
TOWER MAGAZINES, INC.

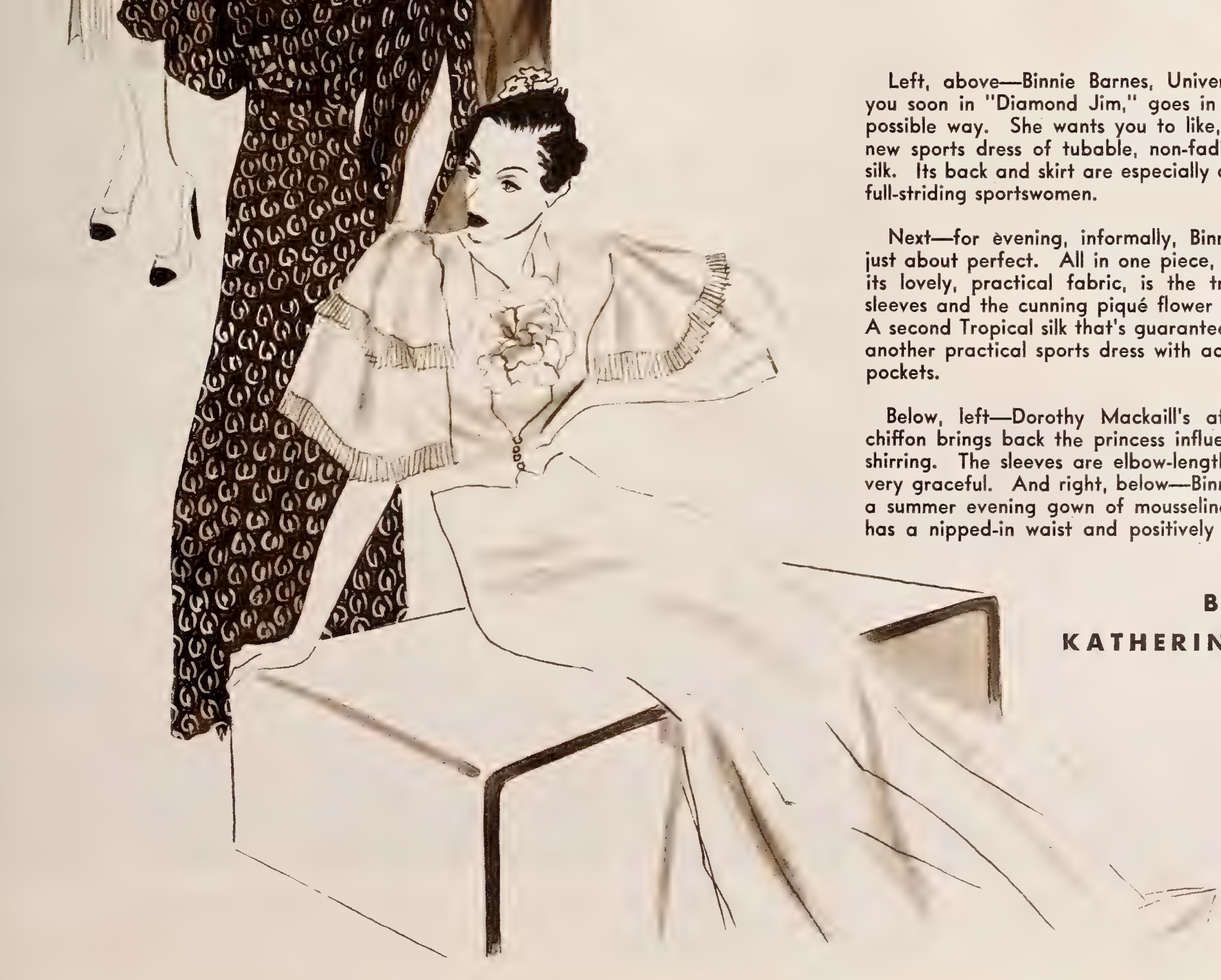




Above—Blonde Dorothy Mackaill selects for her summer wardrobe this town pastel ensemble with its striped collar and cuffs. The jacket is snugly fitted and has the new flared elbow-length sleeves. Right, seated—a printed chiffon afternoon dress gets her enthusiastic approval. It has the new capelet collar, full, banded sleeves and slim skirt silhouette. Right, standing—see her handsome tailored satin with notched collar and pearl buttons—a veritable contradiction in fabric and fashion that makes a dress-up outfit for any hour of the day.







Left, above—Binnie Barnes, Universal star, who'll be seeing you soon in "Diamond Jim," goes in for action in the smartest possible way. She wants you to like, as much as she does, her new sports dress of tubable, non-fading, non-shrinking, Tropical silk. Its back and skirt are especially designed for hard-swinging, full-striding sportswomen.

Next—for evening, informally, Binnie says her cotton net is just about perfect. All in one piece, its main attraction besides its lovely, practical fabric, is the trick pleating at neck and sleeves and the cunning piqué flower on the shoulder. Above—A second Tropical silk that's guaranteed against hard usage. It's another practical sports dress with action-back and commodious pockets.

Below, left—Dorothy Mackaill's afternoon frock of printed chiffon brings back the princess influence in the clever waistline shirring. The sleeves are elbow-length, intricately designed and very graceful. And right, below—Binnie goes in for prettiness in a summer evening gown of mousseline de soie. Its little jacket has a nipped-in waist and positively billowing sleeves.

By

KATHERINE KAREY

A Page of Pictures for Your Album

POLA NEGRI is making pictures in Germany, where she started. Pointing toward a come-back try in America? It seems to look that way.

LUISE RAINER is the latest of the many foreign importations. Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer feels she really has something. True?—or another flash in the pan?

JULIE HAYDON was once Ann Harding's stand-in. Now, starred by Ben Hecht and Charles Mac Arthur, every studio is offering her a contract.

NOEL COWARD, author of "Cavalcade" and a dozen Broadway stage hits, makes his bow as a movie actor in "The Scoundrel," filmed in the East.

EVELYN BRENT lost out when gangster films went fizzle. She is coming back now in—of all things —a gangster film. Rather ironic, don't you think?

GUINN WILLIAMS was just a big mugg, they said. His performance outshone Claudette Colbert's in "Private Worlds"! We say so proudly and gladly.

DUDLEY DIGGES you usually see as a down-at-the-heel South Seas beachcomber or a slave-driving sheriff. He makes villainy a fine art.

HUGH HERBERT, a wistful little fellow whose pants never fit him, has brought us something new in the way of comedy. His popularity is steadily mounting.

REGINALD OWEN has been in so many pictures we can't even remember them. And every performance is a triumph for him. That's acting!

The Things Which Are CESAR'S

By LEON SURMELIAN

Freulich

Once in a blue moon a newcomer really catches on, and then you have a Gable, a Garbo, a Great One. Have the breaks come now to Cesar Romero?

LADIES bubble up at the sight of this romantic hussar. He towers six feet two, has wild black hair, and full, sensuous lips, as if made for implanting hot cinematic kisses. This lanky chap with sunken cheeks and large pensive eyes of tropic warmth is perilously good-looking. There is an air of exotic tango tunes about him.

He was born in New York twenty-seven years ago, the son of Cesar Julio Romero, executive of a firm of sugar tycoons, and Maria Mantilla, beautiful Cuban concert singer. The picture of his mother's god-father adorns the one-cent postage stamp of Cuba. The family is distinguished, and the lad has class. His full name is Cesar Julio Romero, Jr.

A dark horse in the current race for leading-man laurels, the Herr Direktor Von Sternberg has pronounced him the best leading-man Marlene Dietrich has ever had. Potent film moguls have been yammering and dickering for his services. He is hailed as the nearest thing to Valentino.

He has been Trocadero-ing it with La Belle Dietrich, squiring Patricia Ellis at smart cocktail parties, escorting Sally Blane everywhere. He is the current best date among the party-trotting debs.

Life is grand, for Cesar. He has been having a marvelous time. He has intrenched himself at the Hollywood Athletic Club. Among his passions are swimming and horseback riding. He can pound the piano with a flourish. He laughs like a good-natured kid, eats anything and everything, has a yen for blondes.

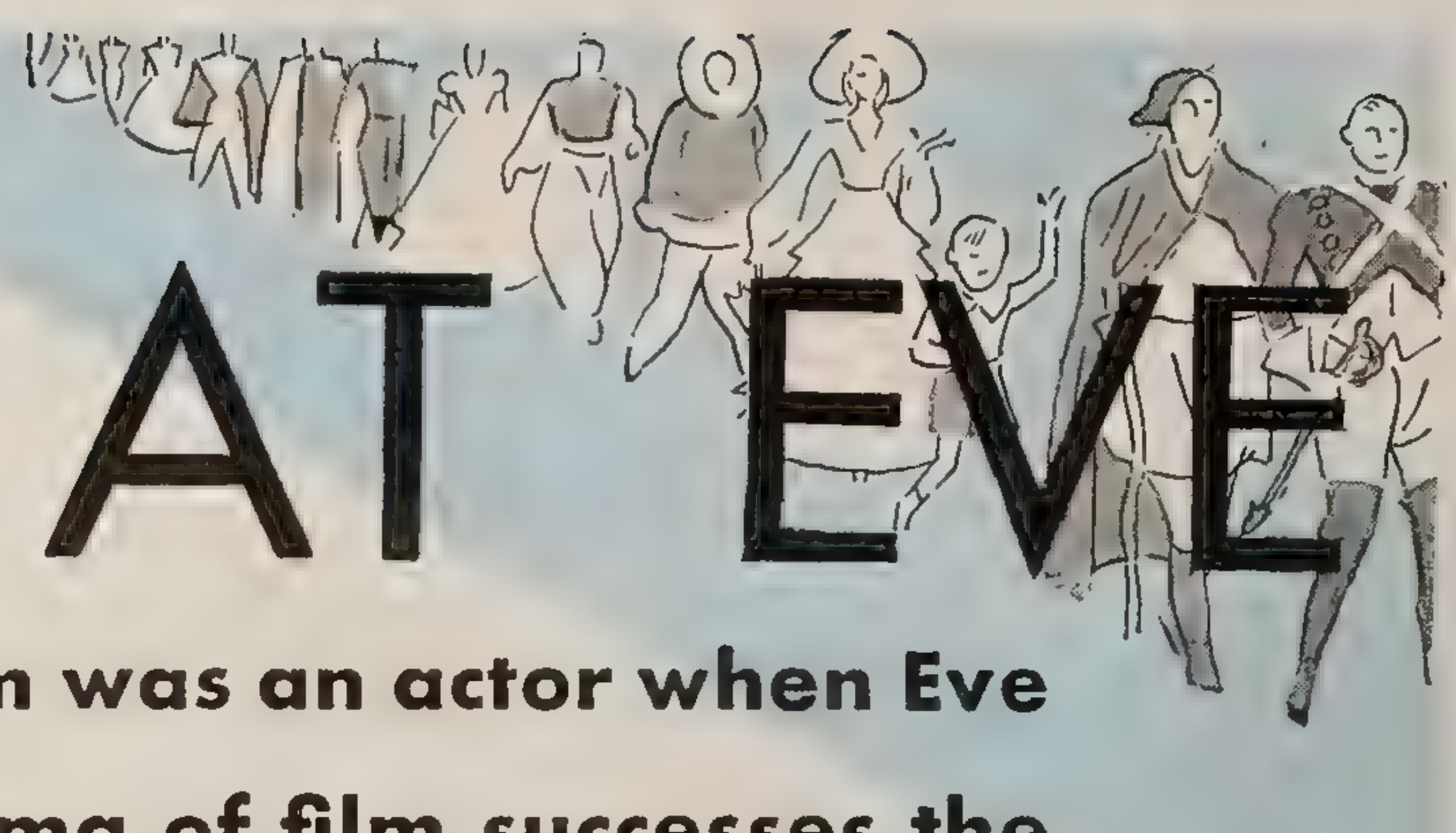
In spite of his three years of professional dancing, his gait lacks the ballroom glide. He walks more like a spurred, jogging cavalryman, in long, swinging steps. He isn't a bit actorish. His modesty is disarming. A regular guy in every way, this Cesar.

His main handicap in the film capital is his thick mop of unruly hair. The other day he was walking down Hollywood Boulevard, and met Sally Blane, but didn't tip his hat. He met Patricia Ellis and didn't tip his hat. He saw Marlene Dietrich coming toward him up Vine Street, turned around and ran in the opposite direction. He couldn't take off his hat, for he had just washed his hair.

He was prancing and rattling his sword in the midst of wigged, be-plumed magnificos on the set of "Richelieu" when I called on him for an interview. He has been teamed up with Maureen O'Sullivan to supply the heart-tugs in this George Arliss picture. It seems studios that borrow him once are eager to have him back again. It was his second picture for Twentieth Century, the same studio having borrowed him previously for the role of the Indian prince, Mir Jaffar, in "Clive of India." But his present role is a meatier assignment.

Our chit-chat began in his dressing-room, and was continued in the studio restaurant. It was the first magazine interview he was enjoying, and he was greatly pleased with the fact that he was to make his initial bow before film addicts in the pages of NEW MOVIE.

"When I came to Hollywood ten months ago things didn't start off (*Please turn to page* 55)



GETTING BACK AT EVE

And will all the Eves go wild when they read this! Adam was an actor when Eve was only a rib, opines Herb Howe. In today's panorama of film successes the women stars are put in the shade by men, children, and even deer and pumas

By HERB HOWE, who has departed hastily for Russia

IN the Nudist bar of the Casino de Paree I got to thinking, as most everyone does, encircled by the leafless movie folk: Greta, Joan, Clark, Marlene, Gary, Mae, Will Hayes severely attired in a halo, in a frolicsome frieze of nude caricatures by Wynn.

The thought that came to this clean young thinker (sixty if he's a day, the dirty dog) was how pinky it would be to return to the leafless innocence of Eden before The Fall. I mean before Eve extended the apple, which in the language of the flowers was equivalent to Mae West's "come up 'n' see me some time." Quick as scat a chorus seemed to chime from the frieze of sunkissed favorites: "That's just what we're doing, tra la, tra la."

Boycotted by moralists, the Hollywood delicatesseners have dropped sex like a hot baked apple. Never subtle souls, they are not sure just where love leaves off and sex begins. But, then, are any of us? So, playing safe, they've sworn off women too, 'cept as pals.

Purged of carnality, Hollywood turns to brotherly love, kiddie love and animal love, the latter purely platonic as between puma and doe. As a result, the screen grows honest.

Not that sex is dishonest. Original Sin is a true Bible story. Trouble is scenarists think it still original and have been telling it over and over with various twists. Eventually they twisted it clear around. Instead of Eve luring Man with an apple, they had him tempting her with a penthouse. Instead of tragedy—and what could be more tragic than that first misstep which caused Man to go to work?—they served it as cocktail comedy.

The Legion of Decency brought the tragedy back home. When the box office did a Brodie, the Hollywood rajahs began to believe the Bible was right and the old apple woman really was responsible for man's downfall. The big pash *pomme* they called "love interest" was no longer golden. They could see that what happened to Adam might happen to them. They might have to go to work. Th'ell with love interest. Eve got the bounce. Fun in a penthouse was fini. Paramount felt so strongly they titled Marlene's picture "The Devil Is a Woman."

IT was a close call, this threat of eviction from the lush garden of Hollywood. The Eves were plainly to blame. Norma Shearer, Joan Crawford, Carole Lombard, Jean Harlow, Mae West, Marlene Dietrich—these were the consorters with the serpent according to the avenging furies. Gable and the other boys were merely victims, same as Adam. Not one male was held responsible for what Stepin Fetchit calls "impurities." Recognizing this, the producing pashas swiftly herded the houri back to purdah. The best films of the year are masculine. Clean, my men, clean. And, to the surprise of the old nibs, highly remunerative.

"Chapayev" is hardly fair evidence because it is a product of godless Moscow which apparently has never been stung sex-sluggy by the old serpent and therefore has no Legion to guide it. However it does bring home the point. The film had a nine weeks Broadway record and its only amorous gesture is an adjutant's pass at a lady machine gunner who quickly cuffs him into a comrade. The charm of the film is its news reelism. The story is wholly factual and frays out at the end, as life does, without a hug.

"The Lives of a Bengal Lancer," without being as adult or actual, is Hollywood's most manful attempt of the Reformation. You expect the story to blow up when Paramount's Panther Woman comes hipping over the Himalayas to snake Dick Cromwell off to Cocoanut Grove. Happily the falsity is fleeting. The only sentiment is the three-musketeers variety. Hollywood is not yet so grimly Russian it can dispense with all sentiment.

Warner Brothers decanted the old buddy stuff for "Here Comes the Navy," "Flirtation Walk" and "Devil Dogs of the Air." You could grin and take it along with the side dish of girly pickalilly, because of the authentic performance of the U. S. Navy, West Point Cadets and U. S. Marines. These men doing real men's stuff never fail to enthrall the public.

"David Copperfield" is a triumph through honest effort to keep faith with Dickens' characters. There wasn't a glamour gal in the footage and if there had been Edna Mae Oliver could have sniffed her out.

"Ruggles of Red Gap" is another male triumph. True, it has that redoubtable femme fatale, ZaSu Pitts, but Mme. Pitts does not rely on sex appeal alone to earn that murmurous delight which her appearance evokes from every audience. Madame is gifted.

The Legionnaires of Decency pilloried the Eves at a strategic hour. Their posturings in clown make-up, as obvious as old-time vampires', were getting nose-thumbs even from us wild boys of the road who do not exactly reek of virtue.

The bromidic criticism of Mae West is that she can play only one character. By my computation, this is two more than the average sweetheart achieves. In film after film the babes trot forth the same accents and mannerisms. All they change is their clothes. Playing a Sadie Thompson they don burlesque outfits, when their own would serve better, stand with hands on hips and chew gum. The face remains beauty shoppe, the voice retains its culture as if to remind you that beneath the vulgar habiliments lurks a product of Miss Spence's school. The illusion is masque ball.

This is not true of male performers. Cagney, Muni, Robinson, Laughton, Spencer Tracy—all of them hole into their characters. When they play muggs there is no touch of Harvard.

Recently in listing the best actors and best actresses of the screen I found, to my surprise, three good actors to every first-rate actress. I take naturalness, freedom from affectation, as the first requisite. Second, the ability to personify an author's character. Few of our artists succeed in being themselves credibly, say nothing of realizing an author's conception.

The aim of most actors is to convince, the aim of actresses to charm. The violent attempts of some of our honeys to enchant by excess of vivacity is pathetic. They twiddle fake eyelashes at you, project the pearly fangs from between asphalted lips and gesture more lavishly than mutes. Eccentric make-ups offer further distraction; complexions as glorious as a corn starch rabbit's, eyebrows stenciled to resemble financial graphs, lashes like plumes on a hearse. The effects are often as ghoulish as anything Mme. Tussaud achieved in her wax works.

So saying, I hide behind Mae West while applauding such refreshing exceptions to my harangue as Kay Francis, Margaret Sullavan, Diana Wynyard, Jeanette MacDonald, Joan Bennett, Katharine Hepburn, Barbara Stanwyck, Joan Blondell, Ginger Rogers, Jean Muir, Loretta Young, Sylvia Sidney, Kitty Carlisle, Elisabeth Bergner, Janet Gaynor, Margo—yea, and the Misses West and Harlow because their tutti-frutti facades are compatible with the characters they play—and how them girls can play 'um! Incidentally, they are the only white girls I can think of whose personalities are not bleached by platinum hair.

In arraigning the screen Eves we must not forget the Eves of the audience who are responsible. Sam Goldwyn cites the guiding law of producers when he says pictures are made to please women, that no film can hope for financial success without their patronage. Women are responsible for the star system. Women demand love as the central theme of every picture. So Sam says. It's because they are idealists, he says. Idealism is responsible for "Riptide," "She Done Him Wrong," "The Divorcee"—for the Legion of Decency, in fact. Clark Gable recently took off in a plane from a Texas airport rather than risk passage through a crowd of three thousand Eves in a fever of idealism.

Men are not idolaters. They are realists favoring newsreels for diversion. They attend such documentary films as "The Last World War" while the tempting sex is beating it for "The Painted Veil." Men support stars solely for their ability to entertain. Their favorites have been men chiefly: Chaplin, Lloyd, Fairbanks, Will Rogers, W. C. Fields, Warner Oland, (*Please turn to page* 48)

ILLUSTRATED BY D. B. HOLCOMB

HOLLYWOOD

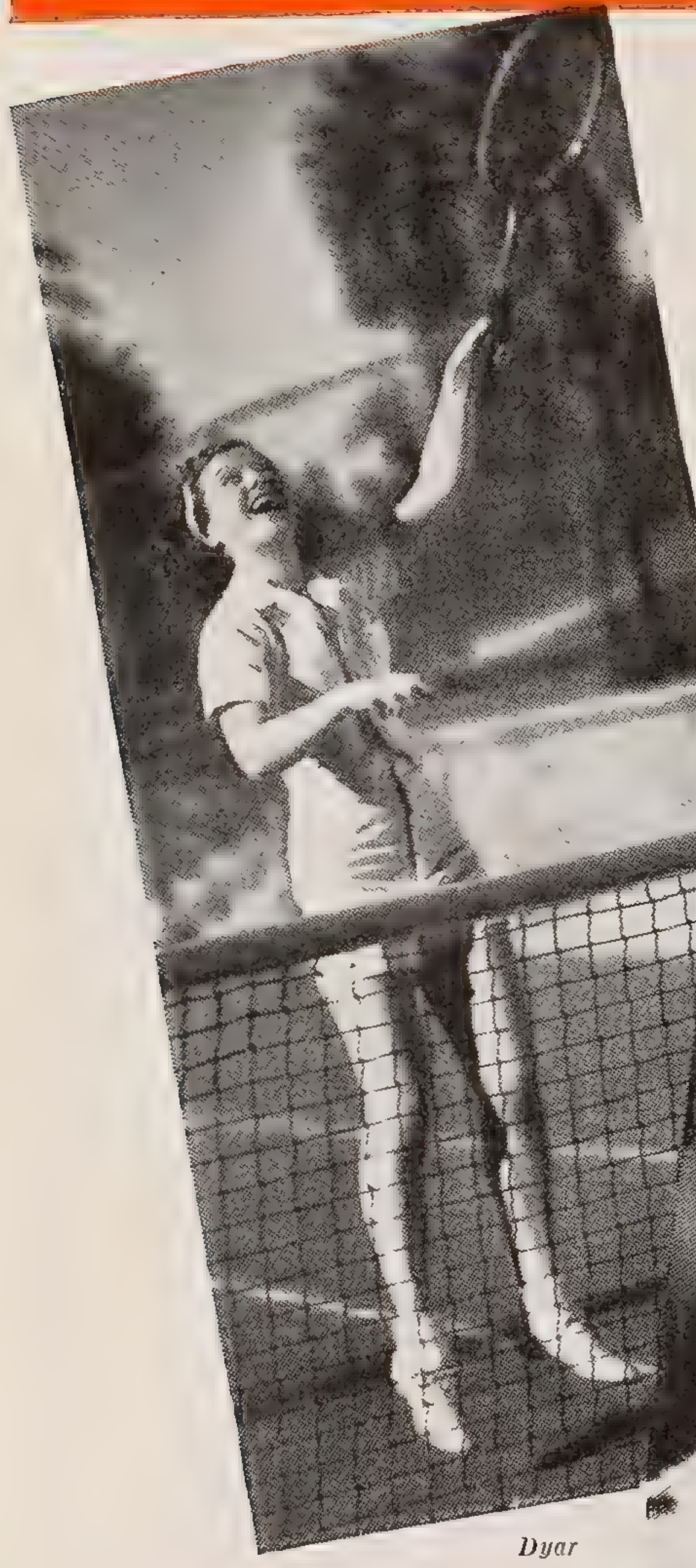
DAY BY DAY

News flies out of Hollywood—and Nemo, the mysterious reporter no one knows, catches it in mid-air for you

REPORTED BY NEMO

Stax

The "Flame Within" company goes to lunch. Herbert Marshall, Ann Harding, Director Edmund Goulding, Maureen O'Sullivan and Louis Hayward. While (Above) "Alfalfa" Switzer, newest Our Gang recruit, tips his hat to you.



Dyar

Left: In real life Janet Gaynor is an enthusiastic athlete. Below: With May Robson, in M-G-M's "The Age of Indiscretion," is Flush, the lovable dog of "The Barretts of Wimpole Street."

Below: Walter Connolly returns to the stage to give a superb performance in "The Bishop Misbehaves." Alan Marshall and Jane Wyatt are with him.

White

WE'RE all upset this month, and no wonder.

After faithfully promising not to do any more costume roles for a while, Freddie March jumps into a Russian kimono and funny cap to do another dashing officer opposite la Garbo!

In his own words, he told us; "Enough is enough. I've done so many costume pictures that I can't even go out socially without wrapping a sword around me! I have to call in a technical adviser to eliminate the possibility of a sartorial faux pas And twice this month Mrs. March had to drag me back after we'd started to a party and make me shave, because I've worn so many whiskers lately that it seems perfectly natural to let 'em grow! No more costume pictures. No, sir!"

And now look at the guy!

ONE of the most tragic events of the month occurred when Anita Louise's Spitz puppy chewed up the diary which she had kept faithfully for nearly four years. The record went clear back to Anita's first job, with Gloria Swanson, in "Untamed Lady," and had been brought up to date with an interesting account of her latest performance, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream."

Knowing Anita to be one of the gentlest souls in the world, we wondered what sort of punishment had been meted out to the pup.

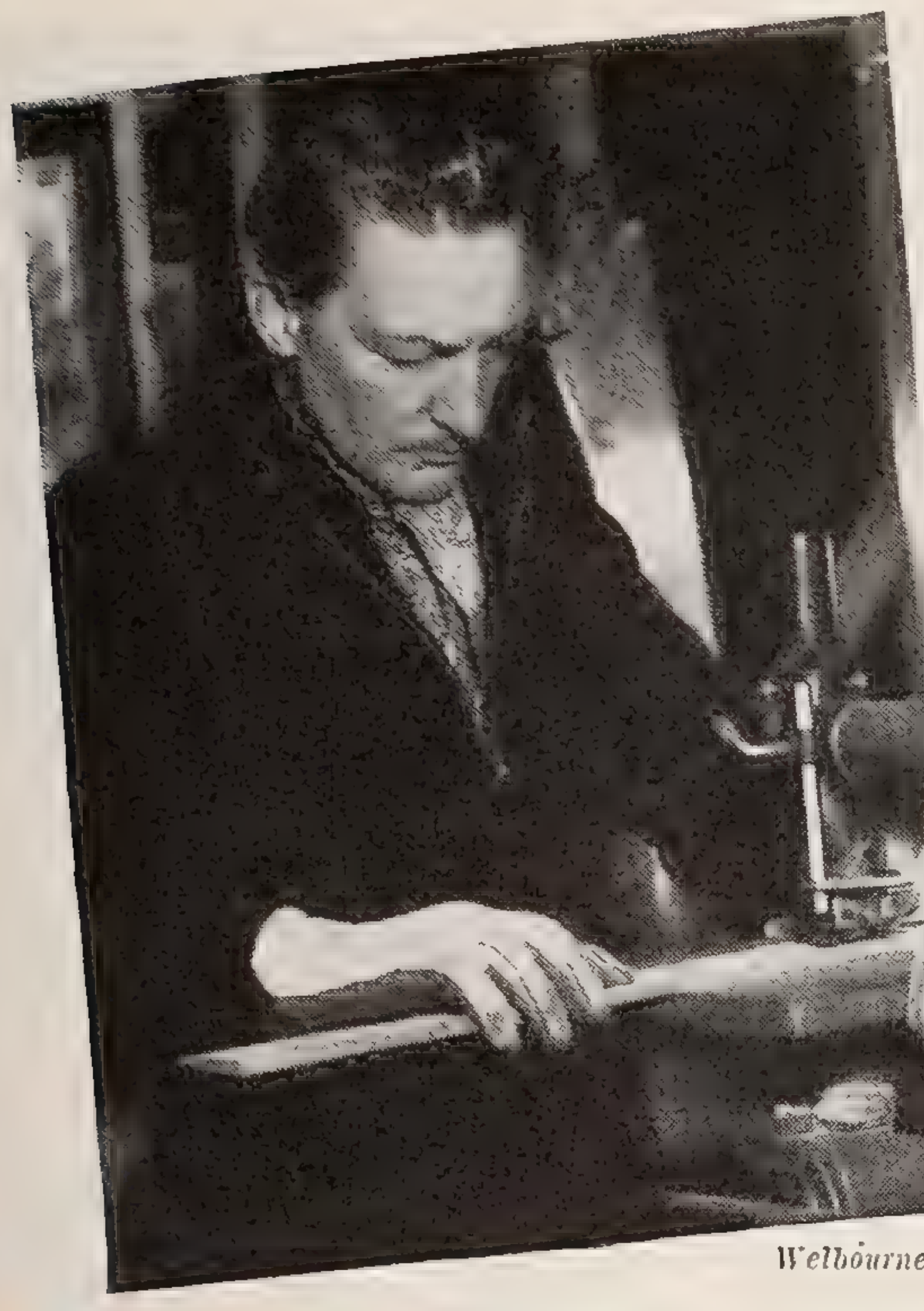
"None at all," she smiled sadly. "When he heard my wail of dismay as I came across the wreckage, he wagged his tail uncertainly, cocked his head on one side and looked up at me so penitently . . . well, what can you do with a dog like that?"

And, recalling the sad affair between our own wire-hair and a brand new spring fedora, we joined Anita at the wailing wall and agreed that you just can't do a thing about it.

CATCHING Anita doing the town with Tommy Lee several times recently, we were afraid it might be the end of a beautiful romance between the little lady and her long-time beau Tom Brown. But at a cocktail party in honor of Fred Stone and his charming daughter, Paula. it did this old heart good to see Anita and Tom, billing and cooing as of yore.

Premeditated or not, the party fixed up a lot of busted hearts. It might have been the very excellent punch, but whatever it was, Connie Simpson and Jack LaRue fixed up their erstwhile difficulties, deciding to carry on from where they left off several days before. And Cary Grant seemed to be finding complete solace from his Virginia Cherrill heartbreak in the delectable Ida Lupino, who looked as though she'd just stepped out of a Patou band-box!

JEAN HARLOW and Clark Gable had a hand in those three birthday cakes, delivered to Wallace Beery on the set the other day. One of the cakes was made of wood and frosted prettily, and Wally was all smiles until he tried to cut himself a hunk. The second was made of cotton, with Beery growing more and more perturbed all the time, so that when they brought in the third one, which was the McCoy, he flatly refused to have anything to do with it. So the others on the set pitched in and ate it up before Wally could change his mind! And was Wally surprised that it really was cake!



Welbourne

Left: Warren William's hobby is carpentering, and he keeps enough machinery in his cellar to make a planing mill jealous. Below: Willie Fung in "Oil for the Lamps of China," tries to teach Pat O'Brien to eat Chow Gai Pin with chopsticks.

Apger

Left: John Barrymore pays a visit to Noel Coward, making "The Scoundrel" at the Eastern Service Studios. Above: Jackie Cooper is growing up. He blames it on the milk Mom makes him drink.

DIRECTOR IRVING CUMMINGS . . . shooting a scene on the edge of a marshy duck preserve, anxiously warned everyone to be careful and not fall in.

Came the shot, and, right in the middle of a scene between Spencer Tracy and Wendy Barrie, there was a loud SPLASH!!

Interested in watching the action, Cummings had stepped too close and fallen into the marsh!

JOAN BENNETT and her husband, Gene Markey, have practically decided to get rid of that miniature electric merry-go-round, purchased as a present for their two youngsters.

Coming home early the other day, they were surprised to find the Japanese houseboy riding around and around in a flagrant imitation of Tom Mix while he endeavored to lasso passing objects with the family clothes line, made into a lariat!

That was cute, but the rear lawn was littered with a pack of the more expensive neighborhood dogs, lying about panting and slightly dizzy from the chase!

WE'RE still chuckling over the shock Monroe Owsley got in the cocktail lounge of the Hollywood Roosevelt Hotel the other afternoon.

Sitting at the bar with some friends, Owsley was trying to describe the ingredients of a certain drink he had tasted once long ago. It didn't sound familiar to the bartender, but being willing to try anything once, he put the makin's into a shaker and gave 'em the works.

As he shook the mixture he smiled graciously at his customer and asked: "What's your name?"

Well, that was bad enough, but thinking that maybe the guy didn't get around much, our actor friend swallowed his injured pride and said: "Monroe Owsley!"

"Ow as in cow," the bartender said pleasantly. "All right, we'll name this an Ow Cocktail . . . after you!"

SHIRLEY TEMPLE was being accorded a place with filmdom's immortals by putting her footprints in the concrete of the Grauman Chinese Theater. The crowd was terrific and police were busy elbowing spectators back of the ropes.

"Say," a worried man exclaimed, "let me through. I'm Shirley's father!"

"Sure!" grunted a husky minion of the law. "And I'm Mary, Queen of Scots!"

"Shirley!" the man called.

"Yes, Daddy!" the little star answered.

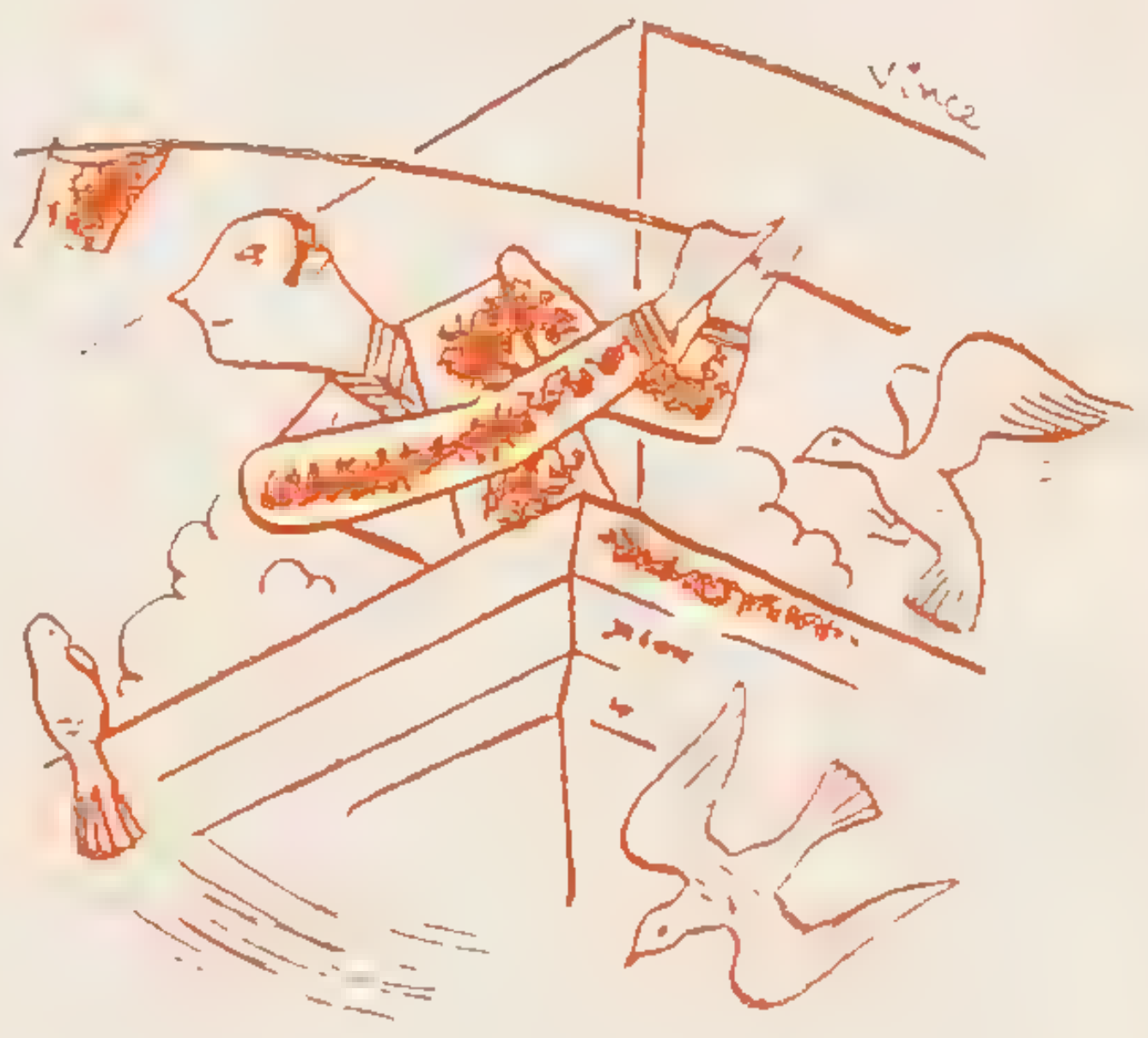
"Stand aside, Queen Mary," chuckled George Temple in triumphant glee as he worked his way to his charming daughter's side.

"You win!" muttered the cop.

JACK DONOHUE, dance director, has a few symptoms that should get him a membership.

All during the racing season, Jack would pick a horse in every race, put the names down in his little red book, and then go out to the track to watch his selections run out.

At the end of the season, Jack checked up and found that he had gone exactly $15,000 in the red on the gee-gees. But did he give a care? No, not one . . . because all he had to do was tear a dozen pages out of the little red book, and . . . the slate was clean!



WE repeat . . . there are birds . . . and birds.

George Raft awoke bright and early the other morning to find the bedroom of his penthouse literally swarming with inquisitive pigeons! A few of the fresher ones squatted right on the Raft chest, as much as to say: "What are you going to do about it?" And it took Georgie and his pal, "Killer" Gray, all morning to shoo 'em out!

Moral: Don't eat crackers in bed.

OF course, we've all heard rumors to the effect that Stepin Fetchit has a good big edge on the "laziest man in the world," but an out-of-town pal swears that, on a recent personal appearance tour, the Fox blackberry actually lolled back in an easy chair while his valet took bows for him?

AND that ought to get Stepin an honorary membership in the FITS and CONVULSIONS Club, founded by W. C. Fields (wouldn't you just know it?) in an irresponsible moment.

The club had four vice-presidents . . . and nobody knows who the president is. If you are caught talking intelligently to a sane person for more than four minutes, there's a twenty dollar fine . . . and no beefing about it, either!

There's a ten dollar fine for getting on a train without leaving some important luggage behind, and a twenty dollar additional tag for anyone caught NOT annoying the porter. And you're not supposed to know where you're going, either!

A special rule for week-ends dares anyone to go to bed before 4 A.M. . . . and demands that, on that same weary day, they be on the golf course not later than 9 A.M.! And, if you can see the golf balls, there's another fine of twenty dollars!

The game has its drawbacks, however, because one day a month *must* be spent with a sane person, and, while you continue to be plumb crazy, there's a terrific forfeit if you let your lucid victim get out of your sight for even five minutes!

It sounds like a lot of fun, and so as not to be left on the outside looking in, Papa NEMO thinks he'll follow the crowd and join up with the crack-pots.

(*Please turn to page* 50)

BROADWAY GONDOLIER. (Warners)
Adolphe Menjou is a broken-down old opera star, Dick Powell is his pupil and a would-be crooner, Joan Blondell works in a radio station. Hilarious farce.

THE RAVEN (Universal)
Boris Karloff in a composite version of two Edgar Allan Poe stories built to specifications for the horror fans. Bela Lugosi and plastic surgery are also in it.

THE FLAME WITHIN (M. G. M.)
This will remind you of "Private Worlds." Ann Harding, Maureen O'Sullivan, and Herbert Marshall venture into an insane asylum, only to befuddle themselves.

ON-THE-SET REVIEWS

On this page BARBARA BARRY, New Movie's Studio Scout, tells you which of the pictures in production you'll want to see

ANNA KARENINA
•
M-G-M

YE olde gray-haired reporter will never forget this one, made 'way back in the silent days when the Garbo-Jack Gilbert romance was at its sizzlingest.

At that time, we wouldn't have believed that any man living could top Gilbert's romantic characterization of the dashing Prince Vronsky. But then, we didn't know Freddie March in those days, either. And, while Freddie declared he had done enough Tolstoy and would have no more of it, here he is . . . and we're glad he changed his mind.

You must remember the story of the tragic Anna, who left her dull husband and adorable son to seek happiness with her princely lover? Only there was little happiness, after the first flush of passion had passed, for, finding themselves ostracized by society, they fled to Italy with their baby daughter, only to find that conventional standards are the same the world over and society refuses to condone illicit love, no matter how deep and true.

Forced to live apart from the world, Anna and Vronsky find themselves becoming bored with each other, and wishing to save the illusion of the great love that was theirs, Vronsky leaves.

Too proud to return to her husband (Basil Rathbone), Anna wanders down to the station, where she had seen her lover for the first time. With memories crowding in around her and finding life a desolate thing, Anna throws herself before the on-rushing train.

It is a tragic ending to a tragic tale but, if we would be true to our Tolstoy, there is no other.

The cast is excellent and includes Maureen O'Sullivan, Freddie's fiancée before going Garbo; Freddie Bartholomew, as Garbo's son; Cora Sue Collins as the daughter; May Robson, Reginald Denny, Reginald Owen, Sarah Padden and a host of troupers.

Clarence Brown directs.

THE FLAME WITHIN
•
M-G-M

WE'VE been expecting a follow-up on "Private Worlds" and, here we are . . . back in the psychopathic ward again!

Edmund Goulding, M-G-M's triple-threat man, writes, directs and produces this picture and if it's half as good as "Private Worlds," we'll take three hats off to Mr. Goulding.

Once more, we have a beautiful young psychiatrist (Ann Harding) in love with her chosen profession to an extent that she completely overlooks the honest devotion of the handsome doctor (Herb Marshall) who has worshipped her from a respectful distance, lo, these many years.

When Maureen O'Sullivan attempts suicide because the man she loves is a no-good elbow-bender and won't marry her because she's rich (of all things!), Ann promises to do what she can for the lad (Lewis Hayworth) in the way of releasing his enslaved soul from its convivial reflexes. *But*, while straightening out his soul, Ann gets her own heart tangled up in the mess, and it's too bad, too, because Lewis is engaged to Maureen and, being an honorable woman, what can Ann do but sit back and suffer in silence?

So—to the tune of Ann's aching heart, the kids are married and go away.

A year later, however, (*Please turn to page* 58)

BEST BETS

ANNA KARENINA, with Greta Garbo and Fredric March.
THE FLAME WITHIN, with Ann Harding and Herbert Marshall.
CHINA SEAS, with Wallace Beery, Clark Gable, Jean Harlow.
SHE, with Helen Gahagan and Nigel Bruce.
THE RAVEN, with Boris Karloff and Bela Lugosi.
THE GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE, with Bette Davis.
LOVE ME FOREVER, with Grace Moore and Leo Carrillo.
BROADWAY GONDOLIER, with Dick Powell and Joan Blondell.
NO MORE LADIES, with Crawford, Montgomery and Tone.

LET 'EM HAVE IT. (United Artists)
An inspirational picture urging Americans to get together and put down organized crime. With Richard Arlen, Bruce Cabot and Virginia Bruce featured.

ALIBI IKE (Warners)
The late Ring Lardner's screamingly funny story put on the screen with Joe E. Brown. A conceited baseball hero and his pals. Fun even if you don't like Joe.

HOORAY FOR LOVE (R K O)
Gene Raymond, a college boy actor with Broadway ambitions, gets the father of his girl, Ann Sothern, in Dutch with complications. Light romance and song.

By
MARY
MARTIN

REAL Ideas that JELL

Gertrude Michael, Paramount player, contributes a page of jams and jellies from home

GERTRUDE MICHAEL'S too much of a southern belle to ignore totally the lure of the kitchen. Especially now when berries are ripe and crying in the markets to be made into beautiful transparent jellies to bring the taste of summer into the winter months.

Maybe she plays an interlude or two while the jam pot bubbles, for Gertrude is an accomplished pianist as well as a knowing cook. One of her recipes is one that can't be followed by most northern cooks because it requires the guava—a beautiful fruit, which, if it does grow in your part of the country, you know as a versatile one, too. Miss Michael's mention of it applies only to guava jelly, but the pulp that's left from the jelly-making can easily be made into jam, as you guava lovers probably know. Here's the jelly recipe, anyhow, from Miss Michael's Alabama archives:

Guava Jelly

3 lbs. of very ripe guavas
Sugar, cup for cup of cooked pulp

Slice thin, add water to cover, and boil well, crushing the fruit to better extract the juice. Strain and add sugar, cup for cup. When the new mixture has boiled thoroughly, test, pour into glasses and paraffin when cool.

Red Raspberry and Gooseberry Jelly

2 quarts raspberries
1 quart gooseberries
Sugar, cup for cup of cooked juice

Boil each fruit separately as gooseberries take longer to cook. When both are well done, strain, blend juices and measure, adding sugar cup for cup. Then boil about 20 minutes or until the mixture thickens on a saucer. Pour and seal when cool.

And here are a few reminders in jelly making. If the fruit is over-ripe, add one or two tart apples, the juice of one lemon, or a portion of tart plums. This will add the necessary pectin to make your jelly "jell."

After straining the juice, and before adding the sugar, boil the juice for ten minutes to remove excess water.

And the "scum" that comes to the surface during the boiling process should be skimmed off so that your jelly will be crystal clear. And here are more ideas to try right now:

Carrot Marmalade

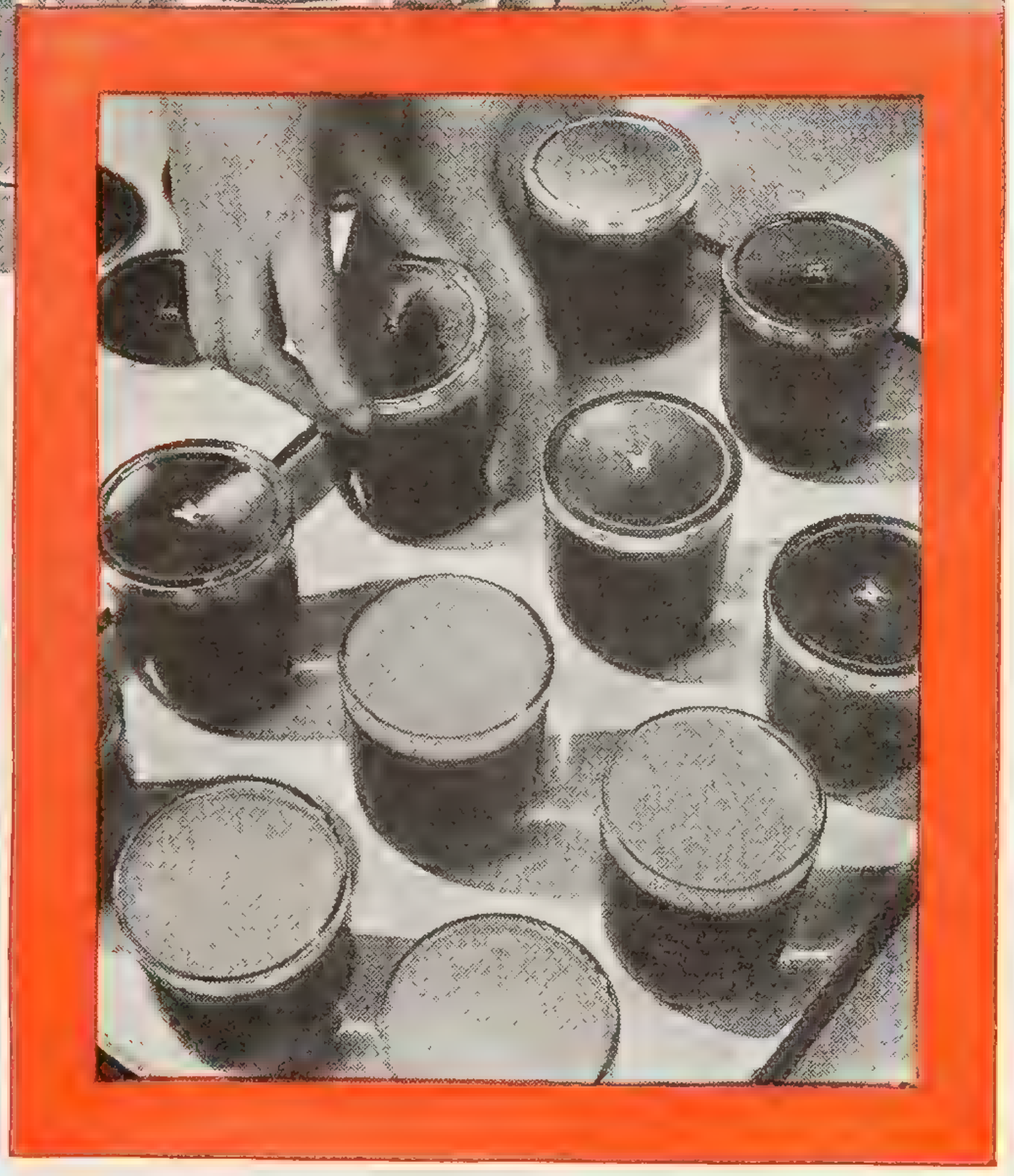
6 carrots, medium size
3 oranges
1 lemon, juice and rind
Sugar

Scrape carrots and cut in half-inch pieces. Cook in small amount of water until tender. Cut the oranges and lemon in small pieces. Measure the total amount and allow ⅔ cup sugar to each cup of mixture. Cook until thick. Pour into clean, hot glasses. When cold, cover with paraffin.

Peach Butter

4 pounds peaches (prepared)
2 cups water
2 teaspoons cinnamon
1 teaspoon cloves
Sugar

If fuzz is heavy, peaches should be peeled, either by means of a sharp knife or by scalding. If fairly free from fuzz, a thorough washing is sufficient. Remove pits and all spots. Place in kettle with water and cook until tender. Rub through a sieve and measure. To each cup of fruit pulp allow 2/3 cup sugar. Addition of spices is optional. Cook until thick. Pour at once in clean, hot jars and seal when cool.



Tomato Butter

5 pounds tomatoes
1½ pounds tart apples
¼ ounce stick cinnamon
¼ ounce ginger root
⅛ ounce mace
⅛ ounce whole cloves
2 cups vinegar
2 pounds or 4½ cups sugar

Peel tomatoes, put in kettle with sugar, vinegar, and spices tied in a bag. Cook together for three hours, stirring frequently. When thick, remove spice bag and pour into jars. Seal when cool.

Pineapple Marmalade

6 cups shredded pineapple
1 orange
2¼ pounds or 5 cups sugar

Place pineapple in kettle, add sugar and pulp of orange cut fine. Stir thoroughly and let stand several hours or overnight. Also chop the yellow rind of the orange very fine, cover with cold water and let stand over night. Then cook rind in water until tender. Add the rind to the fruit and sugar mixture and cook until very thick. It will take about 40 minutes. Pour into jars. Seal when cool.

A cool young bachelor in the firmament surprises us with an idea or two on domestic activities. Here's to you. Drink them down!

MacMURRAY QUENCHERS

Fred's a long drink of water and a star who knows where he shines. Try these tricks of his with a syphon and the makings

By AMY VANDERBILT

●

FRED MacMURRAY, six foot three Paramount ex-saxophoner, who's broken the feminine heartline, likes his drinks long and cool this time of the year. Fred was once star athlete back in Beaver Dam, Wisconsin, so maybe that accounts for his preference for simple thirst quenchers.

As the true-to-life reporter in "The Gilded Lily," Fred often got that tired feeling. Remember how he ditched his shoes on the library steps? That was the time when his favorite drink—he calls it a "Dummy"—would have trickled down a grateful gullet. Here it is, now, just as Fred mixes it for himself.

Take a tall glass (the taller the better), add 1 pony of grenadine, the juice of 1 lime, and ½ teaspoonful of sugar. Stir briskly with a cocktail spoon, add 2 ice cubes. Fill to the top with charged or sparkling water and decorate with a Maraschino cherry.

Fred's just young enough to feel the need of something sweet. He even suggested a drink for his cookery page with a little of the fruit of the vine in it. Port, no less. We couldn't hold on to him long enough to find its name, but here it is anyhow and the thirstier you are the better it will go.

To 1½ jiggers of Port (probably California's) add ½ spoonful of sugar and fill up with charged water, well chilled. Don't add ice to this one.

On that Fred had a touch of conscience and quickly rattled off another white-ribboner to make up for it.

Julep

To one Collins' glass of ginger ale add two ice cubes and a tangy sprig of mint.

This is a synthetic mint julep, and you can add the missing whatzis if your Aunt Emaline is out.

And here are two quick ones—a bridge punch and a Strawberry Fizz. First the

Bridge Punch

For one serving, the juice of ½ lemon, two cubes of ice, ½ pint of ginger ale, in a man-sized glass. Float a glass of claret on top and add some fruit.

For a Strawberry Fizz—

1 pony of strawberry syrup, juice of ½ lemon shaken together with two ice cubes. Strain into a tall glass and fill with charged water.

And now to the sody fountain for us to quench that thirst! But first, for good measure a few good, housewifely recipes of our own for warm sessions:

Ginger Punch

1 quart water
1 cup sugar
¾ cup chopped Canton ginger
¼ cup ginger syrup
1 cup orange juice
¼ cup lemon juice
1 quart charged water

Boil water, sugar, ginger, ginger syrup, 20 minutes. Cool. Add fruit juices and charged water.

Raspberry Punch

1 lemon
1 cup raspberries
1 cup currants
1 pint boiling water
1 cup sugar
1 cup tea infusion

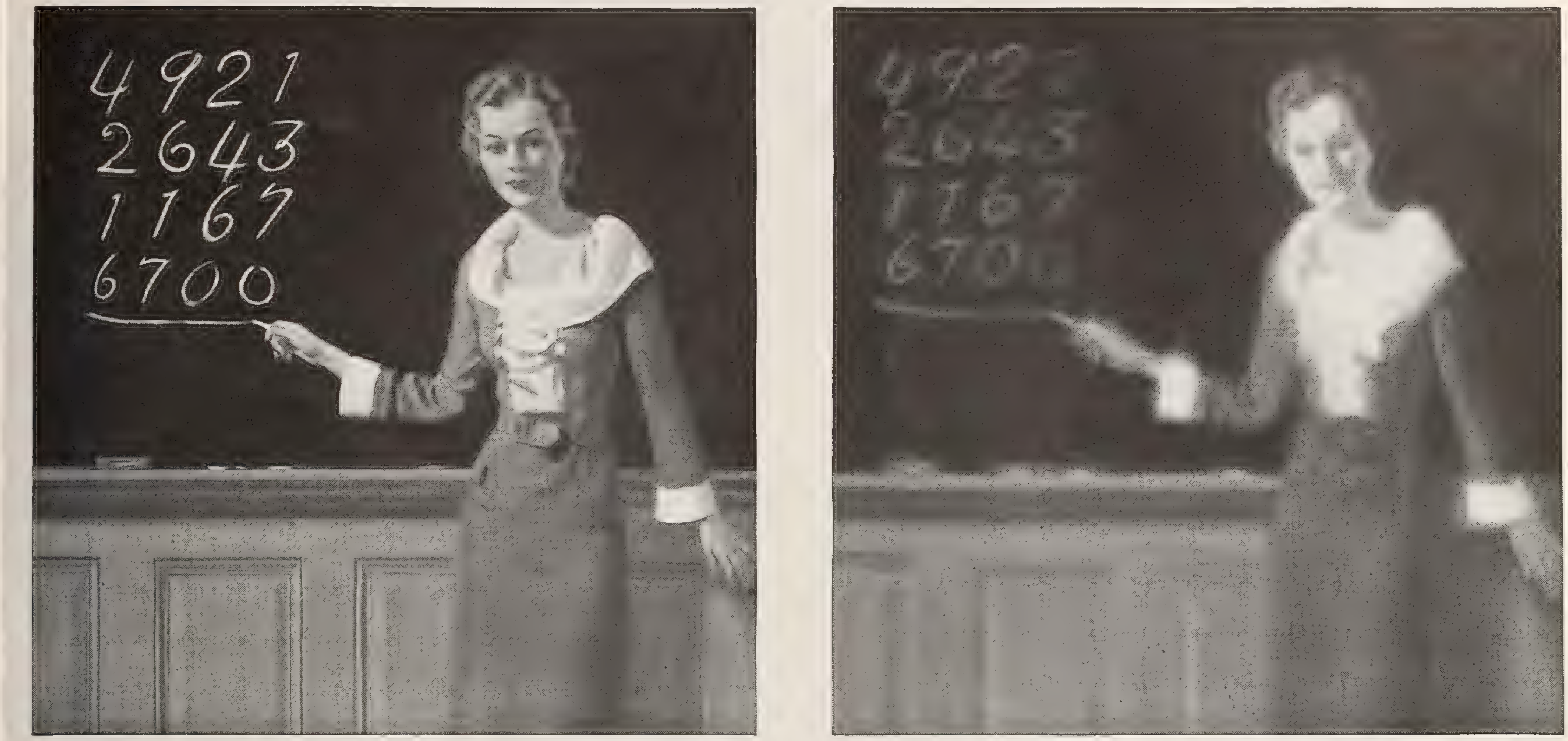
Crush fruit and strain through a cloth. Without taking the pulp from the cloth, put it into another dish and pour boiling water over it. Drain off, but do not squeeze or it will be muddy. Add sugar, cool thoroughly, add fruit juice and tea.

Orange Lily

½ cup white grape juice
1 teaspoon sugar
2 tablespoons orange juice

Fill glass half full of shaved ice. Add grape juice, orange juice and sugar and fill with chilled water. Serve with two straws thrust through a thin slice of orange.

Test Eyesight Regularly



The Blackboard Problem—as it looks to Jim and as it looks to Bill

BILL failed in arithmetic. He couldn't add blurry figures that wouldn't stand still. Poor vision is a tough handicap to a child in school. At least one in every ten has some form of defective eyesight.

A Special Warning

Contrary to a widespread idea that the Fourth of July has been made "safe and sane," the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness states that the toll of accidents from fireworks was greater last year than in many previous years.

Many of these uncorrected defects are progressive and cause increasing eye-strain and impairment of vision. Eye-strain may lead to severe recurring headaches, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, dizziness and other disorders.

In older people there are other conditions of the eyes which are far more serious than imperfect vision. If untreated, they may eventually lead to blindness. Glaucoma and cataract can be present and in the first stages give little indication of their threat to your sight. Recognized early, glaucoma may be successfully treated; a cataract may be removed by an operation.

Good reading habits of young and old prevent many eye troubles. Have your eyes examined regularly, even though they seem to be normal. Never wear glasses which have not been prescribed. Don't read with the light shining into your eyes, or without your doctor's consent when recovering from serious illness, or when lying down—unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your eyes below the line of vision. Hold your work or book about 14 inches from your eyes.

Don't use public towels or rub your eyes. Conjunctivitis and other communicable diseases may follow. Do not use any medication for diseases of the eyes unless it has been prescribed for the purpose.

Make sure that no member of your family is endangering his sight. Send for the Metropolitan's free booklet "Care of the Eyes." Address Booklet Department 735-B

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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THE *Make-up Box*

NO OFFENSE MEANT: Perspiration is an ugly word. It's uglier when it makes its appearance on your summer gowns, and unspeakable when malodorous. The truly fastidious young woman keeps three types of deodorant handy . . . powder, liquid, and cream. Illustrated below are three on which the immaculate modern can pin her faith. There's a grand new powder deodorant in the cylindrical black-and-gold container. You dust it on while your body is still wet from a bath. It's unscented but I detected a fresh, clean new-mown hay odor that clings for hours after you use it. There's also a liquid non-perspirant in a crystal clear bottle, as well as the fragrant cream deodorant. I could write reams about all three, but when I say they fill the bill for summer daintiness, it sums it up completely.

GET A GOOD FOUNDATION: And this is sound advice whether you are buying a girdle or deciding upon the first course at dinner. But what I am so steamed up about is a foundation cream that's unlike any these sharp eyes have ever seen before. It's smooth and creamy, it blends perfectly, it gives the skin a velvety finish, and it comes in a russet shade (a rosy-beige) that covers up the first faint sprinkling of summer freckles in a way that is astonishing. And if that isn't enough, it holds face powder for hours and hours.

WHAT'S NEW? Just heaps of suntan and sunburn preparations . . . a creamy body rub that does wonders for scaly, sandpapery surfaces especially nubbly elbows and heels . . . a brushless mascara in a flip-stick container . . . a curler gadget which clasps fly-away strands and rolls them into neat little curls . . . a pearl type polish in a topaz jewel shade, very zwicki . . . Until next month . . .

Marilyn

If you would like further information about the articles described, and other beauty news, write enclosing stamped envelope to the Beauty Editor, Make-Up Box, Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

TAKE TIME TO TAN

Rochelle Hudson, vivacious young star, tells how she acquires a glorious honey-beige tan

"IT takes time to get a good coat of tan—and it took me a long time to realize it," said Rochelle Hudson, whose honey-beige skin is an attractive background for her vivid beauty.

"When suntan first became popular, I used to dash right out in the sun and literally broil for hours. Perhaps I'd have a new evening gown and want to change my winter pallor to a sun-kissed glow in a few hours. Well, I could and did. But pretty soon my skin would flake and peel in a most unattractive and uncomfortable manner. Of course, when the vogue for tan was new, most of us were so concerned with the health aspects of sunbaths that we gave little thought to protecting the texture of our skins and substituting oils for those dried out by the sun.

"It isn't always convenient to get to the beach, and when I do go, I like to spend most of my time in the water swimming. So my sunbaths are taken right in my own back yard, even though the theory is that salt air and sunshine produce the best suntans. I've a little contraption made of canvas which is ideal for the purpose. It has four sides which slide down and insure privacy as well as plenty of sun.

"I never stay in the sunlight longer than one-half hour for the first sunbath but increase the time of exposure by ten minutes each day. Neither do I expose myself to the direct rays of the sun between ten and two o'clock. It is during this time that the sun is strongest and most likely to burn. I wear pique shorts with a bra top, bind my hair in a bandana and wear sun-glasses, thus protecting hair as well as eyes. Sometimes I study my script, but most of the time, I must confess, that I just drowse. Then a shower, followed by a brisk rubdown with my favorite toilet water—and what a grand and glorious feeling after a sunbath!"

Miss Hudson doesn't believe there is such a thing as getting too brown. But one time her director thought otherwise and insisted that she lighten the color of her skin and do it within ten days, too. So poor Rochelle, having achieved a glorious toasty-brown color, had to set about getting rid of it. Bleaching creams, hot baths, mild solutions of peroxide and ammonia were prescribed. For ten days she worked valiantly until the luscious brown turned to a creamy white.

When asked about summer make-up, Miss Hudson offered the following suggestions:

"I like a rather heavy powder with an oily base in a suntan shade. I apply it generously to my face and neck with a piece of cotton. Then with a soft camel's hair brush, I brush off the surplus. A piece of cotton moistened with skin tonic and patted over the entire powdered area gives a slightly dewy finish. Rouge and lipstick should, of course, be of matching shades—bright but never with an orange cast. The rouge should be blended lightly. Lipstick should be indelible, and I apply it the full length of my lips following the natural line. Right now, I am using black mascara and violet eyeshadow, but these only at night. I believe that eye make-up in the sunlight is apt to be artificial looking although under the nightlight it's quite effective. I do a little trick with an eyebrow pencil that makes my eyes appear much larger than they actually are. From the outer corner of each eye, I draw two fine lines with the pencil, and carefully blend these lines to a soft shadow with my fingertip.

"The principal thing to remember about summer make-up is that it should harmonize with suntan, be carefully applied, and often renewed."

"Doctor, how do Skin Faults first Begin?"

AN INTELLIGENT QUESTION AUTHORITATIVELY ANSWERED—

Mrs. Richard Gedney says: "Pond's Cold Cream leaves my skin fresh, smooth. I am never bothered with blackheads or blemishes."

1 What causes Lines?

Lines result when the *under* tissues grow thin and wasted, and the outer skin does not change correspondingly. It falls into tiny creases—the lines you see. To help this condition, the nutrition of the under tissues must be stimulated.

2 Are Blackheads just Dirt?

Blackheads are due to clogged pores. Most often, this clogging comes from *within the skin*. Overactive glands give off a thickish substance that clogs the pores. The tip of this clogging matter dries. Darkens. Collects dirt. Proper cleansing will remove the blackhead. Rousing treatment of the under tissues will prevent further clogging of the pores.

3 What makes Blemishes come?

"Blemishes" are the final stage of blackheads. They form when the clogging accumulation in the pores presses on the surrounding *under* tissues and causes inflammation. They are avoided by removing the blackheads that cause them. When blemishes are many and persistent, a physician should be consulted.

4 Do Coarse Pores come from Neglect?

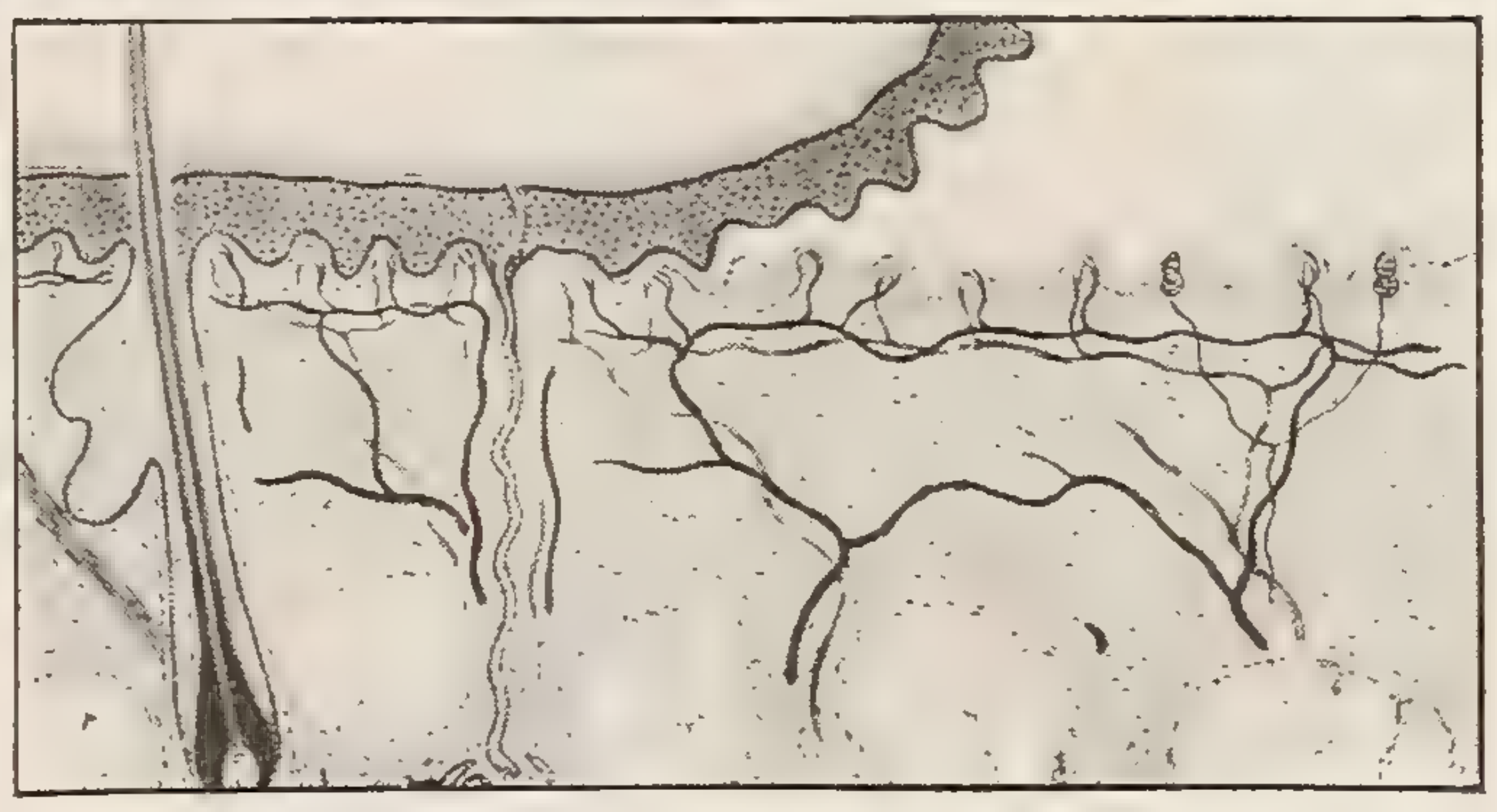
Pores are naturally smaller in some skins than in others. They become enlarged through being clogged and stretched by secretions from *within the skin*. They can be reduced by removing the clogging matter and keeping the skin free from further clogging.

5 Is Dry Skin a Sign of Age?

All skin, as it grows older, becomes thin and dry, as the *underskin* loses vigor and the glands produce less oil. Dry skin is helped by the use of penetrating oils and by restoring the oil glands to normal activity. Excessive dryness demands medical care.

6 When do Tissues start to Sag?

Rarely before 30 to 35. Then the rounded contour is lost—notably in neck, chin and cheek line, and under the eyes. Here the skin sags, due to loss of tone in the fibres *underneath* the skin, to fatty degeneration of the muscles, failing nutrition of the underskin. To avoid sagging, keep the under tissues toned.



The Underskin—where Skin Faults begin

If you could see through the epidermis into your underskin, you would discover an amazing network of tiny blood vessels, cells, nerves, elastic fibres, fat and muscle tissues, oil and sweat glands! On these depends the beauty of your outer skin. When they grow sluggish, look out for blackheads, coarseness, blemishes, lines—wrinkles!

Keep *Under Skin* Active

to keep Skin faults away

YOU SEE, from the authoritative answers above, skin faults do have one thing in common—they practically all begin in your *underskin*.

No matter what the fault, its important needs are keeping the *under* tissues vigorous and the skin *clean*.

Through these two means, Pond's Cold Cream has cherished the beauty of the most fastidious women in the world—for Pond's actually softens lines. Wards off blemishes, blackheads. Makes coarse pores less conspicuous. Firms aging tissues. Softens drying skin. It does these things by means of its deep-skin cleansing and its invigorating effect on the *under* layers of the skin.

EVERY NIGHT, cleanse deep with Pond's Cold Cream. Its specially processed light oils sink deep, flush away every particle of dust, make-up, skin impurities. Cleanse again, patting the cream in briskly to rouse the circulation, stimulate the oil glands, invigorate the newly cleansed tissues.

IN THE MORNING and in the daytime, freshen with Pond's. You will be rewarded with the satiny texture that holds make-up evenly—the radiance of a skin kept clean and invigorated to its depths!

Try this a few days. The coupon, with 10¢, will bring you enough for nine treatments.

Pond's Cold Cream is absolutely pure and germ-free.

MRS. GEORGE BOLLING LEE of VIRGINIA

beautiful and distinguished wife of the grandson of the illustrious General Robert E. Lee, says: "Pond's Cold Cream completely erases lines, keeps my contour firm and lifted. I use it every night to cleanse my skin. It seems to lift dust and grime right out of my pores."

Mail this Coupon—**for Generous Package!**

POND'S, Dept. G48, Clinton, Conn.

I enclose 10¢ (to cover postage and packing) for special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder.

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Like Chocolate?

...Then make genuine Ex-Lax your Laxative

A treat to your taste—and gentle, painless, safe relief from constipation

WHAT'S the most popular flavor in the world? Chocolate... of course! Everybody loves its deliciousness.

So, when occasionally Nature demands the assistance of a laxative, take yours in chocolate. Take Ex-Lax. Not only because it is pleasanter to take than some nasty-tasting cathartic. But because it is mild—gentle—safe. Because doctors, nurses, physical trainers recommend it... and use it themselves. Because for 28 years it has proved its merit.

Don't punish your palate with unpleasant tasting cathartics. Don't punish your system with harsh ones.

Enjoy safe, gentle relief... by taking just a little piece of delicious chocolate with the word EX-LAX stamped upon it. You must look for the "EX" to get Ex-Lax results. 10c and 25c boxes at any drug store.

When Nature forgets—remember

EX-LAX

THE CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

Could the "Sheik" Win Hearts Today?

(*Continued from page* 15)

Valentino's name came up again and again. The demand for another Valentino would not be stilled permanently, it seemed, until, finally, the women themselves solved the problem for the movie makers by abandoning their own desire for the one perfect screen hero who had everything, and compromising on dozens of men.

It became evident that some women liked some male stars for their he-man qualities; others for their drawing-room manners; others for their humor; others for their love-making.

It became apparent, too, that some male stars appealed to certain types of women, and to them alone. But no star, except Clark Gable, has appealed to so many different types of women, and Gable thus becomes the closest runner-up to Valentino. Yet, popular as he is, he has not ever come within the circle of complete appeal—again, all things to all women—as did Valentino.

There are women now who go to pictures to hear voices—Bing Crosby's, Nelson Eddy's, Dick Powell's, John Boles'. There are others who are Fred Astaire fans because of his inspired dancing. Still others go for the continental appeal of Robert Donat, Maurice Chevalier, Francis Lederer.

The dark, suave, iron-fist-in-white-kid-glove type like Ricardo Cortez, George Raft, Jack LaRue, attracts a number of women; the airy, charming type, sophisticated in the best Park Avenue manner, boyish, lightly romantic (like Fredric March in his lighter moods, and Bob Montgomery, in most of his roles), draws other women.

The American Arrow-collar-ad, regular-guy type, the kind of man who can be man-of-the-world and yet boyishly awkward, appealingly clumsy and pretty much like the men in real life that American women know best and usually marry—Gable, William Powell, the always dependable and durable Ronald Colman (with the touch of the buccaneer, the adventurer), Gary Cooper, Franchot Tone, Ralph Bellamy—even Herbert Marshall and Leslie Howard fit into this pattern—are the choice of a greater number of women from more varied strata of life than any others.

Eddie Robinson and Jimmy Cagney have their own following—the gangster brutality of their earlier pictures appealed definitely to many women; their unique personal attributes—neither can be called handsome, yet each has a compelling charm—in less sordid, brutal pictures—that has won them new fans.

THERE are many other male stars who number thousands of women as their worshipers; but those above are the ones with the largest, assorted feminine following—dowagers and debs, professional women and housewives, rich girls and poor ones.

Radio, which has advanced materially since Valentino's time, created a tremendous audience for Bing Crosby, the original crooner, before anyone ever saw him on the screen. The peculiarly ingratiating quality of his voice, with its "heart appeal," its romantic undertones, its wistful, nonsensical "bub-a-bub-bubbings," trailing off into humming and whistling, had feminine ears glued to radio receivers to the infinite disgust of husbands who hate all crooners on principle. The voice had so much sex appeal women wanted to see the face; so he went into pictures. They did a lot for him. He was a little chubby at the beginning; his rounded outlines did not fit into the picture of slim romanticism the radio listeners carried; but their loyalty was great, and Crosby slimmed down. His voice is insured for $100,000.

He's five feet nine inches and weighs one hundred and sixty-nine pounds. He's thirty-one years old, married to Dixie Lee, and the father of three boys, a single and twins. He wears a hat when he sings because he is slightly bald and is nervous about a toupee.

When he was in Paul Whiteman's band he was a cut-up. That he admits frankly, now. "I was pretty bad," he says. "I got into fights and things like that. Whisky has ruined my career five times in five years. I don't touch it now. I can take it or leave it."

His $100,000 voice won him the biggest vote in the annual World-Telegram poll in 1934 as the most popular male singer.

Nelson Eddy is moving up in picture popularity on a voice, too. He used to be a switchboard operator for a plumbing concern, but found that too dull. He tried newspaper reporting but was fired for singing at work all the time. Then he sang outside the office and won a contest, going into the New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra and in Grand Opera with the Philadelphia Operatic Society. You'll remember him (if your memory is good) from the pictures, "Broadway to Hollywood" and "Dancing Lady," and you'll be seeing and hearing him in some more.

Dick Powell is Warner's fair-haired boy. In musical after musical from that musical-conscious studio, with the talented Ruby Keeler, Dick has made the box-office registers sing almost as melodiously as he does himself.

John Boles, a little older, with a wealth of stage experience behind him in "Little Jessie James," and other hits, was leading man for Geraldine Farrar in her light opera venture, and started in pictures with Gloria Swanson in the "Loves of Sunya." He's played singing and non-singing roles in about thirty well-known films; displaying a more and more finished acting ability and a voice that wins him more followers with each new film.

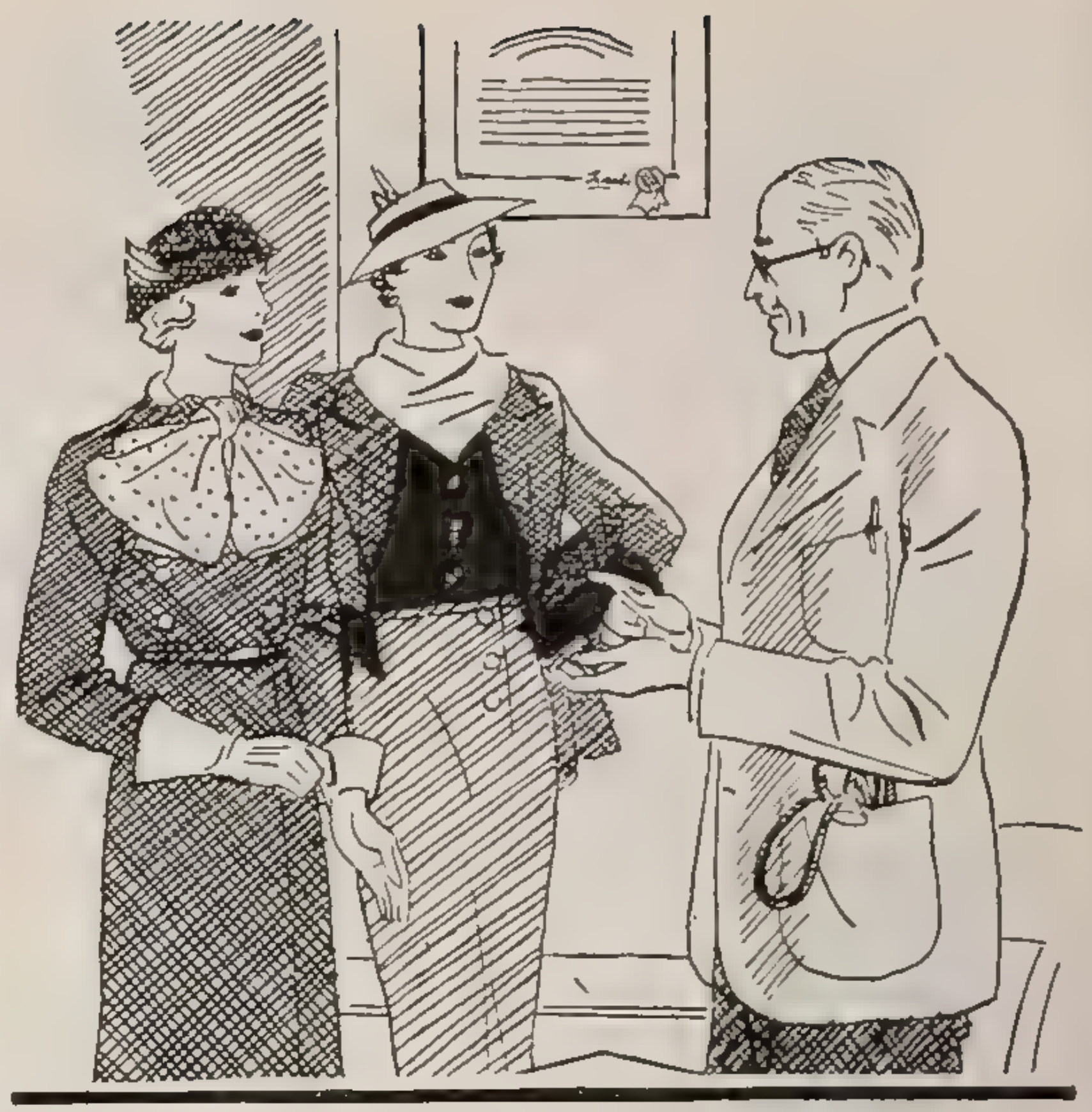
Fred Astaire of the nimble feet, is a name to conjure with on the screen, as his was a name to conjure with on the stage. With his sister Adele, now Lady Cavendish, he made the name Astaire synonymous with smart dancing; so smart he eventually became a "must" with the gentlemen in Hollywood who keep their fingers on the public pulse and hear it beat in advance for what it wants to see on the screen.

Adele and Fred parted after "The Band Wagon," the New York hit, Adele to marry her lord, Fred to try Hollywood. He did "Flying Down to Rio" for RKO, and "Gay Divorcee" and "Roberta." He is established strongly in pictures, now.

THE continental appeal of Robert Donat has registered hard with women fans in just two pictures he's made so far, "Private Life of Henry VIII" and "Count of Monte Cristo," the former a British film, the latter an American-made product, in which he was a sensation.

Chevalier, combining that French come-hitherness, gay-dogginess and provocatively-accented voice—and that

(*Please turn to page* 38)



DIET PROBLEMS of THE STARS

Conducted by

DR. HENRY KATZ

"I AM a constant reader of New Movie and always read your 'Diet Problems of the Stars,' conducted by Dr. Henry Katz.

"Here is my problem. I am about twenty or twenty-five pounds overweight, and have been on a doctor's diet for about a year, with no encouraging results. I have taken such things as 'saccharin' in place of sugar, 'thyroid' for my glands, cut out sweets, white bread and starchy foods. As I work as a hostess in a tea room, this requires will power, as we see plenty of pastry, good food, etc.

"I am only five feet, three inches, and 29 years of age.

"Would it be possible for you to write out a diet for me to follow? Something within reason, as I must work in the meantime."

A person can be made to lose weight simply by adhering rigidly to a proper diet. Such things as thyroid extract are of no value, unless controlled by one who knows how to use it.

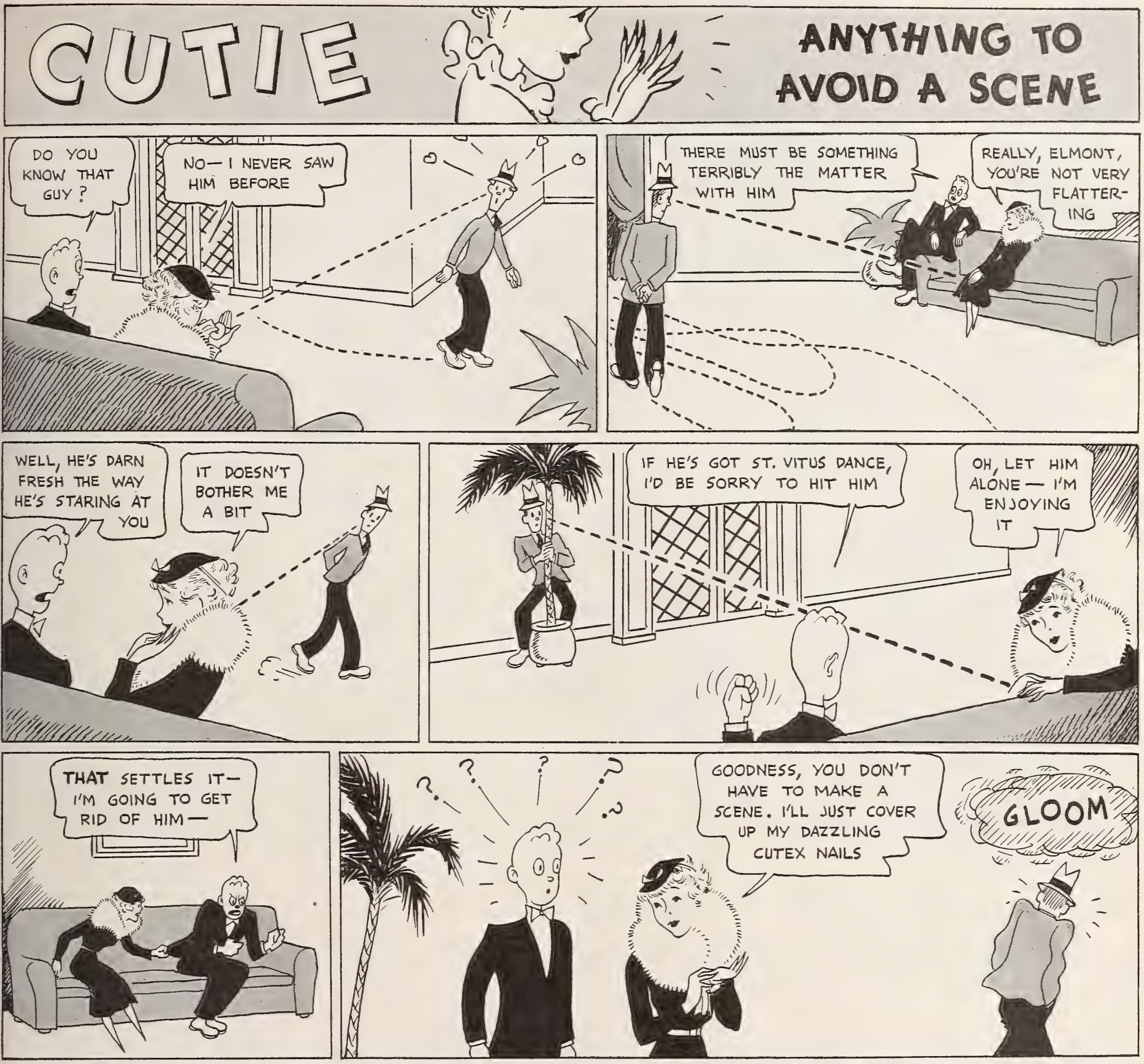
A girl of your height and age should weigh about 124 pounds. Once you have reached this weight and maintained it for a while by adhering to your diet, you will find it easier to stay at that constant weight.

The cardinal principle of a reducing diet is that your calorie intake be less than the number of calories your body uses in the course of a day, so that your body is obliged to burn its excess flesh—fat. This object is attained, as I said by a diet low in calories—a diet in which your intake of starchy and fatty foods is cut as much as possible.

I am including here some low-calorie diets.

Breakfast
Fresh Peach Omelet Thin Slice Toast
Skimmed Milk
Luncheon
Clear Soup
American Cheese Orange Salad
Bran Roll Milk
Dinner
Tomato Consomme Broiled Fish
String Beans Celery Cole Slaw
Raspberries with Cream and Sugar
Black Coffee

Breakfast
Huckleberries with Sugar, Whole Milk
Cornflakes with Sugar, Skimmed Milk
Bran Muffin Butter Clear Coffee
Dinner
Fruit Cocktail
Roast Chicken Celery Squash Salad
Black Coffee American Cheese
Supper
Clear Soup
Chicken Salad Bran Muffin Cauliflower
Lemon Ice Tea


CUTIE
ANYTHING TO AVOID A SCENE
DO YOU KNOW THAT GUY?
NO— I NEVER SAW HIM BEFORE
THERE MUST BE SOMETHING TERRIBLY THE MATTER WITH HIM
REALLY, ELMONT, YOU'RE NOT VERY FLATTERING
WELL, HE'S DARN FRESH THE WAY HE'S STARING AT YOU
IT DOESN'T BOTHER ME A BIT
IF HE'S GOT ST. VITUS DANCE, I'D BE SORRY TO HIT HIM
OH, LET HIM ALONE — I'M ENJOYING IT
THAT SETTLES IT— I'M GOING TO GET RID OF HIM—
GOODNESS, YOU DON'T HAVE TO MAKE A SCENE. I'LL JUST COVER UP MY DAZZLING CUTEX NAILS
GLOOM

Men can't take their eyes off you when you wear the new bright Cutex Nails . . .

If you want excitement, try the new Cutex Coral, Cardinal or Ruby Nails. The Cutex lustre will keep you in the limelight! And, remember, the 7 lovely Cutex shades are created by the world's manicure authority. They're absolutely *fashion-right*. Cutex flows on smoothly, without blotching. Stays on for days and won't peel, crack or chip. In two forms now—Crème or Clear. The Crème hides nail blemishes. Get the whole Cutex range of colors tomorrow, at your favorite store! Northam Warren, New York, Montreal, London, Paris

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Mail 14¢ with this coupon

Now a lipstick to match every shade of Nail Polish . . .

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Perfect harmony between your lips and finger tips from now on! Cutex now gives you 4 lipsticks to match or tone in with your nail polish.

They're grand quality. Ideally creamy—without being greasy. Permanent, but not a bit drying. They go on beautifully. Natural, Coral, Cardinal, Ruby.

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I enclose 14¢ for the new Cutex Manicure Set which includes one shade of polish and 3 other manicure essentials, together with sample of matching lipstick, as checked below.

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She Cheats

(but the person she cheats is herself)

SHE cheats herself out of good times, good friends, good jobs—perhaps even out of a good marriage.

And all because she is careless! Or, unbelievable as it is, because she has never discovered this fact:

That socially refined people never welcome a girl who offends with the unpleasant odor of underarm perspiration on her person and clothing.

There's little excuse for it these days. For there's a quick, easy way to keep your underarms fresh, free from odor all day long. Mum!

It takes just half a minute to use Mum. And you can use it any time—even after you're dressed. It's harmless to clothing.

You can shave your underarms and use Mum at once. It's so soothing and cooling to the skin!

Always count on Mum to prevent the *odor* of underarm perspiration, without affecting perspiration itself. Don't cheat yourself! Get the daily Mum habit. Bristol-Myers, Inc., 75 West St., New York.

MUM

TAKES THE ODOR OUT OF PERSPIRATION

ANOTHER WAY MUM HELPS is on sanitary napkins. Don't worry about this cause of unpleasantness any more. Use Mum!

Could the "Sheik" Win Hearts Today?

(*Continued from page 36*)

accent is an asset of his personality—is among the high-priced male stars—$150,000 a picture, two pictures a year.

Francis Lederer, who made women swoon when he burst on Broadway in "Autumn Crocus" and revived the cult of the matinee idol, has dark brown eyes that glow like open fireplaces, and that intangible, provocative something in his temperament that Valentino had—but not to the same degree.

His screen career has not given him the opportunity to be the sensation among women that his two stage appearances in "Cat and the Fiddle" and "Autumn Crocus" provided. He was cast as an Eskimo by RKO in "Man of Two Worlds," a singularly inept choice for the young heat wave from Prague. Lederer, six feet tall, one hundred fifty pounds, has "it" and fire and the ability to excite by remote control, from across the footlights, ladies from suburban sewing circles, stenographers from Wall Street, debbies from Park Avenue, and co-eds from New England. He's 28. Give him time—and some good pictures.

CORTEZ, Raft and LaRue are the villain-you-love-to-touch-you type; and when they're heroes, they have about them a darkly sinister quality of brooding or actual mystery that gets the girls who like to guess and wonder—about the facts of life and the factors therein. Cortez, in particular, has a tear-jerking quality that pulls women's hearts right out of their bosoms, a gift that insures his popularity with a large section of the more sentimentally inclined among women with deep-rooted maternal instincts intertwined with their romantic impulses.

Freddie March, Bob Montgomery and the gallery of 100 per cent American real-guy types—Gable, Tone, Powell, Baxter, Bellamy et al—are all exceptionally versatile actors who have played in a variety of roles, living courageously, dying heroically, laughing and clowning through life, being misunderstood and too well understood, being victims of wiles and the wily users of same—all in all, the kind of fellow who bobs up everywhere in America. You see him at the country clubs, the beaches, in the Pullmans, the transcontinental busses, on the steamers and the ferries, in the trolleys and the de luxe roadsters. He works in a bank sometimes, in a gas station often; he's a small town boy and a big city fellow. He's a cross-section of American male, this type. When he's glorified in the movies he's every girl's ideal, for he's the prototype of her adored brother, her football hero, her fiance—and always, the husband she'd like to have.

English stars who have won American women fans are Leslie Howard and Herbert Marshall and Ronald Colman. Howard, a great actor, with a delicacy and strength, with a spiritual quality and physical charm, with sensitiveness and wit, has won a following that is as much intellectual as it is average. That, in itself, is a tribute. Marshall's appeal is also on the side of acting and charm—charm of an evanescent, undefinable quality the very mysteriousness of which makes him alluring.

When America was in the grip of prohibition and its attendant evils, when the gangster was glorified in movies because he represented a contemporary part of American life and was attractive even when he repelled, American women took to Edward G. Robinson and Jimmy Cagney. Both of them symbolized brute strength, ruthlessness; maleness rather than masculinity, a quality still appreciated by American women who like their men to be men.

They were so evil on the screen, these two, that they were attractive. They brought to life in movies the men whose dark deeds were being scrawled across newspaper headlines daily. They injected into life that fearsome quality that makes home more attractive and causes endless speculation about the evil doers.

With the virtual passing of the gangster on the heels of prohibition those qualities of rugged strength which had caused Cagney and Robinson to be selected to push people around, take others for rides, and go trampling roughshod on laws, conventions and life generally, were translated into more heroic, normal roles which in Robinson's case have been definitely inspring and thrilling and, in Cagney's, on the lighter, more humorous side, intensely amusing and entertaining—the tough guy with the heart of gold who gives the bully his come-uppance. The movie makers found that Robinson's ruthlessness would fit nicely into stories of earlier, ruthless Americans who pioneered in the creation of America as a great nation out of a wilderness. As Cagney is the embodiment of the independent middle-class young American, both these stars mirror a new and more constructive phase of life in these United States.

Valentino, wherever Valhalla is, must look upon the divided loyalties of women and find Valhalla even more satisfying.

Two and three and sometimes four thousand letters a day came to him, from his faithful fans, back in those early days when the screen had only one hero whose name was Valentino. Why? The answer is very simple. He gave the women what they wanted, what every woman everywhere wants. Romance!

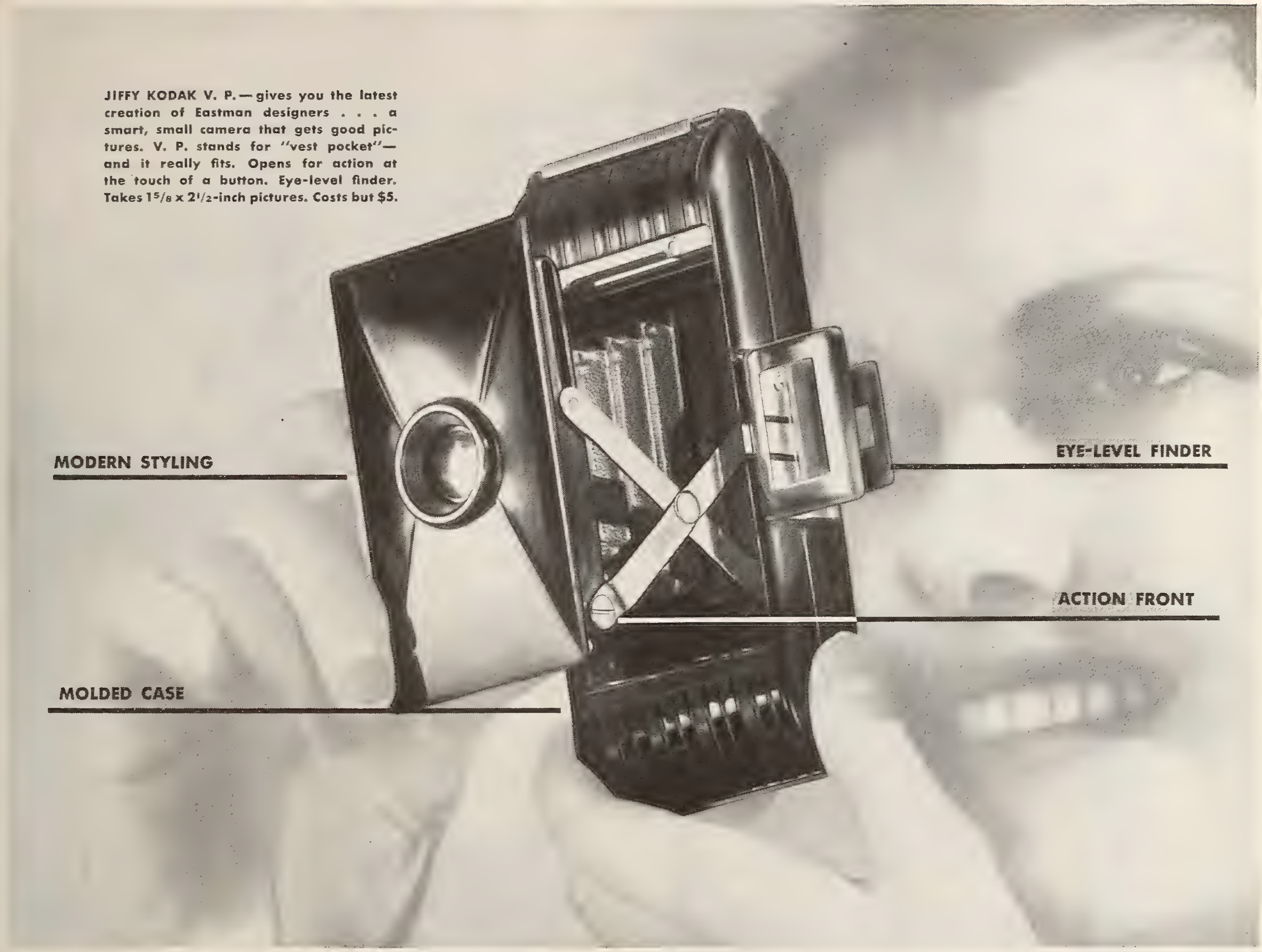
"It is inherent in all persons, that desire," he said once, "and lacking in almost all lives. I understand that desire and I give to those who have it, release from sorrow, from pain, from boredom. I give them Romance, those who come to the darkened theater seeking in the shadowplay a little moment when they can get away from the harsh realities of life. And that is why they will never find my successor. It can't be done."

HE may have been truly prophetic, realizing perhaps that he symbolized an age that would pass with his passing, that era of the nineteen twenties, an age that was acutely romantic in its post-war desire to find in superlatives of joy, of freedom, of life, of love, a complete panacea for the black horror that had befogged all lives remotely or intimately touched by the war.

So for Valentino, in Valhalla, the toast: *"Le Roi est mort"* must finish there!

No one can add, as is done when a king passes and his successor steps to the throne—*"Vive le Roi."*

There IS no new king to wish a long life. The toast is complete only when it is halved. It is a fitting epitaph, its finality a tribute to the one screen lover who meant all to all women.



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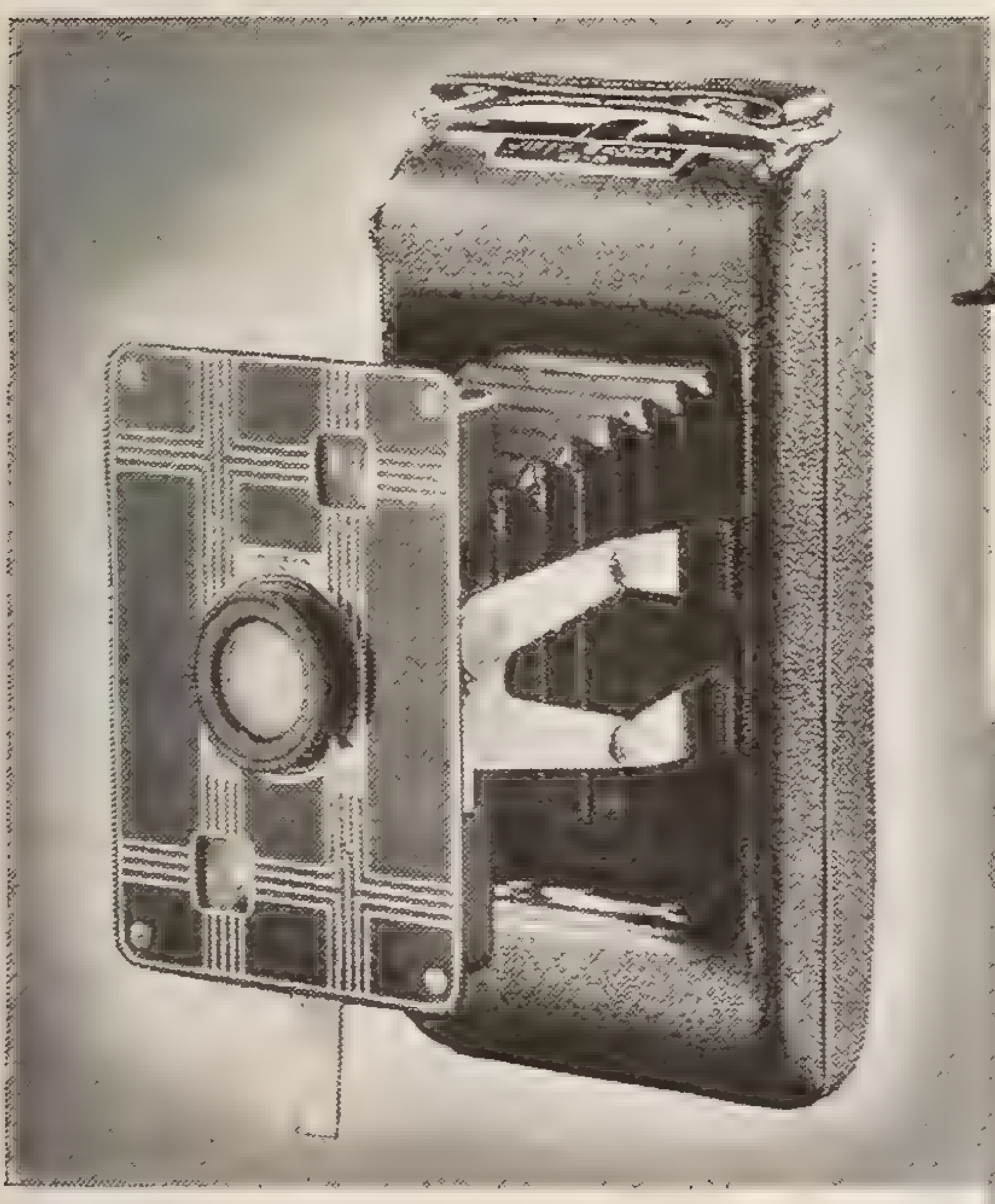
These newer Kodak features

show what your old camera lacks



JIFFY KODAK — It works so fast it had to be called "Jiffy." Touch a button—"Pop"—it opens. Touch another—"Click"—it gets the picture. It's the folding camera that works as easily as a Brownie. Extra smartness in its etched metal front and leather-like finish. For $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$-inch pictures, $8. For $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$-inch pictures, $9.

YOU SIMPLY CAN'T SHOW your picture-taking ability with an out-of-date camera — any more than you can show your driving ability with an obsolete car.

Older cameras simply don't measure up to 1935 standards. Look at these new models. Check over their features. To their other fine points, add better lenses and shutters than you could ever before buy at the price.

Get behind a new Kodak or Brownie and find how skillful you really are. See for yourself what infinitely better pictures you get. Your dealer has the model you want. Kodaks from $5 up; Brownies as low as $1. What other pastime will give you so much for so little? . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y. . . . *Only Eastman makes the Kodak.*

BROWNIE — Old reliable of the picture-making world. The finest models ever, called the Six-16 and the Six-20, have the clever Diway lens for sharp pictures of near and distant subjects. Extra-large finders. Six-16 Brownie makes $2\frac{1}{2} \times 4\frac{1}{4}$-inch pictures, costs $3.75 . . . the Six-20 makes $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$-inch pictures, costs $3.

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Georgic Pattern
BRINGS YOU ALL THE FEATURES OF EXPENSIVE SILVER . . . YET THE PRICE IS SO LOW!

WITHOUT EXTRA CHARGE. Beautiful Prevent-Tarnish Chest or Tuck-Away, regular $5.00 value.

Rich design, substantial silverplate, satin finish! It looks expensive. It has all the features of expensive silverware, including the smart new Viande* Knives and Forks. Yet the price is so low!

Never has there been such luxurious quality in an inexpensive service!—Only $21.50 for a service for six. Burgundy, Guild, Paris or Mayfair are equally moderate in cost. You will save money no matter which you choose.

Cream Soup Spoons, Salad Forks, Butter Spreaders and many other necessary pieces are available in all Wm. Rogers & Son patterns.

And now, at these prices, every woman can afford a "guest" set of silver—for those occasions when she uses only her best linen and china!

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WM. ROGERS & SON
ORIGINAL ROGERS SILVERPLATE
INTERNATIONAL SILVER CO., MERIDEN, CONN.

The C's Have It

(*Continued from page 19*)

the most acute cases of "openspaceitis" extant. During seven months in the East I've remained in the city only ten evenings and seen but three shows. It isn't New York. It's just that "I reckon my city days kinda git me down and I'm durned glad to git back to the farm fur my nights."

I did not, however, expect to find the young and dashing Colbert with any mental hayseeds in her keen mind. She's got 'em, by gosh! And I found out why, but wait, I'm getting ahead of myself. The cart before the horse or the party before the broadcast. Neither is practical as you will see. It was arranged that I would send in for Claudette. I asked if there was anyone she would like to bring out with her. "Not here," she said, which led me to believe that there might be someone somewhere.

"Shall I call out my reserves?"

"Not for me!" she said. "I'd much rather just have a good visit with you." I was flattered to the eyebrows. She had never met my young husband and probably thought he had been left in Hollywood, not knowing that my views on married life are as narrow as her own slim hips. As long as one is in the game, I say no "time out" to pick up another set of signals. I told her I was going to risk all and give my Benedict the joy of an hour's drive with her.

"That will be fine!" said Cleopatra Colbert.

"I hope so!" said hold-your-man Janis.

Claudette gave those two huskily staccato sounds which constitute the ever ready Colbert chuckle. "Flatterer! I don't work that fast," she said.

Came Saturday—My young man up betimes and to shaving, combing, brushing, to say nothing of anticipating. He left the Manor at eleven A.M. At eleven-ten A.M. Miss Colbert on the phone! Miss Colbert with a "code id de dose" and a temperature of 101. "'No broadcast tomorrow, if you get out of bed today,' the Doctor said. I'm furious!" Claudette sniffed, "but I don't dare take a chance." I agreed that it would be pretty sad to do nearly a week's work and not be in on the payoff. "Your poor husband! He will hate me the rest of his life, taking that long ride all the way in to town and all the way back for nothing. Is there any way you can stop him?" Claudette said.

"Don't worry about him. Just get well for tomorrow and I'll call you after the broadcast." Well, I was worried enough about the young man's fruitless quest to call my friends, the cops at Yonkers, which is half way to New York. Result, one blond and handsome young man in a blue De Soto coupe pinched at Yonkers. At least he thought he was until a motorcycling arm of the law said, "Elsie says come back home!"

CLAUDETTE'S broadcast showed the results of all that rehearsing. She was splendid in a condensed version of the comedy, "Holiday." At least she was herself, which is "sumpthin." Many stars of stage and screen on their first introduction to the great unseen audience are script-conscious, and no wonder. They spend their lives learning to say lines without one and then find that they are not permitted to say lines without one.

The broadcast over, Claudette started vacationing with real Colbertian vigor, which in spite of her rather frail appearance is tremendous. Theaters, night clubs, parties given in honor of the visiting "award-grabber-offer." It was, consequently, a fairly tired gal who arrived at the Manor house the following Sunday.

No, my young man did not drive her out. Having made my gesture of wifely generosity, I reverted to type. Claudette came out with another handsome and blond young man. We were six at lunch and had no sooner started nibbling than another young man who had evidently given up reading the papers for Lent said brightly to Claudette, "How is Nick?" Nick being the name by which most of his pre-marriage men friends address Norman Foster—the charming young man who up to time of going to press is still the husband of Claudette Colbert. It had been my intention to give her a pleasant surprise by proving that there was one stop on her vacation itinerary where she would not be asked anything about her husband. Unfortunately I had not rehearsed my guests. "How is Nick?" The airy query bounced across the table and landed right between the Colbert super-orbs.

"Nick?" She smiled quizzically. "Oh, you mean Norman. Funny, I never could understand that Nick business. I never called him Nick. I—" She smiled again, charmingly, as she added, "but I believe he is fine. You know I haven't seen him for five months." Obviously the young man did not know. Neither did I, but believe me Norman Foster as a subject of light conversation dropped into the clam broth just in time to be removed.

Claudette sat opposite me facing the early afternoon sunlight which floods the little dining-room of the aged Manor House. I had a great opportunity to study her as she talked. Two men on either side of her kept her fairly busy. At my end of the table I listened, which was a great change for me, and I should think a delightful change for my young man. She looked extremely young. Not that she isn't, but she looked like a child at times. A simple brown tricot dress with what would have been a Buster Brown collar a few years ago, but it probably has some swell new name now. I wouldn't know.

Claudette is consistently interesting, but I was astounded at her occasional flashes of naïveté. Not the assumed kind either, because she really muffed a couple of triple meanings that I slipped in from my quiet (?) end of the table. The next minute she would sound like old lady Aristotle herself. Her modesty about the award is not so much modesty as it is sense of humor. She cracks little jokes about it, which is the modern manner of receiving any honor, but you feel that she is mighty glad she won it.

All four men were obviously much intrigued by the simplicity and naturalness of the lady who happens to be their favorite screen actress. One gent in particular, who had confided to me beforehand that he thought she really must be Cleopatra. I have not seen him to collect his reactions, but if he expected Claudette to have any of Cleo's barge manners he must have been disappointed. Claudette's seductiveness lies in her complete unawareness that it exists. Naturalness is her keynote and so far as I've seen or heard she is generally right on pitch.

I've heard lots of tales out in Hollywood about her temperament, her arrogance, and her stubbornness. I've also heard about Garbo's big feet, which I

(*Please turn to page 42*)

"Only in Kotex can you find these 3 satisfying comforts

CAN'T CHAFE • CAN'T FAIL • CAN'T SHOW

Three exclusive features solve three important problems every woman faces. I explain them to you here because there is no other place for you to learn about them."

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A special center layer is in the heart of the pad. It has channels to guide moisture the whole length of the pad—thus avoids accidents. And this special center gives "body" but not bulk to the pad in use. No twisting.

Can't show

Now you can wear what you will without lines ever showing. Why? Kotex ends are not merely rounded as in ordinary pads, but flattened and tapered besides. Absolute invisibility always.

I'VE always felt that the real facts on this intimate subject were withheld from women. So here I present information every woman should know.

I realize that most sanitary napkins look pretty much alike. Yet they aren't alike either in the way they're made or in the results they give. For only genuine Kotex offers the 3 exclusive features that bring you the comfort and safety you seek. And with Kotex now costing so little and giving so much, other kinds are really no economy.

Remember, the Kotex absorbent, Cellucotton (not cotton), is 5 times as absorbent as cotton. It is the identical absorbent used in the majority of our leading hospitals. Women who require extra protection find Super Kotex ideal. For emergency, Kotex is in West Cabinets in ladies' rest rooms.

NEW ADJUSTABLE BELT REQUIRES NO PINS!

No wonder thousands are buying this truly remarkable Kotex sanitary belt! It's conveniently narrow . . . easily adjustable to fit the figure. And the patented clasp does away with pins entirely. You'll be pleased with the comfort . . . and the low price.

WONDERSOFT KOTEX

Try the New Deodorant Powder . . . QUEST, *for personal daintiness.* Available wherever Kotex is sold.

A Little Mistake THAT WILL AGE YOU 10 YEARS

IT MAY BE THE COLOR OF YOUR FACE POWDER!

By *Lady Esther*

Did you ever stop to think that the shade of face powder you use so confidently might be altogether the wrong one for you?

It's hard to believe that women can make a mistake in their shades of face powder or that one shade can make you look older than another. Yet, it's only too obviously true!

You know how tricky a thing color is. You know how even a slight variation in color can make a startling difference in your appearance. The same transforming effect holds true in the case of face powders. Where one shade will have positively the effect of making you look young, another will, just as decisively, make you look older—*years older than you are!*

Face Powder Fallacies

Many women look years older than they actually are because they select their face powder shades on entirely the wrong basis. They try to match their so-called "type" or coloring which is utterly fallacious. The purpose in using a shade of face powder is *not* to match anything, but to bring out what natural gifts you have. In other words, to *flatter!*

Just because you are a brunette does not necessarily mean you should use a brunette or dark rachel powder or that you should use a light rachel or beige if you are a blonde.

In the first place, a dark powder may make a brunette look too dark, while a light powder may make a blonde look faded. Secondly, a brunette may have a very light skin while a blonde may have a dark skin and vice versa.

The sensible and practical way of choosing your face powder shade, regardless of your individual coloring, is to try on all five basic shades of face powder.

I say "the five basic shades" because that is all that is necessary, as colorists will tell you, to accommodate all tones of skin.

My Offer to the Women of America

"But," you say, "must I buy five different shades of face powder to find out which is my most becoming and flattering?" No, indeed! This matter of face powder shade selection is so important to me that I offer every woman the opportunity of trying all five without going to the expense of buying them.

All you need do is send me your name and address and I will immediately supply you with all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. With the five shades which I send you free, you can very quickly determine which is your most youthifying and flattering.

I'll Leave it to your Mirror!

Thousands of women have made this test to their great astonishment and enlightenment. Maybe it holds a great surprise in store for *you!* You can't tell! You must try all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder. And this, as I say, you can do at my expense.

Just mail the coupon or a penny post card and by return mail you'll receive all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder postpaid and free.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard) (14) **FREE**

Lady Esther, 2020 Ridge Avenue, Evanston, Illinois

Please send me by return mail a liberal supply of all five shades of Lady Esther Face Powder.

Name ______________________

Address ______________________

City ______________________ *State* __________

(If you live in Canada, write Lady Esther, Toronto, Ont.)

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The C's Have It

(Continued from page 40)

happen to know are the perfect size for her height and weight, so I'm just taking Claudette as I find her and I hope I find her again soon. Temperament she must have. No actress could gallop from role to role scoring bullseye after bullseye in such a variety of characterizations without temperament and temper. Stubborn she must be to hold out and get the kind of roles she wants, but arrogant, well, I've always found that arrogance manifests itself toward so-called underdogs. Not that stagehands, electricians and propertymen are really under anything but I've been on studio sets with Claudette enough to know that the "gang" thinks she is swell.

The adjective "cagey" trailing the other C's in my title may need a bit of explaining. Perhaps you don't know what a handy little word it is when you want to describe someone who is cleverly cautious. Our award winner was interviewed at every railroad station on her trip East. She was met at Grand Central in New York. Photographed and again interviewed. She received the Press at her hotel later. She was here nearly three weeks, met many old friends, was quizzed by all of them, myself included. She was interviewed again when she sailed back to California via the Panama Canal and no one knows any more about her personal affairs than they did this time last year. That, my friends, in case you are not a slang addict like myself, is a sixty-five word definition of the pseudo adjective "cagey."

About everything else but her marital status Claudette is more than frank. For instance, the new hair. She doesn't even bother with that old West Coast alibi about the California sun bleaching hair. She gives full credit to the beauty parlor, but she is not happy about it. When she arrived at the Manor I met her at the front door. She held her hands over the proof of her light headdress, saying, "Don't look! It's terrible." She looked at my thatch waving happily in its chestnuttiness and said, "How I envy you. It's not really blonde though, is it?" She took off her hat and stood looking at me apprehensively. I allowed as how I thought it was slick. "But I don't feel like myself. I can't get used to it, and I want to explain to everybody that it doesn't photograph as bad as it looks." She sighed and started combing "it" before the mirror in the hall.

As a matter of fact it's only about three shades lighter than it was and photographs brown. Imagine feeling embarrassed by new hair in these days when women will meet you face to face with a newly lifted face and calmly tell you they have just been having a good rest when you remark that they look fifteen years younger.

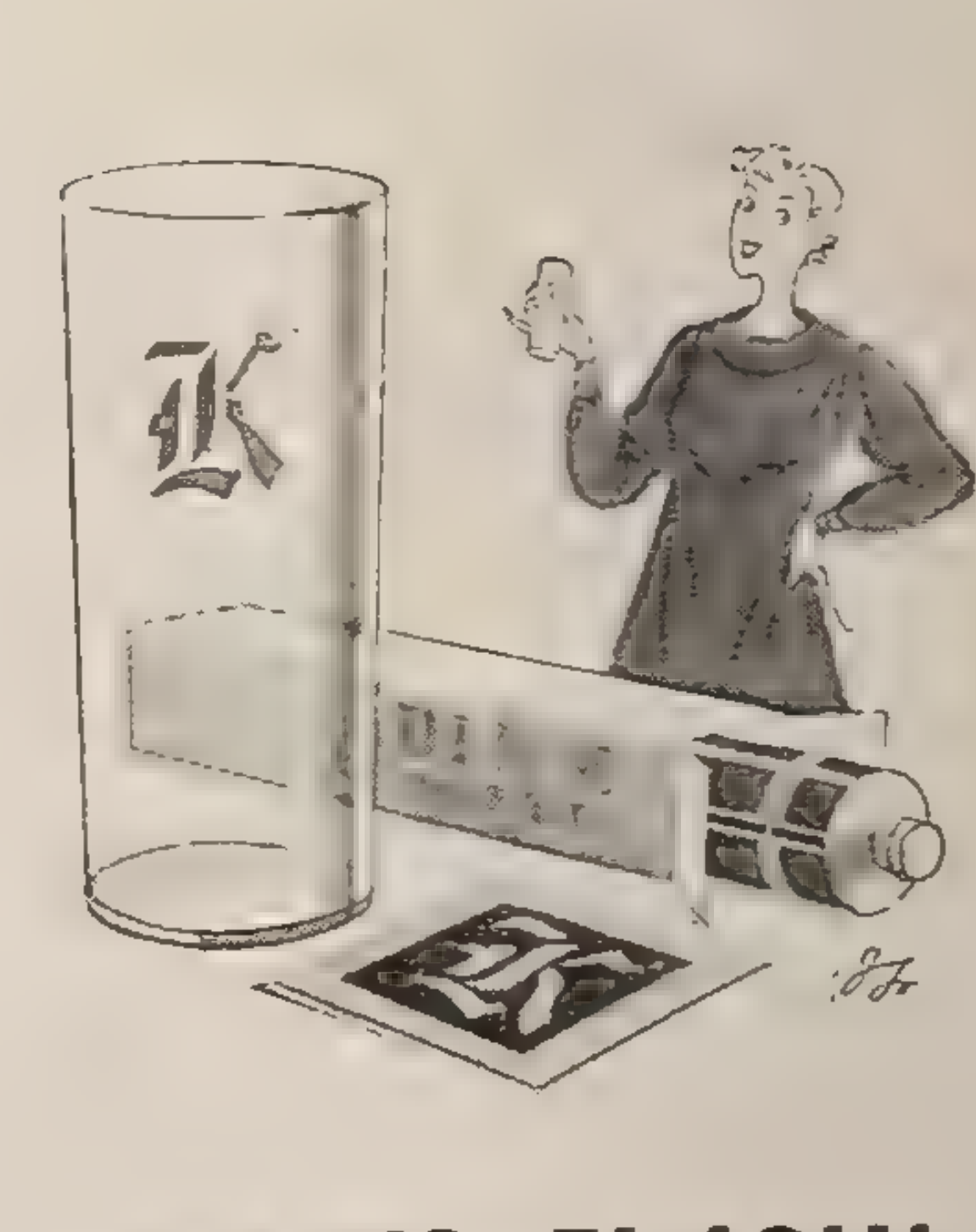
NOW about those mental hayseeds. That feeling of being hemmed in while visiting the Metropolis, that "glad to be here but I'll be glad to get back" attitude of the "cagey" one. Of course I suspect a romance. I will keep on hoping for romances for everybody until I check out for another world which I hope will be eternal romance, but meanwhile in Claudette's place I would have the same far-away look in my eyes if I were building my first house.

I doubt if any hidden Romeo could make her eyes shine brighter than the very thought of that paneled wall in the dining-room. The location is Holmby Hills which is a few miles nearer to the Pacific than Beverly Hills. The house is to be, in fact it nearly is right now (of course it will be by the time you read this), Old English. It sits far back in the Hills. "Not perched on top of one like a glorified cliff dwelling as so many are. I've got plenty of ground," Claudette said proudly, "and the garden is going to be marvelous." I nipped her in the midst of the delphiniums. Again she has proved her cageyness by waiting through years of undisputed success in films before making the gesture that most stars make before the ink on the exercised option is dry.

I'm not going to allow you to think that I didn't find out a few more things about this Franco-American charmer, but I found them out upstairs in my sanctum sanctorum after lunch. Her new hair and my old hair both came down a bit as we talked. Claudette thinks a lot about public opinion. "If I get a divorce, that is if we decided to, Elsie, do you think people would think—"

I interrupted briskly. "Concentrate on your screen performances and don't worry about what people think as long as you are not hurting anyone. As long as you keep on turning in successes like 'Torch Singer,' 'Cleopatra,' 'It Happened One Night' and 'Private Worlds,' the public will go to see you and admire you no matter who you are married to or divorced from. Give a few bad performances and they will leave you flat whether your halo is worn at the conventionally discreet angle or tip tilted over a winking eye. "Croyez moi, ma petite amie!" I added and suddenly we were off in a cloud of French. When she speaks her native tongue she is a couple of other gals. In English she is all American but en Francais the Latin side leaps forward to remind us that perhaps it is responsible for a lot of the Colbert charm.

Incidentally, I'm not sure that the word "cagey" didn't come from France by way of England just after the War. Anyway, vive la France, vive la Colbert, vive la Old English House in Holmby Hills and vive the idea that perhaps Claudette is going to buy my 1814 King's pattern Georgian silver which has been in a vault for years and is tarnished by a desire to go to work for a Queen.



NEWS FLASH!

Two minutes only, and a perfectly ordinary and inexpensive glass becomes a thing of individuality and beauty, with your own monogram permanently etched on it. For further information write to *Jane Dale*, Shopping Editor, care of *New Movie Magazine*, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Now a finer MASCARA

THAT GIVES YOUR LASHES GREATER BEAUTY

The new and improved Emollient Winx brings three superiorities, giving your lashes real allure:

1. It will not smart the eyes. It is tear-proof, smudge-proof, absolutely harmless.
2. Its soothing, emollient oils keep lashes soft and silky with no danger of brittleness.
3. It has a greater spreading capacity, overcoming the artificial look of an ordinary mascara.

Buy a box of this perfected cake Winx today—only 10c—see how easily it gives your lashes a long, silky effect, gives your eyes accent and charm. Once you try the new Emollient Winx no ordinary mascara can satisfy.

New

Emollient

WINX

MASCARA

Ross Company, 243 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

Who Pays the Bills in a Two-Star Family?

(*Continued from page 4*)

Many Hollywood marital upheavals can be traced to this very thing. Of course this doesn't apply in my case because, as a matter of fact, Mr. Thalberg makes more money than I do.

"The actual earnings of a motion picture star extend over a limited number of years. We can't count on more than our popularity of the moment. We hope we may continue for a long time, but we never know.

"I never mention my money in front of Mr. Thalberg. I never pay for anything in front of him. He cured me of that a long time ago. Now I'd let him change a five hundred dollar bill to buy me a magazine, a soda or a stick of gum before I'd take a nickel out of my purse.

"I buy my own clothes because I feel that a woman's clothes are a gift to her husband. And, besides, I like to feel free to be extravagant in this direction. If I were spending Mr. Thalberg's money for clothes, I'd worry about it. Not that he would object, but I'd feel that I should be more economical because it was his money. Then too, you can't expect any man to understand why a woman's clothes should cost what they do.

"Mr. Thalberg gives me my furs and jewels and automobiles at gift times. The lasting things all come from him.

"My husband and I have the same business manager, but our accounts are kept separately. In addition to my clothes, I take care of my own business expenses, my secretary, hairdresser, and my own family responsibilities. I buy the gifts for my personal friends, but presents for mutual friends are paid for by Mr. Thalberg."

BEBE DANIELS and Ben Lyon have worked out an entirely different system for handling their respective incomes.

"We never mention money in our house," Bebe told me. "That is, money as belonging to either Ben or myself. We just put our earnings together and count them as one. We have the same business manager and the same bank account. Ben attends to most of the business affairs, and I run the house. We buy our cars or anything along that line together. We've found that the wisest solution.

"Of course the clothes problem is no problem for me because I have a gown shop and all of my things come from there."

RUBY KEELER has little or nothing to say about the family finances, for Al Jolson has very definite ideas on the subject and insists that things be handled his way.

When Ruby first started to work in pictures Al said that he wanted it understood that he was to continue to pay all the bills. He will not let Ruby buy a dress, a handkerchief or even a soda with her own money. There are only two things Ruby can do with the money she earns—she can save it or give it away.

With some of her money Ruby has purchased a home for her family at Toluca Lake. Christmas and birthdays she revels in spending sprees and loads her family down with gifts. Al has had the same business manager for years, and he practically manages Ruby himself.

The stars will tell you that no system for the solving of money problems can be laid down as the most successful because it depends so much on the temperaments, the earnings and the philosophy of the individuals involved that each couple must work it out for themselves.

SALLY EILERS and Harry Joe Brown handle their affairs in almost the same manner as the Thalbergs. However, Sally does not buy her own clothes.

"Harry wants to pay for everything that I would have as Mrs. Brown," said Sally. "He pays all the household expenses and buys my clothes. We have three bank accounts, Sally Eilers', Harry Joe Brown's and Sally Brown's. The Sally Brown account is kept up by Harry, and I draw on it to pay the household bills.

"I pay all the expenses incurred by my work. For instance, I pay for my maid and chauffeur because it would not be necessary to have two chauffeurs or a maid at the studio if I did not work.

"I pay my secretary and take care of my own family responsibilities. If it's necessary to buy clothes for the screen, I pay for them, but Harry buys everything I wear off screen. Harry says he feels better about handling it in that manner."

JOAN BLONDELL and George Barnes go fifty-fifty on expenses.

Ann Dvorak and Leslie Fenton also put their money together, and Leslie manages their business affairs.

Joel McCrea pays all the bills in the McCrea-Frances Dee household. Frances buys things for the house and for herself out of her own money if she wants to, but Joel is the head of the house and pays all bills and gives her money if she wants it just as if she did not work.

"Her conscience is her guide as to what she does with her own salary," says Joel.

FLORENCE ELDRIDGE works in pictures only around Christmas time. She is such a capable actress that there is always a place for her on the screen, but she prefers to remain just Mrs. Freddie March. However, she says that she never could get used to the idea of buying Freddie's Christmas present and those for her own family with Freddie's money—so she sees to it that she has several salary checks of her own coming in around the holiday season.

ALL the household bills in the Cedric Gibbons—Dolores Del Rio home are paid by Mr. Gibbons. From her salary Dolores takes care of her personal wardrobe and buys such knickknacks as she chooses for the house.

When Adrienne Ames and Bruce Cabot were first married they worked out a detailed plan for the handling of their money. Bruce pays all the household bills. Adrienne buys her clothes, pays her beauty shop, maid and secretary.

She takes care of all the expenses pertaining to the upbringing of her daughter paying for her schooling, clothes, and doctor bills. Adrienne also pays the insurance on her own automobile and on her jewels and furs.

The old adage that "the woman always pays" doesn't go in Hollywood, at least financially speaking. The consensus of opinion among the women stars seems to be that it pays them not to pay either their household or personal bills. They all stress the point that the most important thing of all is not to discuss their earnings—at least within earshot of their husbands.

WHY DRUG YOURSELF OVERNIGHT WITH A MEDICINAL LAXATIVE ?

Doctors Say *Morning* Is the Best Time to End
CONSTIPATION

PLUTO WATER GIVES SAFE RELIEF IN AN HOUR

Of course, morning is the best time to treat constipation. That's just common sense. Any woman knows that a laxative drug, if kept in her system all night, is liable to harm delicate tissues somehow, some way. That's why doctors say, "Wait until morning before taking a laxative. Then, if nature still refuses, you can always depend on safe, gentle Pluto Water for a natural flush within an hour".

50,000 Doctors Recommend It

50,000 doctors recommend Pluto Water, the saline mineral water that comes from French Lick Springs. And here are four important reasons why it is preferred above all other forms of laxatives: *First,* it is not a drug or a medicine and is therefore non-habit-forming. *Second,* Pluto is prompt—works in an hour. *Third,* Pluto is gentle, it simply flushes the intestines naturally. And *Fourth,* it is practically tasteless when properly used—1/5 Pluto, 4/5 water.

Next time you feel dull . . . when your digestive system is sluggish . . . take this safe way to more natural relief. Take Pluto Water *before* breakfast. In less than sixty minutes you'll be your old energetic self again—happy, active, clearheaded—for Pluto will cleanse your system gently and completely of all waste poisons. No risk of doping your system overnight, either. You can get a bottle at any drug store—two sizes—25c and 50c.

When Nature Won't Pluto Will

PLUTO WATER
America's Laxative Mineral Water

F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 AND 10 CENT STORES

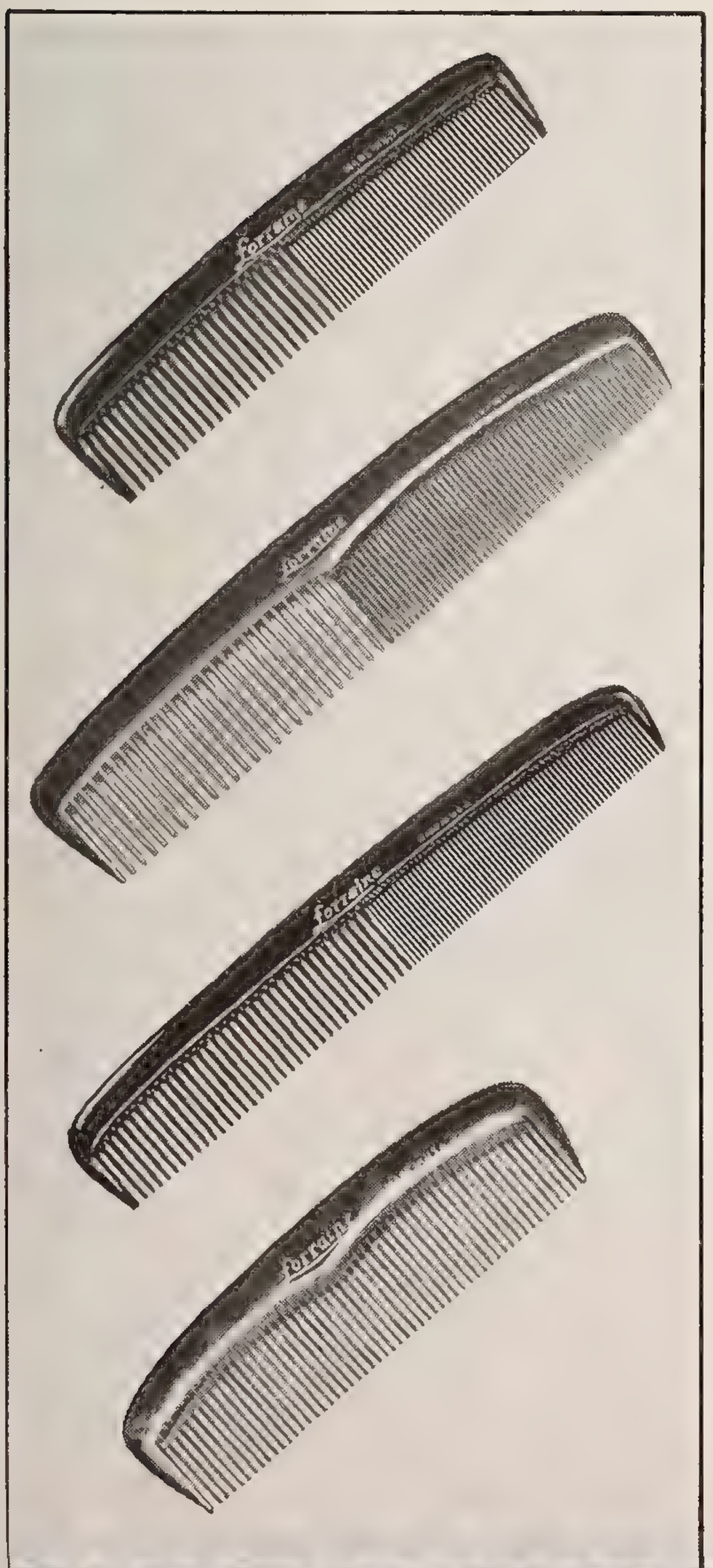
Summer calls for Lorraine hair protection

SAVE THAT WAVE with Lorraine Hair Nets when you're playing golf, tennis or hiking. All shades, including grey and white. In double and single mesh, cap and fringe shape, regular and bob size.

Also for sports wear is the Lorraine Triangle Veil Net—especially recommended for horseback riding and motoring. Useful after marcelling and water-waving, too. In all hair shades.

For swimming, slip a Lorraine Water Wave Net under your cap—and SAVE YOUR WAVE! Strong meshes assure long wear. It is also a valuable aid in setting your hair after a shampoo.

SAVE THAT WAVE while you sleep—with a Lorraine Water Wave Sleeping Cap. All natural hair shades; also pastels: pink, orchid, blue, rose, tangerine, green, jade.



LORRAINE COMBS

A comb for your dressing table and one for every handbag! Bobby, pocket, dressing and barber combs of A-1 hard rubber. Black and mahogany. Also acetate combs in ivory, coral, green, blue, pink, red, maize, orchid. Solid color or pearl effect.

●

LORRAINE SWITCHES

Switches for a new hair line! Lorraine Switches, in real human hair in all shades, make smart, good-looking braids. Light, medium and dark browns, blonde, black, auburn and platinum. 22 inches long.

SOLD EXCLUSIVELY AT F. W. WOOLWORTH CO 5 and 10 CENT STORES

Everyone looks at your *Eyes* first

Make them attractive with Maybelline

EYE BEAUTY AIDS

● You cannot be really charming unless your eyes are attractive, and it is so easy to make them so *instantly* with the harmless, pure Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids.

First a light touch of Maybelline Eye Shadow blended softly on your eyelids to intensify the color and sparkle of your eyes, then form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth - marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Now a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline Mascara to your lashes to make them appear long, dark, and luxuriant, and presto—your eyes are beautiful and most alluring!

Care for your lashes by keeping them soft and silky with the pure Maybelline Eyelash Tonic Cream—to be applied nightly before retiring, and be sure to brush and train your brows with the dainty, specially designed Maybelline Eyebrow Brush. All Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had in purse sizes at all leading 10c stores. Insist on genuine Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids to be assured of highest quality and absolute harmlessness.

BLACK, BROWN AND BLUE

BLACK AND BROWN

BLUE, BROWN, BLUE-GREY, VIOLET AND GREEN

COLORLESS

BLACK OR WHITE BRISTLES

Ralph Is My Pal

(*Continued from page 21*)

If I seem to stress this point it is only because I think it explains so much of his personality, so many of his actions. He is indeed fortunate that he is married to a girl like Catherine who shares this same outlook on life. I can't imagine two people more ideally mated. Catherine is a girl with a marvelous background. During her youth she lived in London where she met the most interesting and colorful personalities of the Continent (her mother was editor of the London Vogue) and when she married Ralph she gave up a brilliant stage career of her own . . . just as Florence did in my case. Ralph and I frequently "kid" the girls demanding to know how two such intellectual ladies happened to "take up" with a couple of mid-Western hicks like us and devote their lives to "improving our minds." Many people look on the Bellamys as allied with the "artistic, intellectual" circles of Hollywood, New York and London, completely ignoring the swell, carefree, unpremeditated pattern of their married life. With Ralph and Catherine there's never a dull moment . . . for instance:

Florence and I were expecting the Bellamys for dinner one evening when about two o'clock in the afternoon we received a wire saying they would be unable to keep the engagement as they were riding as far as Palm Springs with Mr. and Mrs. Wilbur Daniel Steele who were en route to New York by motor. The Bellamys said they'd be seeing us in a few days.

It was exactly three months before we put eyes on them again!

In Palm Springs they had decided on the spur of the moment to drive on to New York with the Steeles and they wired the servants to close the house. But that is not all. In New York they went down to see other friends off to Europe . . . and decided to sail with them at the last moment! This, mind you, beginning on a little jaunt to Palm Springs . . . "back in a few days!" Nor is this anything unusual. I understand his studio has threatened to hire a detective to accompany Ralph and Catherine whenever they decided to "see someone off," as they think nothing of hopping a boat or a train with only a couple of toothbrushes between them.

They are confirmed "spur of the momenters." Six months ago they bought a farm in Connecticut (they were just passing through) and they haven't seen it since! At the time of the purchase it was supposed to be the site of their future home. Now they're talking about building in California!

In view of Ralph's unpremeditated manner of living (at least it seems hectic to such staid old tax-payers as Florence and me) one might suspect a slightly rattlebrained element in his zest for adventure. Nothing could be further from the truth. I've never known anyone so thoroughly capable of handling an emergency . . . maybe because he's had so much experience in living them!

The day of the disastrous Southern California earthquake, Ralph and I were working in Hollywood at our respective studios . . . and Florence and Catherine were at our Laguna Beach home 70 miles away. No sooner was that dreadful jar over, or the worst of it, when I received a call from Ralph.

"We've got to get going," he yelled into the phone, "I've just had word that the worst damage was at Long Beach . . . buildings are completely demolished . . . fire is liable to break out at any minute . . .!" Laguna is only a short distance from Long Beach, scene of the greatest disaster, and we were beside ourselves with worry.

Five minutes later Ralph picked me up and we were on our way. My only thought was to get to Florence and little Penelope . . . every other detail had left my mind. It was Ralph who, in his own deep anxiety, had remembered to get a police pass that would get us through the lines of the barricaded district! Without it it would have been utterly impossible to get through. When we arrived we found the girls calmly cooking dinner and thoroughly surprised to find us on the scene. We were so relieved we had three highballs then and there . . .!

I have always believed a man gets to know a great deal about another man by the way he handles alcohol. Some of the "best guys" I have ever known when they aren't drinking do a right-about-face and become quarrelsome, argumentative and quite impossible when they get in the same room with a bottle of brandy. With Ralph it's this way . . . he doesn't drink much or often. But when he does it makes not the slightest difference in his appearance or his manner. He drinks as he does everything else . . . like a gentleman!

Though he loves discussion on all subjects from religion to politics he refuses to argue and is the first tactfully to "sign off" any conversation that is reaching the heated stage. He loathes rows and will do anything to avoid them . . . or to steer others out of the mire of argument. I have seen him sit and swallow ideas which I knew were foreign to his private beliefs without any sign of disagreement. When I have questioned him about it later he has said: "But he wasn't expounding ideas . . . only prejudices."

This innate tactfulness has earned him the reputation of being extremely easy to get along with . . . and a few misguided souls may have the idea it would be easy to take advantage of him. On the contrary, it is impossible to fool him. His knack of seeing through people and ideas is uncanny. He might sit and listen carefully to the outlining of some "gold brick" scheme merely because the tactics might amuse him . . . but he would not be fooled for a minute. He might deliberately "draw out" the wise guy and let him think he had made a sale but when it was all over the spellbinder would be exactly nowhere. It is impossible to talk him into anything. He resents high pressure salesmanship in everything from politics to religion.

To his work in Hollywood he brings the same balance and sanity so apparent in every other important thing in his life. He is wholly untormented by Hollywood . . . by professional jealousies . . . by worries over billing or whether some other player gets a portable dressing-room on the set and he has to walk a half-mile to his. His only interest is in his performance and he feels that if his work is good he needn't bother getting temperamental about things that never show on the screen. He thinks about his work a great deal . . . and talks about it very little.

I have often wondered what would happen to many Hollywood actors if movieville should suddenly blow up in smoke . . . or if they legislated against it or something. The business is overrun with players who eat, sleep and breathe Hollywood. They can't talk or think anything else.

But Ralph is not one of them!

His life is filled "with a number of things" . . . !

I am proud to call him my friend!

From HOLLYWOOD *comes the* NAIL POLISH *of the* STARS

HOLLYWOOD
MOON GLOW NAIL POLISH
NATURAL
Tested and Approved Good Housekeeping Bureau

The beautiful FAY WRAY, a Columbia Pictures star

MORE POLISH *for your Money*

These days, women are entitled to a larger bottle of nail polish for their money, because they use so much more of it. Fashion says a different shade for day, a different shade for night—one shade to go with today's dress, another shade for tomorrow's. And toe nails are getting their share of polish, too.

Moon Glow gives you what you deserve—a 25 cent bottle of marvelous lustrous nail polish, two or three times the size you have been getting for twenty-five and thirty-five cents.

One use of Moon Glow Nail Polish will show you why it is a Hollywood favorite. Moon Glow is a new and better blend of polish—applies more smoothly, sets more lustrously—will not chip, peel, crack or fade.

Moon Glow Nail Polish is featured at 25 cents by the country's finest department stores from Saks in New York to Marshall Field in Chicago and Bullock's in Los Angeles. Leading druggists will tell you that Moon Glow is one of their fastest selling nail polishes. And at your ten cent store, ask for the generous size Moon Glow bottle.

When you go to buy a bottle of Moon Glow, be sure it's Moon Glow you get and not a nail polish bearing a similar name which imitates the name Moon Glow.

Write for sample

Try either the clear or new cream Moon Glow, the nail polish made popular by the screen stars in Hollywood—there's a treat in store for you. Send the coupon for a sample size of any one of the eight smart shades.

Moon Glow *Nail Polish*

Moon Glow Cosmetic Co., Ltd., Dept. T 75
Hollywood, Calif.
Please send generous trial bottle Moon Glow Polish ( ) cream ( ) clear. I enclose 10c (coin or stamps) for each shade checked. ( ) Natural ( ) Medium ( ) Rose ( ) Blood Red ( ) Carmine ( ) Coral. ( ) Tomato Red ( ) Platinum Pearl.
Name
St. and No.
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ALLURING

"Lovely". . . My Friends Told Me

"Lovelier every day". . . I Could See for Myself

Now you, too, may have the captivating charm all girls desire. The fascinating appearance *your* friends will admire.

You have only to use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. For glorious hair, for smooth, peach-downy arms and legs.

1. **BLONDES**—if your hair is darkened, faded or streaked, Marchand's used as a rinse will secretly restore its former lightness and natural lustre.
2. **BRUNETTES**—lighten your hair any natural shade of blondeness you desire. Or impart fascinating highlights, a sparkling sheen to your dark hair.
3. **BLONDE OR BRUNETTE**—alluringly smooth arms and legs without risking "superfluous" hair removal. Whether on face, arms or legs, Marchand's Golden Hair Wash will make "superfluous" hair unnoticeable, blended with your skin coloring. And give you, all over, that fresh, bright clean look so admired in sophisticated, well-groomed women.

Marchand's Golden Hair Wash in the new gold and brown package is waiting for you at your drug store. *Start* using it.

MARCHAND'S

A trial bottle of Marchand's Castile Shampoo—FREE—to those who send for Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. The finest, healthiest treatment you can give your hair. Guaranteed to remove every trace of stickiness. Marchand's Castile Shampoo makes your hair fresher and more charmingly alive. Send for your bottle today. ⟶

ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE COUPON BELOW

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH,
251 West 19th Street, NEW YORK CITY

Please let me try for myself the sunny, golden effect of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin, or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle. Also send me, FREE, trial sample of Marchand's Castile Shampoo.

Name..

Address..

City........................ State .... T. G. 735

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on foods

PROTECT YOUR BABY

with foods (57) *you know are safe!*

GIVE baby the food values your doctor wants him to have! Give him Heinz Strained Foods—and play safe! For Heinz Baby Foods bear the Seal of Acceptance of the American Medical Association's Committee on Foods. Ask Doctor. He knows that prepared foods which have been accepted by the Committee can be relied on for desired nutritional values.

If you could watch Heinz Strained Foods being prepared, you would never again spend long hours in your kitchen, cooking and straining baby's food! Luscious, garden-fresh vegetables—sun ripened beauties from model farms ... immaculate Heinz kitchens with modern, scientific equipment glistening in cleanliness ... and Heinz famous cooks! What a combination!

When you open a tin of Heinz Strained Foods, you'll know that these luscious pureed vegetables are just as fresh from the garden—possibly even fresher—than the foods you yourself prepare. And babies seem actually to prefer the Heinz taste!

Try Heinz Strained Foods today. They're surprisingly economical!

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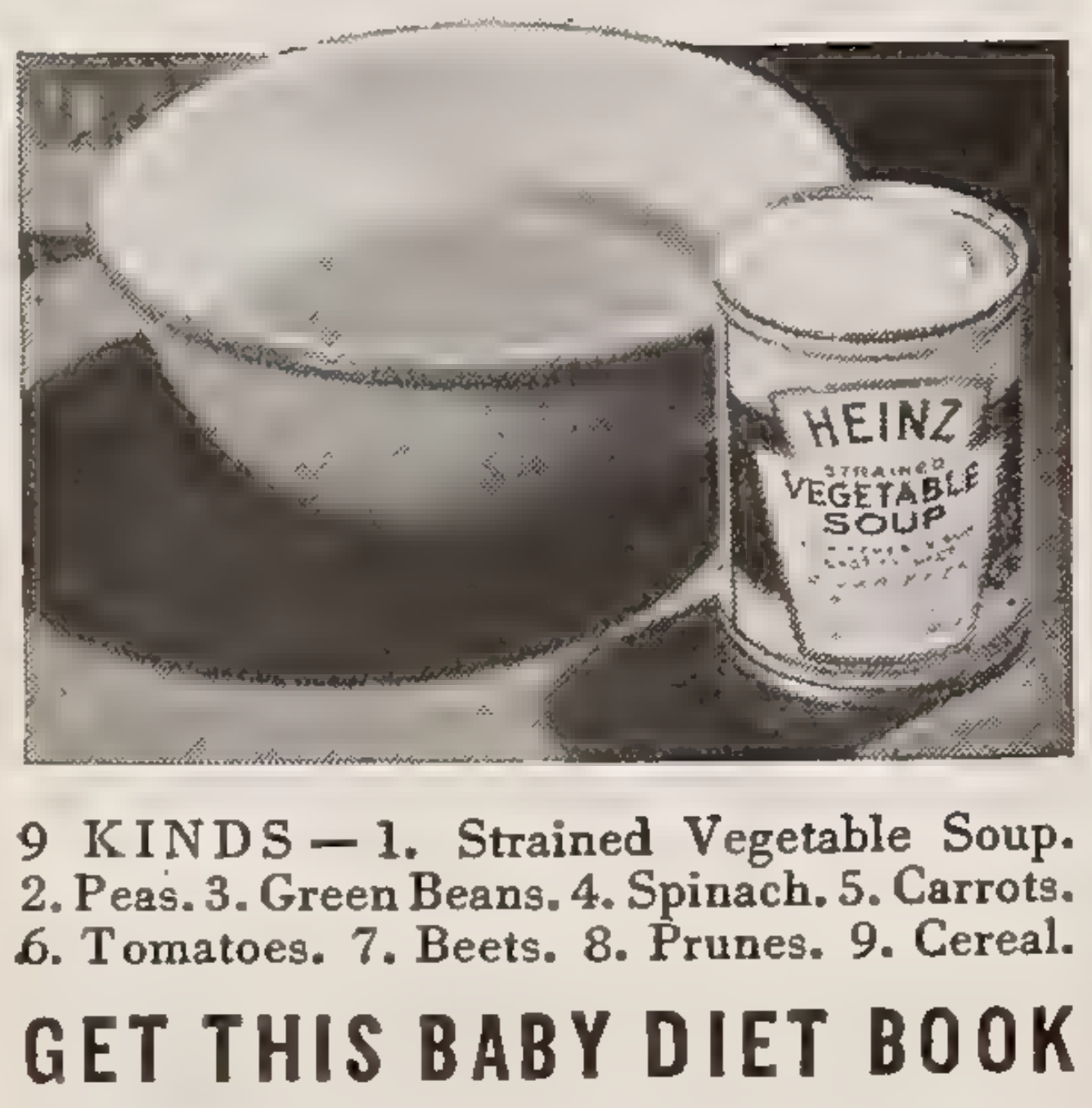

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The new book *"Modern Guardians of Your Baby's Health"*, contains many up-to-date facts regarding the various vitamins and mineral salts. Also information on infant care and feeding. Send labels from 3 tins of Heinz Strained Foods or 10 cents. Address H. J. Heinz Company, Dept. TG207, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Getting Back at Eve

(*Continued from page 27*)

Wally Beery, James Cagney, Paul Muni, Charlie Ruggles. Men want facts or comedy. When it comes to romance men seek it in a parked car rather than on the screen.

Recently I read an article by a woman explaining Mr. Gable's special appeal to women. She said women flock to see him because they are emotionally starved. What's the matter with the gals? For years we've been told the American men aren't romantic enough for the American women. Hooey! Even the Mdivanis can't seem to satisfy them.

Personally I don't think women are as "idealistic" as producers believe, not the young ones anyhow. Each week I see more of them at the newsreel theaters. Mr. Goldwyn says men see pictures with their minds while women see them with their hearts. Yet George Bernard Shaw titled his book "Intelligent Woman's Guide to Socialism" because, he said, women are the reading thinkers in America today. Certainly they have supported such comparatively loveless films as "Chapayev," "David Copperfield," "The Lives of a Bengal Lancer" and "Ruggles of Red Gap."

The sexes found common interest in "It Happened One Night" because it was honest. Men certainly do not object to romance when it is treated realistically with its inherent comedy. God knows we all support Miss West in her honest endeavors.

Frank Capra, the young Italian humanist who directed "It Happened One Night," says: "If you could take the actor out of motion pictures, pictures would be better."

That has been the cry of every honest director since D. W. Griffith, who once said:

"Everyone can act except an actor."

The proof is children. They are always natural actors—until they become professional. The same applies to adults.

FOR spontaneous realism there isn't an actress in Hollywood who can compete with Miss Shirley Temple. And after seeing some of them on the set, snippily insouciant, with no memory for their lines, I should say Miss Temple, who always knows hers and can even prompt her fellow players with theirs, rates pretty high in the intelligence tests too.

Freddie Bartholomew is awesome even in such a superlative cast of players as "David Copperfield" presents.

I'm no fan for kiddie actors but I'll lie down and roll over for Mickey Rooney. As Puck in the Hollywood Bowl performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream" he impressed me more with Shakespeare than I ever gleaned from stage or classroom. The boy was pure translation.

Jackie Coogan at four was co-starred with Chaplin because Chaplin considered the child an equal.

Veteran Jackie Cooper held his own with such a trained sparring partner as champ Wally Beery.

Even among the kiddies the Adams seem to lead the Eves.

But give the Eves a chance. They haven't been acting for as long as the Adams. In Shakespeare's time boys played all parts, including Juliet.

And don't forget, Adam was an actor when Eve was only a rib.

So saying, your faithful serpent glides fearfully off to Russia.

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Hollywood Scares Hell Out of Me

(*Continued from page 17*)

man starting out in pictures that famous line: "Study hard . . . apply yourself and surely your chance will come." It applies to every other business in the world . . . except movie acting. In Hollywood you can burn the midnight oil and apply yourself until your head reels . . . and get exactly nowhere; while just around the corner, some mass of sex appeal will be hog-tied into stardom with no effort on his part beyond a boyish smile.

Even the experiences of other actors in your same bracket of success can seldom if ever be used to cover your own particular case. Actor "A" may get temperamental, refusing to do a certain part and the studio will reward his artistic integrity with a broken contract. Actor "B" may do the identical thing and get a boost in salary. A few go on salary strikes and get away with them . . . while others go on salary strikes and their names are mud! Walking out on a contract has led some actors to greater heights at other studios . . . and in other cases it has meant the end of the road.

WHEN I walked out on my Paramount contract six months ago . . . after eleven years with that studio . . . I had no more idea as to whether I was doing the right thing than I would have had I just set foot in Hollywood and knew nothing about it! Naturally, I thought I was doing the right thing . . . my advisors thought so . . . but at the very best, it was a stab in the dark, a long-shot, a stack of chips on a roulette number with Hollywood, herself, turning the wheel dizzily for my future.

What I am about to say is not intended as a stab-in-the-back at the organization that brought me along from $75.00 a week as a stock player to the $2,500.00 a week starring contract which I cancelled. Actually, we parted on the best of terms and I know that the old Melrose Street lot will always be "home" to me. But I sincerely believe that if I had remained at Paramount another year, my career would have been at an end!

You may well ask: "How is it possible for him to be worth thousands of dollars to a producing organization one year . . . and be totally valueless at the end of that time?" Only in Hollywood could such a thing be true. The reason is simple:

It is utterly impossible for a movie actor to accumulate fame!

A bank president can accumulate a reputation for honesty, in eleven years, that will last him the rest of his banking life . . . if he continues honest. A painter may create one great masterpiece and be remembered for it always. The writer of one great novel is never forgotten.

But a Hollywood actor is only as good as his last picture . . . or at best, his last two. It makes no difference that he was nick-named "Joe Box-Office" two years ago . . . or that he was formerly acclaimed a great actor. If "Joe Box-Office" puts out two or three bad pictures in a row this year, he might just as well have been a ham actor all along. The last year of my Paramount contract, I made nothing but mediocre pictures. I could see the handwriting on the wall . . . not to mention the wail of the critics in my ear:

Hollywood Scares Hell Out of Me

"Is Arlen really an actor, after all?" Well . . . am I?

THAT'S another thing I haven't learned in my years of Hollywood service. That's not phony modesty, either. It is, instead, a delicate point that has always intrigued me. After the release of such pictures as "Wings" . . . "Ladies of the Mob" and "Touchdown," I was called by the newspaper gentry such endearing terms as: ". . . that sterling actor . . ." ". . . a splendid performer" and so on down to such nice-to-hear adjectives as "swell . . . sincere . . . natural charm . . . and talented." On occasion, since that time, I have been rated by the same critics as "Dick Arlen, as usual" . . . "Arlen walked through his part" . . . or . . . "the disputable ability of Dick Arlen." I ask you!

The greatest opportunity of my career came in "Wings" for which I was paid $75.00 a week. Since I got over the $2,000.00 a week hurdle, I haven't had anything to compare with it . . . and all the while at the same studio! Over and over again, I ask myself the same question: "Was I faking in 'Wings' and 'Touchdown' . . . or was I really doing a capable acting job?" I can't answer that question. But I am quite sure that if I was an actor then . . . I still am.

Since leaving Paramount, I have done one picture: "Heldorado" and it has been very well received at the box office and by the critics. Who knows, maybe I am an actor again!

BUT the dangers and uncertainties of our profession are few compared to all the dangers of Hollywood. The personal, private-life hazards are just as great, just as frightening.

Jobyna and I have been married eight years. During that time we have been ardently publicized as a "happy marriage" . . . maybe we've had too much of it. A little over a year ago, Ricky was born . . . the crowning happiness for both of us. I had the impression that it was pretty well understood Jobyna and I were making a grand go of things, that our marriage was more or less free from the scare-rumors that infest most Hollywood unions.

Yet, the other day, I was playing golf at Lakeside when a newspaper reporter came tearing out of the clubhouse and dragged me away from my impatient foursome. "Listen, Dick," he panted, "you're an old friend of mine and I wanted to check with you before we did anything about the story. The tip just came into the desk that you and Joby have separated, that she's moved to Palm Springs with the baby and that your house is up for sale. Have you anything to say about it?"

Does Hollywood scare me? I'm telling you, the perspiration stood out on my forehead. I was no good for golf after that. It took my breath away that such a story could have landed in a newspaper office . . . carrying such an implication . . . from such an innocent series of events.

It was perfectly true that Joby was at Palm Springs with the baby. She had gone down there for a little vacation and a chance to sunbathe a cold out of Ricky. I had given the servants a few days off because it was really easier for me to eat at the club. I was in town (and not at Palm Springs where I wanted to be) because I had been detained a few days for re-takes on the picture. But never, in my most Hollywood-scared moments, did I ever dream that such circumstances could be twisted into a divorce story . . . to be denied immediately . . . or be flashed on the wires all over the country as a rumor.

Suppose this friend of mine hadn't been able to locate me? Or, suppose his editor had decided to put through the story without bothering to investigate? Imagine Joby's feelings, to read such a thing in the papers. Realize *my* feelings, when I thought how accidentally it was that I had been able to stop it!

I'M going to admit it. I'm scared of Hollywood rumors. Oh, of course, you can deny them and try to laugh them off. But, believe me, they actually do something to the people involved! True or not, they are equally terrifying. Even if your wife has the good sense not to become suspicious following every silly story . . . rumors have a way of making you both prisoners of: What will people say? You don't dare take a vacation apart because the old divorce rumor will start again. You become self-conscious if you are caught walking across the lot to the studio restaurant with the leading woman in your latest picture. On parties, you must be careful not to dance too often with another woman . . . and your wife must be equally careful of her dances with other men. For the finger of suspicion will rest on you . . . and once it has pointed your way, you're never free of it again.

I think more marriages have been wrecked in Hollywood because of trying to live down the rumors of divorce . . . than by all the other women and other men put together!

But I can just hear you saying: "Yeah . . . sure . . . but when you have laid all your criticisms end-to-end, think of all the MONEY you get. That ought to make up for everything . . ."

Well, I'm not going into the details about what happens to movie money in Hollywood . . . you've probably heard it all before. But after the government gets its half . . . your trust fund gets a portion of the balance and you live up to your reputation . . . there isn't even much for the get-rich-promoters! And, Lord knows, Hollywood has a promoter hanging from every tree looking for some of that so-called easy money from the movies! Hollywood may be uncertain on careers . . . death on happy marriages . . . and generally tough on the nervous system, but it's a magician where money is concerned! Now you see it . . . now you don't. And it isn't always a case of squandering it, either. I've known actors who have "invested themselves into the poor house" just as sensibly as others have thrown it away. For instance, there is the little matter of those business lots I own over in . . . but there, that's a sore point at our dinner table now, so I won't go into it.

Seriously, though, Hollywood has the ability to send you straight up to Paradise at a million miles a minute . . . but before you get a chance to look around and get your bearings, ZOOM . . . down you go again even faster.

Your money is over three-quarters gone before you have a chance to count it . . . your home life and even your baby is constantly at the mercy of rumor and libel, and you know ten times as many questions as you ever will answer! I'm sincere when I say: Hollywood scares hell out of me!

Not all Sun-Tan is Becoming

Optical Machine finds Answer to

DULL TAN.. HOT RUDDY TAN.. FADING TAN

(above) **MISS SALLY HANFORD** uses Pond's Brunette in winter. In summer, Rose Brunette. (right) **MRS. ALLEN WHITNEY** uses Natural in winter. When sunburned, the new Pond's Sun Tan.

Over 200 girls' skin color-analyzed to find the hidden tints in lovely skin now blended *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

EVERY SUMMER your face changes its color scheme! That bright sunlight makes it creamy instead of white—brown instead of creamy.

Only—sometimes—the creaminess is just unbecoming yellow. The brown is dull and dingy. The rose is hot and muddy! *It's time for a new shade of powder!* Not just any dark powder, but one that actually transforms dull tan or hot ruddiness into a sunny glow.

With an optical machine, Pond's found the surprising hidden tints in skin! *Bright green*—even in the brownest skins. *Brilliant blue*—in the blondest skins. They found the tints to brighten a dull skin, to tone down high color. They blended these *invisibly* in Pond's new Face Powder.

SEE WHAT these entirely new Pond's shades will do to bring summer enchantment to your face:—

Sun Tan (Dark Brunette)—different from any other sun-tan powder. Gives a *glow* to dull tan—a lovely, sunny look to all skin—reduces over-hot coloring.

Rose Brunette—gives warmth to early or fading stages of tan.

Brunette—for a clear, creamy skin.

Rose Cream and Natural—if you are blonde and trying to keep your winter complexion.

To know which is yours, try *all* of these shades. When you test them for color, notice how smoothly this powder goes on—how closely it clings, yet never clogs the pores—and what a flattering finish it gives to even an outdoor skin.

Send now for your gift supply—enough of each shade for a full five-day test. You will discover the exact shades of Pond's Powder that will make your skin look its loveliest through every stage of its summer complexion.

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(THIS OFFER EXPIRES SEPTEMBER 1, 1935)

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These lovely women prefer

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I prefer FAOEN because it's different!

Prominent society leader and arbiter of fashion prefers FAOEN No. 44.

Some call it Glamour—I call it FAOEN!

Internationally-known stage star, now appearing in Life Begins at 8:40.

I had tried seven perfumes before I finally discovered FAOEN!

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To me, FAOEN is the essence of romance!

Popular society debutante—a descendant of Duncan Phyfe.

10c in tuckaway sizes as illustrated at all 5 and 10 cent stores.

PARK & TILFORD'S

FAOEN

(FAY-ON)

Beauty Aids

Sam Sax

STAR MAKER

WHERE do those "short subjects" come from?

At the Vitaphone Studios, in the East, a chap named Sam Sax turns out two of them every week of the year. He is just rounding the one thousand mark. In five years he had made more stars than Hollywood has!

Coming from the Independent production field of Hollywood, Mr. Sax assumed charge of what the Warner Brothers considered their prize white elephant. In a short time he had carved out of chaos an organization that functioned with such perfect results, that what was meant to be an experiment became a permanent fixture. Thus, in the oldest studio in the United States, where such former great stars as Norma Talmadge, Anita Stewart, Edith Storey and Maurice Costello soared to the heights of stardom under the banner of the old Vitagraph, a new University of motion picture acting came into being. Professor Sax issued diplomas to Hollywood with such rapidity that Warner Brothers have practically built up their entire stock company with the graduates from Brooklyn.

Joan Blondell began her motion picture career in this Flatbush Fraternity of the movies, as well as Jean Muir, Dick Powell, Lyle Talbot, Patricia Ellis, Phillip Reed, Hal LeRoy, Evelyn Knapp, Dorothy Dare and Pat O'Brien—all of whom have been or are now Warner stars or featured players.

Sylvia Sidney did her first picture in this studio, and the same is true of Spencer Tracy, Claire Trevor, Lillian Roth, Joe Penner, Vivienne Osborne, Queenie Smith, Jimmy Dunn and Jack Haley. When Madge Evans was trying to come back in talking pictures Sam Sax gave her the opportunity in a two reeler, which led to her long-term contract at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer. What Hollywood executive can show such a list of big names, and take the credit for their discovery?

Mr. Sax boasts, and rightfully, that his studio is the most complete in the East. Not only does he maintain a scenario department, a music department, a stock company; but a staff of directors, cameramen, publicity men and still-photographers. In his studio are three sound stages, a commissary, a rehearsal hall and a gym. With the whole of Broadway to draw upon for his talent he never has to resort to talent raids, like his brothers on the West Coast. He feels that in the next five years he will have created another hundred stars.

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ONE cleaner for every white shoe in your home! From the children's sneakers to your own delicate white kid shoes. Cupid cleans and whitens at the same time. Easy to apply, it gives all kinds of white shoes a smooth, lasting whiteness that *does not rub off!* You can't go wrong with Cupid. Try it today . . . either a bottle of the liquid form; or a tube of the paste that's so convenient when you're traveling.

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AND FOR YOUR OTHER SHOES—

Whittemore's, who make Cupid, have been making shoe polishes for almost a century. They also manufacture superior Oil Pastes for leather shoes in all colors — black, tan, brown, ox-blood and neutral—in convenient cans with the easy-opener. For only ten cents. Whittemore's Oil Pastes polish, preserve and soften your shoes. Will not crack the leather. They give your shoes a mirror-like shine—whether they're wet or dry. Add it to your shopping list this week.

10c

Hollywood Day by Day

(*Continued from page 29*)

VERY forlornly, Joe Morrison says: "Sometimes I wish I'd never sung 'The Last Round-Up'"! So that makes it unanimous.

PAUL KELLY got a "bird" the other day, but, seeing that it was just a little bluebird, Paul didn't take it too hard.

It seems that our recent phenomenal hail storm just about wrecked the bird's nest, leaving this bedraggled little fellow sole survivor and in a bad way.

Taking it in the house, Paul fixed up a warm berth for the bird and tried to coax it to have a spot of lunch with his canary. But the little thing just turned its face to the wall and refused to touch a bite of it. After a frantic day, Paul discovered that there are birds . . . AND birds. And the kind of food it takes to make a canary happy is just so much dog biscuit to a bluebird.

So Paul and the whole family went on a fly, worm and bug hunt, and the way that birdie went after the feast would do your heart good!

It's going to live, and Paul is so pleased with his bird doctoring that, if the two canaries will move up, "Blooie Looie" can stay right there just as long as he likes!

WITH a wardrobe stocked with the latest Paris creations, Ketti Gallian attended a smart dinner party wearing a gown that cost only a few dollars.

On location in the desert, Ketti had only lounging pajamas and riding clothes to her name when she ran into some old friends from Bakersfield who invited her to a formal dinner.

Dashing into Bakersfield, twenty-five miles from "location," Ketti found only one small store open, and the only halfway presentable gown in the place was a black affair.

That wouldn't have mattered so much, either, but later, when she sent out an SOS for the hotel manicure girl, the modish cuticle-clipper walked in attired in the identical model that Ketti was wearing!

WE noticed Joan Crawford invariably standing up between scenes while other members of the cast slid down in their respective chairs and stayed there until the next call for "Action!"

"How come?" we asked Joan, curiously.

"It all started during that period when Adrian was designing my gowns so tight that I couldn't sit down," she told us. "When, by the time his styles swung back to the fuller skirts, standing up had become such a habit that it just doesn't occur to me to sit down when I do have a chance!"

A FRIEND of Mae West was all excited over his coming marriage.

"It's a gala day in my life!" he declared enthusiastically.

"M-mm-m . . ." murmured Mae. "A gal a day ought to be enough for anybody!"

WE always thought our Mae could "take it," but now, we sorrowfully relinquish the leather laurels to Paul Cavanaugh.

In a scene, Paul was supposed to take Mae in his arms and kiss her ardently (everything happens to some guys!) until Director Al Hall yelled "Cut!"

Hollywood Day by Day

But, Hall didn't yell "Cut!" And, for three minutes, Mae and Paul stood, toe to toe, in osculatory embrace (some fun, kid?). It might have lasted a lot longer, too, if Mae (and here's where she disappointed us) hadn't finally pulled out of the clinch, glared at the absent-minded Hall and demanded to know "what's the idea?"

So, our fedora's off to Cavanaugh, who instead of being carted away, feet first, merely lighted himself a smoke and strolled off, nonchalant as you please!

Ah, there, Paul. . . .

JOHNNY MACK BROWN happened to be just around the corner, the other night, when his five-year-old Jane Harriett, was saying her prayers.

Full of paternal pride, Johnny stood by until the child said her "now-I-lay-me" and finished by blessing everybody in the house. Then, turning to the Brown police puppy who had been watching the proceedings with great interest, Jane Harriett said: "You better pray, too, 'Baron'. And you better pray hard. 'Cause I promised a kid down the street a couple of puppies, and if we don't get 'em pretty quick, he'll pull my hair"!

ANN DVORAK and Leslie Fenton are taking a course in German. And you'd be surprised at the reason. Coming into possession of a strange and rare animal, called a wire-haired dachshund, the kids discovered that he would take orders from no one unless said orders were given in German. So, Ann and Leslie dashed out to the nearest deutschmeister for instructions.

Ja, das ist ein schnitzelhund!

THIS seems to be a very doggy month. But, dogs . . . horses . . . what's the difference, as long as I like pink giraffes?

With Alan Hale's police dog on the job the family should give a care about bodyguards. Every night, "Ringo" plants himself right by the front door, nor will he budge until every member of the Hale household is in for the evening. Then, satisfied that all is well, "Ringo" stalks out to his kennel, stretches out on the mink coat he dragged from the scene of the Voltaire apartment fire and goes sleepy-bye with one eye open and one ear cocked for marauders.

AND, speaking of marauders . . . Douglass Montgomery got the scare of his life the other night.

Doug was lying in bed talking to a friend on the phone, when he noticed that the bedroom door knob was turning . . . slowly. . . . Breaking off his conversation in the middle of a sentence, he gasped: "Call the police! . . . Call the police!!" into the phone.

The knob flew back into place, there was the sound of scurrying footsteps and, by the time Doug could leap out of bed and yank the door open, the place was as empty and quiet as a tomb!

Upon investigating, the police discovered that there had been a prowler in the neighborhood but were unable to run the fellow down.

Next morning, bright and early, Doug got a license to tote a nice little gun. And now, even the house boy had better watch his step!

STILL, it might have been the same ghoul that ha'nted Dorothy Tree's new house the first night she spent there? Right in the middle of the night, Dorothy was awakened by a terrific crash when a picture in the library mysteriously unhooked itself and fell to the floor!

Then, next morning in the bathroom, a bottle of double-strength ammonia slipped from her hands, and, before she could get away from there, Dorothy fainted from the strangling fumes. Luckily for her, however, her maid happened to come in before she was thoroughly asphyxiated and dragged her to safety.

We don't know how Dorothy feels about it, but, personally, we'd have a moving van backed up to that house r-rr-right *now!*

BACK to the dog house. And Clark Gable so tickled over that litter of fourteen Irish terrier pups that he's passing out cigars!

Which sorta takes the starch out of Cora Sue Collins, who's been gloating over the five baby kittens that arrived at her house, via the kitty stork. But, at that, she has an edge on Clark who's going to have a tough time digging up monickers for his brood, while Cora Sue has her family all nicely labelled already. And what high-powered names, too! They are "Garbo," "Shearer," "Billie Burke," "Pat" (O'Brien) and "Mayer"!

Take a bow, Louie!

YOU'LL be seeing the Crosby twins in the new Fox picture, "Redheads on Parade." Or rather, you'll be *hearing* 'em, which will give you all a chance to decide whether or not the youngsters have the makings of potential crooners.

It all happened when the kids' mama, Dixie Lee, and John Boles were going through a love scene in a synthetic movie theater, surrounded by hundreds of extras in the roles of spectators.

During the height of the action, Philip Lang and Dennis Michael Crosby, visiting the set with their nurse, interrupted the proceedings with what might be called crooning, or just plain bawling, it all depends on the way you look at it.

Anyhow, instead of tearing his hair, Director McLeod said: "Swell! We'll leave it in. I've never been to a movie in my life that some little bundle from heaven didn't set up a howl right in the middle of the most interesting action. That's realism!"

WE spotted Norma Shearer at the Cocoanut Grove the other evening and, so help me, Norma never looked more beautiful. Dressed all in white, she was, and looking utterly radiant as she sat between hubby Irving Thalberg and boss Louis B. Mayer.

Much as it pains us, it's our bounden duty to report that the Bill Powell-Jean Harlow romance looks very much as though it may have struck a snag. Across the room, at a secluded table, we spied Jean with a good-looking chap who was a perfect stranger to us. And the guy was that *attentive!*

LOOKS like Cupid must have got his wires crossed this month? Dick Powell, who has been a one-woman man, lo, these many years, has suddenly switched out on the Mary Brian angle and is paying heavy court to the delectable Virginia Bruce!

And Mary (for goodness sake!) is trotting hither and yon with the attentive Guinn (Big Boy) Williams, apparently not missing Dick for a split second.

(*Please turn to page 52*)

BETTY SHOULDN'T HAVE CALLED YOU, MRS. LANE. I'M NOT REALLY I'LL—THE HEAT AND STEAM FROM BOILING THE CLOTHES EXHAUSTED ME
GRACIOUS—HOW FOOLISH TO SCRUB AND BOIL LIKE THAT ON THIS SCORCHING DAY
WHY DON'T YOU USE RINSO? IT SOAKS CLOTHES 4 OR 5 SHADES WHITER THAN THEY CAN BE SCRUBBED. AND YOU DON'T HAVE TO BOIL
WHY, THAT'S MARVELOUS. I MUST TRY IT
NEXT WASHDAY
GEE MOM, YOU'RE THROUGH WITH THE WASH EARLY TODAY—AND YOU LOOK SO COOL
THAT'S BECAUSE I DIDN'T SCRUB OR BOIL THE CLOTHES—THANKS TO RINSO
LATER
RINSO IS A LIFE-SAVER! I HAD THE EASIEST WASH-DAY OF MY LIFE TODAY—YET MY WASH IS WHITER THAN EVER
NOW TRY RINSO'S CREAMY SUDS FOR DISHWASHING. IT GETS RID OF GREASE IN A JIFFY. AND IT'S SO EASY ON THE HANDS

AND REMEMBER — RINSO IS SAFE FOR YOUR FINEST COTTONS AND LINENS — WHITE OR COLORS

WANT to see the snowiest wash ever? *Try Rinso!*—in washing machine or tub. See how this famous soap *soaks* out dirt—gets clothes 4 or 5 shades whiter without scrubbing or boiling. See how a little Rinso whips at once into creamy, lasting suds—*even in hardest water.* See how bright colors come! Clothes last longer washed this gentle way—they're not scrubbed threadbare.

"Use Rinso," say washer experts

The makers of 34 famous washers recommend Rinso for safety and for whiter, brighter clothes. Marvelous for dishes and all cleaning. Grease goes in a jiffy, dishes and glassware *shine.* Easy on hands. Keeps them smooth, white. Get the BIG package. It's economical.

A PRODUCT OF LEVER BROTHERS CO.

Tested and Approved by Good Housekeeping Institute

THE BIGGEST-SELLING PACKAGE SOAP IN AMERICA

An Old Favorite in a New Dress

● Look for the new ColoRinse package the next time you are near a beauty counter. For this new-old aid to well groomed hair now has a package as distinctive as the results it produces. There's nothing like a ColoRinse to put new sparkle, softness and that glowing, colorful "Sheen of Youth" into hair that is fading or showing age. ColoRinse is harmless—it doesn't dye or bleach—and there are ten lovely, natural shades to choose from!

THE NESTLE-LE MUR COMPANY • NEW YORK
MAKERS OF QUALITY PRODUCTS

10c at all 10c Stores and Beauty Shops . . . Nestle ColoRinse, SuperSet, Golden Shampoo and Henna Shampoo

SAVAGE LIPSTICK

A transparent, entirely pasteless lipstick that savagely clings to lovely lips . . .

Excitingly, savagely, compellingly lovely . . . this freshly different lipstick whose alluring shades and seductive smoothness bring to lips the sublime madness of a moon-kissed jungle night! Yes, Savage does exactly that . . . for it colors the lips without coating them. A moment after application, the color separates from the cosmetic and melts right into the skin. Wipe the cosmetic away and there are your lips pastelessly colored to a stunning hue that stays thrillingly bright for many hours. And on the bright, silvery case, tiny savages whirl in a maddening dance . . . provocative as the lipstick itself!

Four Really Appealing Shades

TANGERINE . . . has a light orange flare that does wonders in combination with blonde hair and a fair skin.

FLAME . . . is a truly exciting, brilliant red that's decidedly bizarre in its smartness.

NATURAL . . . a true, blood color that augments the charm of brunette beauty.

BLUSH . . . the kind of transparent lipstick that changes color on the lips to brighten the lips' own natural color.

20c at all 10 cent stores

Hollywood Day by Day

(Continued from page 51)

WAITING for the attendants to bring our old car, we watched a snappy sport roadster pull into the parking lot, radio going full blast. Stopping on a dime, the door banged open and out stepped Buddy Rogers, who sky-rocketed to fame and clunked back to earth while we were still knocking out confessionals in Grand Rapids.

Interestingly gray at the temples, Buddy looks like a million dollars and we wouldn't be too surprised if he might make one of those rare "come-backs," seeing as how he's all grown up now.

AL LEVY'S new cocktail lounge, adjoining the Tavern, strikes us as being the neatest job we've seen in a long time. Centrally located, it is the obvious spot where the stars can gather for a cocktail before lunch or dinner and, having gathered, stick around to swap stories and play "bean bag" with dropping options.

The place had been open a week before we got around to the christening and we're glad we waited. Because there sat Gordon Westcott, Paul Muni, Guy Kibbee and Edward Everett Horton, a quartette of swell guys if there ever was one. And Guy, proud father that he is, working in a few anecdotes on his bouncing offspring.

WHEN Mrs. Pat O'Brien opened her new gown shop, Pat invited a gang of his tough mugg pals to sit in on the fashion show. There was Joe E. Brown, Bob Armstrong, Jimmy Gleason, Lyle Talbot, and Frank McHugh, all sitting there with their necks washed and faces shining. Out in front, scrooged back into a secluded corner, we glimpsed Jimmy Cagney, looking shy as anything.

"Why don't you go on in?" we asked him.

"Sh-hh-h!" he cautioned. "I'm waiting for Allen Jenkins. I'm scared to go in without him, and he's scared to tackle it without me. Stand in front of me 'til he gets here, will you?"

THE male element seems to be going cream-puff these days. While in London, Lilian Harvey bought herself a fancy high-powered gas buggy with a chauffeur thrown in for good measure. Not satisfied with the speed the fellow was making, Lil made him climb in the back seat while she took the wheel. Stepping the car up to 90 miles an hour, Lil looked over her shoulder to ask the chauffeur how he liked it. There was no chauffeur! Frantically slamming on the brakes, Lil jumped out and peered down the road. No sign of anybody lying on the highway! Leaning weakly against the side of the car, what did she see on the floor of the tonneau but the chauffeur, all crumpled up and fainted dead away!

JUST for convenience, Chic Sale's sister, Virginia, bought an antique Chevrolet and the whole family was more than surprised when the thing showed a very affable inclination to go places without being pushed!

Imagine Virginia's surprise, however, when, on backing into a parking space, the horn began to blow, long and loud! Nor did it stop until she had successfully parked and switched off the motor!

Psychoanalyzing the mechanical marvel, it developed that "Chevvy" suffered from a peculiar inhibition to roar when in reverse! Not occasionally, but unfailingly! And now, Chic is trying to get it away from his adamant sister, for comedy gag purposes. He even offered to swap his brand new Cadillac for the crazy Chevvy. But Virginia won't give it up! She insists that her purchase included sound picture rights.

WE thought it was all settled between Ann Sothern and Roger Pryor until, all of a sudden, Ann started going places with Gene Raymond. That lasted long enough almost to convince us that Cupid had done a good job this time, when . . . out of a clear sky, Gene starts rushing Janet Gaynor!

It's the old Hollywood merry-go-round and, for goodness sake, who can you depend on?

WHAT did we tell you? With the ink hardly dry on our statement of the Dick Powell-Virginia Bruce romance, Dick ups and transfers his attentions to Olivia De Haviland, beautiful brunette heroine of "A Midsummer Night's Dream"!

AFTER fooling around with a trick moustache, in "Here Is My Heart," Bing Crosby was so deluged with fan requests to make the adornment a permanent institution that he let nature have its way with his upper lip, sprouting as neat a moustache as ever draped itself over a moustache cup! See "Mississippi" and let us know what you think!

PULLING on his new whiskers, Bing told us about asking George Burns and Gracie Allen for an autographed photo to decorate his dressing-room.

George was busy, so Bing foolishly agreed that it would be all right if Gracie did the autographing for both of them. And here's how it turned out:

"To George Burns and Gracie Allen—Love—from Bing Crosby."

And if you don't believe us, go right over to Bing's dressing-room and look for yourself!

WHEN their adopted baby, Sandra, sneezed the other day, George and Gracie yelled for the nurse, telephoned for the doctor and practically wrung their hands clean off at the wrist until nurse discovered that a bit of fuzz from the blanket was tickling baby's nose!

EVERY day, Tullio Carminati receives a mysterious telegram, signed merely "Carmen," and the lad is intrigued, no end.

HOW we laughed as Randy Scott futilely attempted to shake a couple of nice looking gals who were insisting that he take a chance on a punchboard.

How we laughed as poor Randy weakened finally under the high pressure sales talk and paid out for one punch.

And how *Randy* laughed when that one chance out of a thousand got him a beautiful and expensive electric clock!

SIXTY miles out of Hollywood, Will Rogers telephoned Irvin S. Cobb and invited him to drive out for lunch.

"Oh, say," Will added, after Cobb had accepted with pleasure, "would you mind stopping by my house and picking up a parcel for me?"

Of course, the humorist was only too glad to help a pal out and readily assented. But, when he arrived at the location, he discovered that Rogers had merely made a non-union messenger boy of him, as the comedian needed his blue suit.

"And all I had to eat was a box lunch!" Cobb wailed.

Hollywood Day by Day

According to the script, Mary Boland was supposed to be slapped playfully on the back by Hans Steinke, wrestling champ of no mean ability.

All went well and Mary was standing there, fearing nothing when Steinke pulled back one of his ham-like "dukes" and let her have it, nor' by nor'east and smack between the shoulder blades.

Again, according to the script, Mary was supposed to just bounce a bit and glare at the sock-disher-upper. But, the "pulled" slap sent Miss Boland flying across the stage, knocking Charlie Ruggles into a cocked hat and making a perfect three-point landing in a stack of "flats." And it was a good five minutes before Mary really breathed according to Hoyle!

Mary isn't mad. On the contrary, she's thanking her stars that Steinke "pulled" it!

Directors may come and directors may go, but Cecil DeMille will go on forever. Spectators on a DeMille set have grown to expect a show, and C.B. (Lor' bless 'im!) never disappoints them.

One day, on the "Crusades" set, DeMille was giving his synthetic temper a swell work-out. Extras trembled in their boots, and the air was a fancy shade of indigo. . . . In other words DeMille was doing his stuff.

A feminine visitor eased onto the set just in time to get in on the tail-end of the explosion. Spotting her, C. B. turned off the expletives and turned on the charm. And let us interrupt to say that the DeMille charm is something to write home about.

Not knowing him for a quick-change artist, the lady was amazed . . . and showed it.

And so . . . Henry Wilcoxon to the rescue.

"The trouble is," he told the gal, "C. B.'s tongue is hinged in the middle. But you never know which end he's going to use!"

But the funniest thing happened the day Cecil came to work so hoarse that he couldn't raise his voice above a whisper! Picking himself a stooge, DeMille whispered instructions and the stooge yelled 'em to all and sundry. And did the lad take it big!

But it *was* a favor and ye Olde Mastere didn't forget it. With his voice back, C. B. promoted his stooge. So now the stooge has a job handing him his cough medicine!

Or maybe this is funnier? Jean Harlow's mother calls her "Baby" and her step-father calls her "Lamb Chop."

Edmund Lowe, long famous for being Hollywood's prime scene stealer, met his come-uppance last week, and from his own cat, too.

The scene was laid in an English Inn and the script called for the presence of a drowsing cat. Several felines were given screen tests but not one of 'em could be induced to lie down and go night-night. So Eddie solved the problem by bringing one of his own mousers to the studio.

All was well, with kitty stretched out peacefully before the hearth in accepted cat fashion. Camera! And enter Eddie.

Turning her head as her lord and master entered the scene, pussy got up, walked slowly across the room, sniffed suspiciously at the cuffs of Lowe's trousers, looked up into his face, meowed plaintively, arched her back and majestically side-wheeled to an exit!

Director Howard howled with delight, and, as the take was perfect, it went into the picture in spite of Lowe's protests!

They were talking about automobiles when Sterling Holloway approached Will Rogers and said: "Say, Mr. Rogers, why don't you buy a new car? That one of yours is three years old now."

"Son," Will replied, "I can't afford to trade that car. It has one feature you won't find on most of these new cars."

"What's that?" asked Holloway.

"It's paid for," said Will comfortably.

An inventor at heart, Ann Sothern's chauffeur spends all his spare time in the garage inventing things, and his latest contribution is an elaborate system of bells . . . ranging from tiny ones of dulcet tones to wake the sleeping family gently, to a brash, clamorous one that will warn the household of a prowler.

Ann really gave the fellow a lot of credit until early one morning when the bells got a mite gummed up and the burglar alarm threw the family out of bed and on the run, scared plumb out of their wits!

Since then, Ann has issued an ultimatum that the lad confine his activities to plain old chauffeuring.

But then, even with the best intentions, we all make mistakes.

In celebration of the good notices he received in "One More Spring," Walter King declared a holiday in his home, bought tickets for all the servants and bundled them off to see the show.

While Walter and the missus scrambled their own eggs and burned the toast, "Snippy," the Scotty, was busy, too. With no one around to interfere, he chewed a big hole in an exquisite oriental rug that adorned the living-room floor. Walter might not have minded so much but the house is rented furnished, so he is frantically trying to have it repaired to look as good as new before the owner spots the damage.

And the next time he scores in a picture, Walter declares he'll let the servants see it, one by one, so one of them can keep an eye on "Snippy" at home.

We should be just about used to it by this time, but studio pettiness continues to gripe us.

If an extra has a "line" to read, his check for the day must be boosted from $10 to $25. And you'd be surprised at the way high powered executives waste company time in an effort to figure out a way to beat the poor fellows out of that extra fifteen bucks.

The most satisfactory stunt is to have the extra turn his back to the camera and then, after the shot is made, someone already on the studio payroll (and a lot of times it's the exec himself!) reads the line onto the sound track!

The Roman Nero threw his victims to the lions, but at least they were soon out of their misery. Yea, verily, Hollywood has a good edge on the Spanish Inquisition!

And while we're on the love subject, our heretofore self-sufficient Katie Hepburn is all of a dither over what leading man?

Be seein' ya' next month.

SKIN TROUBLES
that had Defied Treatment
—*completely cleared up when treated this way*

Pimples (ACNE) and boils entirely disappeared as cause was removed

In a noted U. S. Skin Clinic, patients got these results:—

In a leading American private clinic and two American hospitals, the new Fleischmann's Yeast gave improvement in 77%, 83% and 89%, respectively, of skin cases ("improvement" being defined as "a satisfactory clearing up of the skin lesion"). Typical cases from one hospital's records are:—

CASE OF L. T. WOMAN. AGE 27

Patient had very bad acne vulgaris. Was nervous, shy, shunned company. *Evacuations irregular.* This case surprised me (skin specialist's comment).

Her improvement under treatment with the new Fleischmann's Yeast was little short of miraculous. Her skin trouble is practically gone. Her nervous condition greatly improved . . . also her general health.

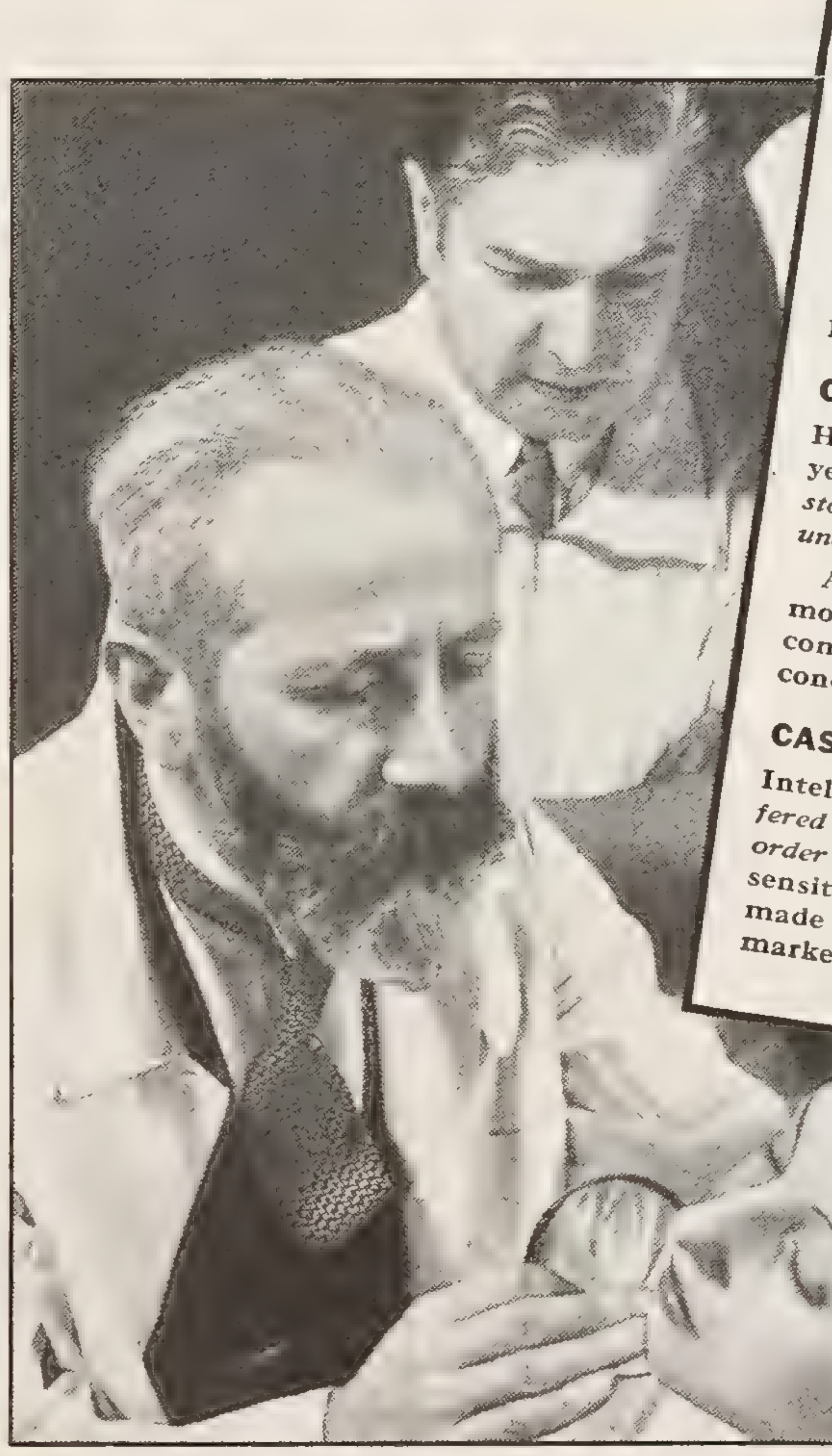
CASE OF W. D. YOUTH. AGE 18

Had a very bad case of pimples for one year. *Complexion sallow. Complained of stomach disturbances, belching, gas and uneasiness after meals . . .*

After treatment, his bowels moved more often and easily. He no longer complained of indigestion. His skin condition improved.

CASE OF H. T. GIRL. AGE 17

Intelligent high-school girl. *Had suffered two years from a common skin disorder* which made her irritable and sensitive. Used a laxative. The yeast made her bowels regular and gave a marked improvement in her skin.



Famous dermatologists found it astonishingly effective.

"Best corrective for most skin troubles," says Dr. Hufnagel.

"I used the new fresh yeast in three clinics with very successful results," writes Dr. Léon Hufnagel (at left), head of Department of Skin Diseases, Hospital of the Rothschild Foundation, Paris.

New food supplies "Protective Substances" not abundant enough in your diet. That's why it corrects an important cause of skin ills!

Distressing skin troubles overcome—and general health greatly improved—simply by adding *one food* to the diet—

American hospitals are reporting this result in hundreds of their cases!

The commonest *cause* of common skin troubles, such as pimples and boils, is constipation. Constipation, it has now been found, can be *completely corrected* by supplying certain "protective substances" in the diet.

Ordinary foods—even fruits and vegetables—do not supply enough of these substances. One food supplies them in abundance . . . the new Fleischmann's Yeast!

This new Fleischmann's Yeast builds up a more *active* condition of your intestinal tract, increases the flow of stomach juices, and strengthens intestinal nerves and muscles.

As a result, your digestive tract works better. Bowels become "regular." Your skin clears up amazingly.

Eat the new Fleischmann's fresh Yeast *regularly*—don't stop after a few days. And eat it *right*—according to the directions below. Starting today!

Eat at least 3 cakes of the new Fleischmann's Yeast daily. Some people eat 4, 5 or even 6 cakes a day.

Eat it one-half hour before meals—on an empty stomach. If you miss a cake before one meal, eat 2 cakes before your next meal, or a cake at bedtime.

Eat it just plain—or dissolved in a little water, milk, or fruit juice.

Discontinue laxatives gradually (not all at once). After the yeast has strengthened your bowels thoroughly, you can stop using cathartics entirely.

You can get the new Fleischmann's Yeast at grocers, soda fountains and restaurants.

TO THE MEDICAL PROFESSION:

The new Fleischmann's Yeast speeded up elimination 48% after one month's feeding —as shown by patients' "charcoal time."

It is not only the richest *vitamin*-"carrying" food (supplying Vitamins A, B, G, D); it is extremely rich in a substance resembling a *digestive hormone.* Being fresh, this yeast releases its properties in the body in their most active form.

THE NEW FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST can give complete bowel regularity . . . help *keep* you free from constipation. It's a food, you know—not a medicine.

To make sure of the cause of your skin trouble—see a doctor.

Copyright, 1935, Standard Brands Inc.

No rub-off!
★ Properly applied, Shinola White does not rub off on clothes or furniture.

★ Shinola White Cleaner dries quickly. After drying, the shoe should be rubbed or brushed. Shinola cleans and whitens; removes all stains and will not discolor shoes.

News-Snapping the Stars

(*Continued from page* 16)

The boys deployed down the bay en masse, grimly determined to photograph the elusive star.

Clambering aboard ship from the cutter which carried them to Quarantine, the photographers rushed immediately to her cabin only to discover, that Hartford's first citizen had disappeared, and searching seemed futile. Suddenly, while a council of war was in progress, a grinning photographer was observed trailing behind the supposedly elusive star. Without quarrel or equivocation, Hepburn posed for the astonished news photographers, who mechanically went through their routines. Later, they discovered the reason for the star's willingness.

"When I couldn't find her," revealed the photographer who had followed Miss Hepburn on deck, "I figured she must be hiding out in somebody else's cabin, so I picked out Ernest Hemingway, the writer, and hung about the companionway near his door. Sure enough, out came Hepburn and from my hiding place, I let go with the flash bulb. Pow! She jumped into the air. "Oh, don't use that picture, please," she said. "No lady," I said, "not if you'll come up and pose for the rest of the boys."

And Katy did.

SHIPBOARD is an ideal place for thrills. Sometimes it is even fraught with sorrow.

Usually, eight cameramen will be covering the boats, the trains, or the airports, depending upon the importance of the arriving celebrity. Connie Bennett was a young lady who always managed to bring the boys out in full and, on one occasion, almost managed to give one of them a "ducking."

The photographers decided upon an "angle" shot, one that would show them, as well as Connie, standing against the gunwhale of the ship. To obtain this angle, one lens man was delegated to stand on the rail, his camera poised high in outstretched arms and "shoot." Everything would have been perfect except for a playful breeze that whipped against the photographer's legs, causing him to lose his balance. As he teetered perilously on the rail, one of the ship's officers, who had been watching the proceedings, grabbed him and balanced him back to safety. After the picture had been taken, he promptly forgot the incident.

Maurice Chevalier is one of the photographer's pet subjects. The personable French star often plies his press guests with delicacies calculated to tickle the palates of a king. Maurice owned two small turtles whose backs were studded with tiny diamonds. These turtles were great favorites with the news photographers, who spent many moments playing with them, sometimes getting them to race and laying wagers on the outcome.

Fearlessness is apparently necessary in a news photographer's make-up. It is probably two-thirds of whatever character he happens to possess. When he is denied a picture, he tries to get it regardless of the outcome. Miriam Hopkins discovered this.

The blond charmer arrived at the world premiere of a motion picture, stepped from her limousine and with a curt "no" to the newsmen's request to pose, sped into the theater and was ushered immediately into her seat just as the auditorium was darkened and the picture flashed onto the screen.

The picture had been on scarcely three minutes when a brilliant flash of light directly in front of the Southern star transformed the darkened amphitheater into daylight for a split second. Startled ushers immediately rushed to the amazed star's seat, but could not find the perpetrator of the deed. That's because he had taken the picture in front of Miriam, retreated toward the screen, recrossed from the first row and was already up the aisle and on the way to safety while all was consternation. And in his black box was Miriam's photo!

Like that slogan on the facade of New York's post-office which states that "Neither snow, nor rain, nor heat nor gloom of night shall stay these couriers from the swift completion of their appointed rounds," the newspaper photographer's "get that picture" spurs them onward, and helps them through many difficult spots, such as the one confronting them when Frank Buck and Helen Twelvetrees attended a pet show.

This assignment wasn't what one would term difficult, but it did call for a great deal of ingenuity. Photographers take great pride in their ingenuity and do not like to take poses which appear the same. Even when they attend their familiar routine of "shooting" a female star with her legs crossed, they try to see that the angle is different.

Casting about for a new idea around which to photograph the big game hunter and Miss Twelvetrees, the boys decided to construct a Hollywood set that would look as though it actually had been made on the "lot."

Partitioning off an ante-room, the newsmen set up flood lights, scouted up a newsreel camera and prepared to do their stuff.

After a few shots of Buck and Helen had been taken, some inspired soul suggested that the intrepid "bring 'em back alive man" be photographed with a chimpanzee, an idea which met with instantaneous approval from all parties concerned.

Getting the "chimp" was an easy matter and he was brought to the set and placed alongside Buck. Immediately, the "chimp" began wailing. Nothing appeased the creature until Buck moved from its side. Immediately, the noise ceased. Queried later on this, the man who tamed the jungle smiled. "He's afraid of me," he said. And, believe it or not, Mr. Ripley, that's exactly what was wrong.

EVERY profession has some type of person who becomes a nuisance to them. The "lens louse" is the news photographer's pet hate. A "lens louse" is a person who insists on having his or her picture taken while a news photographer is working. The "louse" may be someone, a merchant from Tuscaloosa or the president of the Ladies' Aid in Punxatawney, or anyone who has struck up an acquaintance with a celebrity while on shipboard or on a train, and tries to get into the picture.

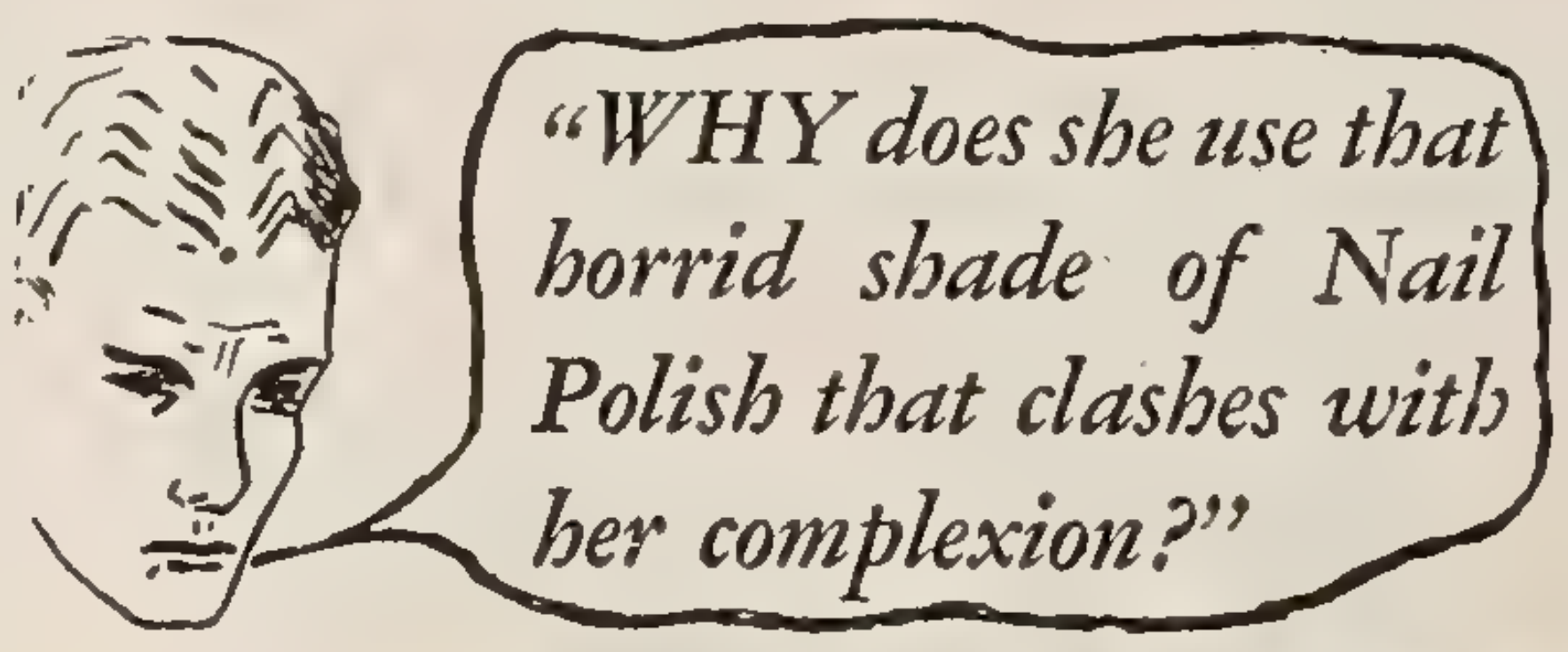
How would you like it, if your job called for you to obtain pictures of Jean Harlow or Mae West or Clark Gable and while you were trying to perform your task without holding the celebrity in front of the camera too long, someone insisted you take his picture too? That's what a news photographer usually has to contend with. Naturally, a remedy had to be found and, no doubt you'll agree it's a corker.

When a "lens louse" now approaches the photographer, the newsman willingly agrees to pose the persistent person if he'll wait until the job in hand is done. Nine times out of ten, the "lens louse" will agree.

True to his word, the photographer later poses the "lens louse," goes through all the motions of taking the picture,

"You're LOVELY Tonight!"

So He **SAYS**—
But He's **THINKING**—


"WHY does she use that horrid shade of Nail Polish that clashes with her complexion?"

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NAIL POLISH
matches your nails with your make-up!

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Conceals Nail Imperfections

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NEW BIG SIZE 25¢ FREE PENCIL

SEE FREE NAIL PENCIL OFFER BELOW

Jarring nail tints make you look ridiculous! *Complete* beauty is yours only when you harmonize your nails with the color of your complexion—the LADY LILLIAN way. Nine lovely shades—two of which are exactly suited to your type! In the new CREME form (conceals blemishes—perfects your nails) or regular Transparent Polish. If your Drug or Dep't Store can't supply you, send coupon below . . .

FREE NAIL PENCIL!

With every 25c bottle of my amazing new Nail Polish, you get a valuable Pencil—for Whitening nail tips—absolutely FREE!

Tested and Approved Bureau of Foods, Sanitation and Health Good Housekeeping Magazine

SEND THIS COUPON

I enclose 25c for a full-size bottle of LADY LILLIAN Nail Polish with FREE White Pencil. I prefer ( ) Creme or ( ) Transparent. Send shade best suited to my type for ( ) Day or ( ) Evening Wear. I am ( ) True Blonde; ( ) Ash Blonde; ( ) Light Brunette; ( ) Chestnut Brunette; ( ) Dark Brunette; ( ) Titian Red; ( ) Silver Hair; ( ) Black Hair; ( ) Black with Silver.

Send also booklet "How to Enhance Your Natural Coloring."

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Address ....
City .... *State* ....

LADY LILLIAN (Dept. T-1)
1140 Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

News-Snapping the Stars

but, unknown to the "louse" who is smiling like a toothpaste ad, fails to snap the shutter which impresses the picture onto the negative. This expeditious practice is known as "Frenching." But despite this, it seems as though the "lens louse," like Abou Ben Adhem's tribe, will ever increase.

While on the subject of technical terms like "Frenching" perhaps you'd be interested in "cheese cake." We don't mean the tasty baker's product, but that of the photographic variety. No one knows why photographers call it by its present name, but that's what they call it. "Cheese cake" is any "leg" picture such as you've seen many times, especially on shipboard when a lovely star arrives or departs and is photographed with her shapely under-pinnings crossed.

Among the many Europeans who have been initiated into "cheese cake" are Binnie Barnes, Marlene Dietrich (a favorite subject, but one who confounded the boys when she appeared in pants), Benita Hume, Elizabeth Allan, Drue Layton and Ketti Gallian. It might not be amiss to mention here that Websterian eloquence, torrents of it, was wasted trying to persuade Anna Sten, Merle Oberon and Evelyn Laye to pose for "cheese cake." Those stars knew all the answers.

Recently, two famous English actors arrived aboard the Berengaria: Leslie Howard and Sir Cedric Hardwicke. Through some misfortune, one of the photographers failed to procure a required shot of Howard. He discovered this hours after the ship had docked. Finally, a happy thought struck him and he called Sir Cedric, whose hotel he knew, to obtain Howard's New York address. The genial Sir Cedric himself answered the phone and listened attentively to the photographer's woeful tale. At its conclusion he said:

"Certainly, I'll be glad to assist, old man. But, really, I don't know Mr. Howard's address because I failed to mark it down. But I do know it's one of your hotels with the towers on!"

The photographer never did discover the hotel. He called twenty before he finally admitted defeat.

Weather and crowds conspire most against the news photographer. Now and then, especially if it's very cold, a plate may slip from benumbed fingers. Sometimes, when use of a tripod is necessary, the moment it is set up a crowd collects magically. At other times, an enraged bodyguard employed by a male star to shoo cameramen away may wreck the camera or deal bodily injuries with reckless abandon.

From day to day, the photographer plods along, apparently nerveless, yet the nerviest of nature's noblemen. When he scents the picture trail, he's impervious to insults, immune to rebuffs. Portrayed as unkempt and hard-hearted he still bears no rancor against the authors of the sketch. He knows his job and fulfilling its rigorous requirements is all he cares about. His romantic side? Well, like all true knights of the highway and by-way he has his credo. It's: "Don't 'shoot' until you see the whites of their eyes!"

The Things Which Are Cesar's

(*Continued from page 25*)

so well for me," he said. "I was playing the lead in Frank Craven's 'All Points West' when Ben Piazza, then the casting director at M-G-M, saw me and brought me out here. My first picture was 'The Thin Man,' in which I played a comparatively small part. Then I played the French consul in 'British Agent,' but M-G-M did not take up my option, and I felt pretty discouraged. I was thinking of going back to New York when Universal gave me a test, with Rochelle Hudson, and signed me up to a term contract.

"I had played minor roles in only four pictures when Paramount called me for a try-out to take Joel McCrea's place opposite Marlene Dietrich. I was very anxious to make good, but didn't think I had a chance. I was a newcomer in pictures, I had no following. This was a break that was simply too good to be true.

"When I went to the studio I asked the casting director: 'What's all this about? Are you serious?' As I was led before Von Sternberg I thought he would just look me over, tell me 'We'll let you know,' and forget all about it. But he seemed to like the way I read my lines. Then Miss Dietrich came in and took a look at me. Was I nervous! They talked together in German, discussing me, but I couldn't understand a word of what they said. Presently Von Sternberg turned around and told me, "You are hired." I couldn't believe my ears.

"I acted very nonchalant, but really was scared stiff when I started working with Miss Dietrich. It was the biggest break I had had in my life, and I was afraid they would fire me. But Miss Dietrich was very sweet to work with. I felt very much at home in this picture, because of its Spanish atmosphere. I am holding my breath, to see how the public will receive me."

When Mae West heard about him and had a look at some of his amative work in the Von Sternberg-Dietrich spectacle, she told Paramount executives to "get her that man." But Universal had gotten wise, realized his worth in spilling manly charms across the screen, and refused to loan him out to play opposite the curvaceous Mae. Paramount succeeded, however, in getting him for the leading role in Damon Runyon's "Hold 'em Yale," which also features Patricia Ellis. Today Cesar is a hero on his home lot. Carl Laemmle Jr. & Company are scouting around for stories that will do justice to his romantic talents, and are to produce a picture giving him stellar billing.

Reviewing his career as a jigger and Thespian Cesar said:

"As a boy I always wanted to be an actor, not a dancer. But I never thought I would be able to go on the stage, because my father planned on my taking his place in the firm. However, by the time I graduated from the Collegiate School in New York the sugar market had collapsed, and there was no business for me to go into. I became a messenger in the National City Bank of New York, hoping some day to be a banker and recoup our lost fortune.

"One day I met a charming society girl, Lisabeth Higgins, who liked dancing and was looking for a partner. Well, I had always danced, I knew the latest steps, so we got together and rehearsed nights, after my working hours. After three months' practice we got a job in a

(*Please turn to page 56*)

Every woman should make this "Armhole Odor" Test

No matter how carefully you deodorize your underarm—if any dampness collects on the armhole of your dress, you will always have an unpleasant "armhole odor." Test this by smelling your dress tonight

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The Things Which Are Cesar's

(*Continued from page 55*)

musical comedy, I left the bank, and went on the road with her. It was too late for my parents to interfere.

"When I returned to New York, they came to see my specialty dances in 'Lady, Do!' My father forgave me. 'I didn't know you were as good as that,' he said. I danced in night clubs and swanky hotels—Park Central Roof, the Club Richman, Ambassador Roof, St. Regis Roof, Montmartre, etc., with Miss Higgins and other girls. I have had, altogether, five dancing partners. For some reason or other the dancing teams of which I have formed a part have never lasted. Something must be wrong with me!"

We were still in his dressing-room, and he burst into another of his hearty laughs.

"After three years of dancing I was fed up with it. I wanted to go on the stage. I felt I belonged to the theater, not the ballroom. One day an agent called me up and asked me if I could play Tullio Carminati's part in "Strictly Dishonorable." Carminati was going to London.

"I had never spoken a line in my life, but I wasn't going to throw away a chance like that, and assured him that I could.

"The director, taking me for an experienced actor, told me, 'Come tomorrow morning and read your lines.' That night I went to see Carminati play, and the next morning, imitating him, read my lines so well that I got the part. To this day, it remains my favorite role. I was a year on the road with this production, which was a terrific success. Margaret Sullavan was the understudy for the feminine lead.

"I was in the New York cast of 'Dinner at Eight,' and played in a number of other productions, most of which were commercial flops. I have had my ups and downs.

"I started off in my theatrical career with my most embarrassing moment. On the first night of my appearance, as the scene ended with the girl lying dead on the floor and I standing over her with a tragic expression on my face, the audience, instead of applauding me, was thrown into a roar. The curtain, you see, had descended behind me."

Cesar has been compared to Valentino. If you ask him if he thinks the comparison is warranted, he says:

"No, I don't. I don't believe I have much in common with Valentino, except that I am a Latin. I'd rather not be compared to him. The public must take me for what I am, and not because I may remind them of this or that actor. Plugging the Valentino angle will do me harm instead of good because people seem to resent aspirants to his position, which was, after all, unique. I may also be a little—" he hesitated.

"Go ahead and spill it! I won't have it in the story if you don't want me to."

"Well, I may be a little superstitious. I don't like to be compared to him because of a sort of instinctive fear, a painful doubt, concerning my future. Valentino was stricken dead at the height of his career."

A worried look clouded his honest eyes, even though he said this in a casual tone, as if it were just a silly notion of his. I should have laughed it off, but I did not, because I too have been bothered with such crazy feelings. Not in regard to Valentino. Heavens, no! The gods have not favored me in that way. But I have resented comparison to others belonging to the writing clan, who withered before they bloomed.

I switched the conversation to the ever-refreshing topic of the fair sex. I asked him to describe his "Ideal."

He grew lyrical as he praised the charms and virtues of a truly charming gal, whose name, however, I agreed not to divulge. Cesar is still innocent of space-grabbing gags. I told him to keep 'em guessing. My own guess is he is in no danger of being snatched off by any fair siren at the present time. In fact, he told me he wouldn't consider marriage before two years. But I am certain that when he does sign the pact of marriage, he will stay married, going through hell, if necessary. He is the loyal kind. A true caballero.

To him, marriage is the most sacred and serious business on earth, and as a husband he has to carry on the fine traditions of his family.

His devotion to his family is one of the most attractive traits of his personality. When I asked him what was his main purpose in life, he said:

"To assure a happy old age for my father and mother. Take care of them. Give them everything they need. And to send my younger brother to college and see that everything goes well with him. I want to spare him the hard knocks I received. As for my two sisters, I hope they'll be married and won't need my assistance. The youngest is engaged to a West Point cadet."

"Is she pretty?"

"She is lovely! She has light hair, and looks just like an American girl. My oldest sister, on the contrary, is dark like me; distinctly Latin in type. She teaches Spanish and French in New Jersey." And he mused, like a good boy: "I hope I'll live up to their expectations."

May he be a pillar of support and glory to them!

An upstanding youth like this newest heart-throb in Hollywood deserves success.

He is the best bet for male honors in years. Hollywood is definitely Cesar-conscious.

His chances for ruling the romantic roost are excellent. Top-heavy with S.A., he looks like a prince charming, and conforms to the fixed ideas of romantic young womanhood concerning the ideal man.

He has gone through the rigors of the stage, has background and a beautiful serenity that ought to stand him in good stead when the going gets tough, as it sometimes will. These are attributes to assure his continued rise and popularity.

His head is in the clouds, but his feet are firmly on the ground. A practical, tractable fellow. Women "discovered" him before the producers got wise.

It is the meteoric marches staged like a sudden blaze by unknown troupers like Cesar Romero that make the star-parade of Hollywood such an intriguing show.

LAST CALL

This is your last opportunity to join the People's Academy for the award of gold medals to be given for what you consider the twelve outstanding achievements in the movies for the year. See page 62 of this issue for details concerning this interesting contest, and send your letters immediately!

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☐ Golden Brown
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☐ White or Gray (Platinum)
☐ Ash Blonde
☐ Black
☐ Medium Brown
☐ Golden Blonde
☐ Light Golden Blonde

$10 Is a Lot of Money

(*Continued from page* 6)

the other bus passengers were not made up of autograph fiends. It was a little after eight o'clock and the dark-eyed brunette behind the ticket window took $1.98 of our precious hoard.

We chattered through the show, not permitting the woman in front or ourselves to get a very good idea of just what Mr. Arliss was doing as "The Iron Duke." We discussed where we would go next and I said, "What happens if we run out of money? Do I dig in the other pocket and call the experiment a failure?" This Carole vetoed with no uncertainty in her voice, saying, "No, we've just got to do this evening on $10. If we run out of money, you'll have to borrow from a policeman or somebody." And the tone of her voice proved there was no appeal. It was $10 or borrow!

Leaving the Rockefeller showplace, we climbed a long flight of stairs to the Sixth Avenue Elevated, and soon were banging and bumping down to Greenwich Village on the aged railroad. Near the Eighth Street station is a typical Village place called The Barn. "Do you like rough-hewn timber, waiters in old-fashioned redshirt fireman uniforms and electrified milk cans for lighting?" I asked Carole.

"I've never seen them all in one place," she replied, "but if the music is good and we can afford it, I'm all for it."

"All right, then, here we are," I said, and we half-skipped down a flight of stairs into the second stop on our "Round New York on $10" tour. I had inadvertently told my four doubting Thomases that I would go to The Barn. And there they were, faces wreathed in smiles, apparently looking forward to meeting the blond star. Being a mean fellow, I succeeded in over-looking them completely until Carole said, "Those four boys at the floor-table—the way they're looking our way I'm a bit afraid they will be starting an autograph stampede any minute. And just when I thought I'd have fun and not be noticed."

"Those are only my four conspirators," I assured her, "and if you want to do me a favor, don't even look their way. I'm having too much fun to add any competition in the way of unattached males. And anyway, I want to dance." And dance we did, until the Barn's country night club floor show got under way. Then we munched on chicken sandwiches, and drank old-fashioned egg noggs, with coffee for a chaser. Carole leaned across the table and said in worried tones, "Have you got enough to pay the bill?" And I beamed as the waiter relieved me of only $3.95, including tip.

As we were leaving, the proprietor, Mr. Horowitz, insisted that we paint something on the old Barn wall, a quaint custom of this joy stable. Carole agreed, and taking the moth-eaten paint brush slapped up our names and under that, "$10 Is a Lot of Money."

We walked around the corner and then under the arch in historic old Washington Square. There, under the glow of a street-light, I pulled out our somewhat diminished capital and said "Here's what's left." Ignoring my remark a bit, Carole said, "And where to now?"

"Will you leave the entertainment in my hands?" I asked, ushering her at that moment on to an uptown Fifth Avenue bus.

"Yes," said Carole, "if the rest of your program is as good as what has gone before."

I agreed and cautioned her to be patient. With a bit of sight-seeing bus dialogue, such as "Look down the street and you can see Union Square" and "That's the Empire State Building," we were soon up to 59th Street, and as we hopped off the bus in front of the Plaza Hotel, at the entrance to Central Park, it was just 11:45. Escorting Carole across the square, we stopped at the hansom cab stand, and the cabbies, whom I knew to start at a high fare and then bargain with their prospects, all perked up at the sight of a potential customer. I picked out a likely-looking old fellow who eyed us carefully and said, "I was that way once myself, young man, and excuse me if I say its a pretty girl you have with you. I'll be taking you around the park for whatever you can afford to pay."

With fortune smiling upon us, up we climbed into the high, two-wheeled, old-fashioned vehicle and soon were spinning along at a smart pace. A half a mile or so into the park the cabbie yelled "Whoa" and we pulled up short. Then opening the trap-door in the roof of the cab, he looked down in and said to Carole, "Miss, some day when you're rich you ought to go over there." He pointed across the park to the Central Park Casino, where muffled music was rhythmically beating. The cabbie continued, "This is the place where all the society people and movie stars come to dance. You'd like it, I'll bet, but it costs an awful lot of money." Then with a perfunctory "Giddap, Betsy," he lapsed into silence and we moved on again.

At the "Tavern-on-the-Green," a city-run restaurant for "Just Folks," I called a halt and we hopped down and ran in to the bar for a pleasantly warming hot toddy. Carole with her kind heart said, "Let's bring the cabbie a mug of ale, and don't look—." With this last I saw her take the sugar bowl from the table and practically empty all the lumps into her purse.

"What's the big idea?" I demanded.

"You haven't forgotten Betsy so soon, have you?" she returned.

I admitted I had, for the moment, and then we left the place where the kind of people go who spend a whole evening on $10. Needless to say, the cabbie liked his ale but not half so much as Betsy, who seemed quite flustered by the sugary attention from Carole.

With a neigh of approval, Betsy was on her way and it seemed no time until we were back at the cab stand. The cabbie looked down at us from his seat and I passed him $1.95. He appeared quite appreciative and said, "Where to now?" Carole started to say "the Waldorf" but I interrupted and said, "To Lexington Avenue and 50th Street," which incidentally is one of the entrances to the Waldorf. The old man, somehow sensing that my purse was badly diminished, said, "I know that subway station and, because you're so kind, I will drive you over there free."

A few minutes later we said our thanks and good-bye to our most agreeable host, and as soon as the sound of Betsy's hoofs was out of hearing we ducked into the hotel lobby.

I sighed with relief. Carole looked questioningly at me and I explained, "It's darn lucky that old fellow brought us over here free. The buses have stopped now and we might have had to walk the mile home. If he hadn't brought us I hate to think where I would have had to go at 1:30 in the morning to borrow taxi fare."

(*Please turn to page* 58)

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Insure a good digestion with BEEMAN'S It's a wise policy
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A grand flavor . . . so smooth . . . so satisfying so completely delicious
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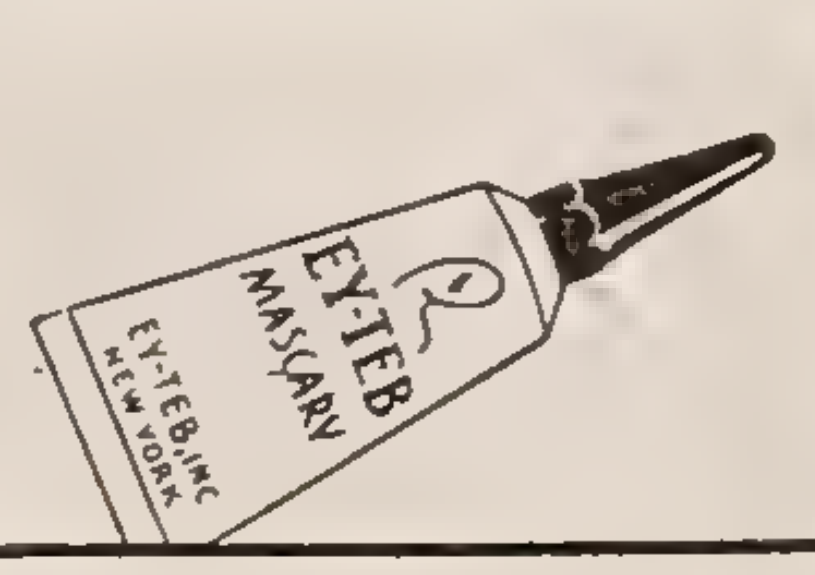

EY-TEB, INC. FIFTH AVENUE NEW YORK

$10 Is a Lot of Money

(*Continued from page 57*)

Carole laughed and said, "But how much did you have left?"

I held out my palm with seven pennies and said, "Here, the remnants of our fortune. Do you mind if I keep it? I have a friend who has a baby with a penny bank, and I promise you I won't so much as buy a morning paper. It will all go right in the bank."

"Permission granted," said Carole, "and what's more, thanks for the most fun I've had since I don't remember when."

The Mary Smiths and the Betty Joneses can step out with their Joe Colleges and have fun on $10 or even less. So too can the Carole Lombards and Jean Harlows step out with their Joe Doakses and have fun on $10.

Whether it's Hollywood or Ashtabula, $10 Is a Lot of Money!

$10 Date Budget	
Cross-town bus	$ .20
The Music Hall	1.98
Sixth Avenue Elevated	.10
The Village Barn	3.95
Fifth Avenue Bus	.20
Hansom Cab	1.95
Tavern-on-the-Green	1.55
Pennies for the Bank	.07
Round-the-town	$10.00

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page 30*)

their paths cross again and this time Lewis confesses his love for Ann, saying he has loved her all the time. Which just knocks Ann for a row of ginger-ale bottles. And here's where we come in.

In her elegant Park Avenue apartment, Miss Harding paces the floor wearily. Marshall, still wearing his overcoat, watches her sympathetically.

He says: "My attitude toward you, at the moment, is that of a doctor toward a patient. . . ."

"And . . . you have a diagnosis?"

"Yes, I have. Your complete return to the normal depends upon how expediently we can separate a young man from his wife—and give you Mr. Kerry. . . ."

"Gordon!" Ann gasps.

"You *are* in love with him . . . ?" She shakes her head.

"Don't lie! . . . you are!" Marshall declares.

"Don't raise your voice to me!"

Marshall loses control. "I'll shout it from the house tops!"

"GO SHOUT IT THEN!!" Ann tops him.

Maureen is plenty mad and threatens to slap Ann's name all over the front pages, but Herb . . . good old Herb! saves the situation by calmly announcing that he and Ann are to be married.

So . . . giving Lewis back to Maureen, Miss Harding squashes her broken heart against the Marshall chest, and we go home hoping it'll all come out in the wash.

LOVE ME FOREVER
•
COLUMBIA

You who have been holding your breath while waiting for another Grace Moore picture can sit back and relax now because here 'tis. And we know you are going to like it.

Miss Moore plays an erstwhile heiress who has suddenly gone broke and doesn't know what to do about it.

On a last fling, at Lake Placid, she meets Robert Allen who wants to marry her and is wealthy enough to help her carry on in the style to which she was accustomed.

Not sure that she loves him, Grace returns to New York to auction off her furniture for enough money to pay her outstanding debts. And, coming to the auction to bid on some pieces he wants for his night club, Leo Carrillo hears Miss Moore pitching a few high C's in an adjoining room.

He invites her to sing at his club. But the jazz-mad patrons boo her simple little folk song off the floor and that seems to be that, until Carrillo gets another idea.

Corralling every dime he owns, the fellow builds a lavish club that appeals to the elite who buy season tickets to the Metropolitan Opera House. There, Miss Moore sings to an appreciative audience, but, even with the place packed to the gunwales, the expense of keeping up such an elaborate club is so great that poor Leo finds himself in the red, and getting redder all the time.

Meantime, Grace has met up with another singer, Michael Bartlett, and, while their mutual interest draws them together, we can't help hoping that she will eventually come to appreciate Carrillo, who, by this time, has broken himself completely to finance Miss Moore's debut in grand opera.

Jo Swerling and Sidney Buchman have outdone themselves on the story, but the studio isn't telling how the thing will end. Which is all right by us. We love our denouements, we do.

In their respective dressing-rooms, Bartlett and Miss Moore were vocalizing with all their might. And, with "Pagliacci" coming in one ear, and "Carmen" coming in the other, we were just a little sorry we'd left our earmuffs back in Michigan.

But Director Schertzinger stood there with eyes closed and such a beatific expression on his sensitive face that he might have been listening to an angel chorus!

HOORAY FOR LOVE
•
RKO

Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, erstwhile sweetie pies, aren't speaking any more because of a rumor that Gene had sent a dozen orchids to the object of his affections. It was just a rumor and nothing more, but, not wanting the American public to think him such a spendthrift, Gene ups and denies the allegation. A bit testily, Miss Sothern declared she didn't see any reason in bothering to deny the tale, but . . . Gene *still* did, so-oo-o . . . it's synthetic romance on the set where they can't get out of it. *But* glares, and how, between shots! With Director Walter Lang and the rest of the crew getting a chuckle out of the squabble.

But, on with the play. Lawrence

On-the-Set Reviews

Hazard and Ray Harris got together on this story of the trials and tribulations of a fair-haired boy whose success with college musicals has led him to believe that Broadway is panting for his services (or will be, when they get a peek at what he can do!).

Out of money, Gene persuades Thurston Hall (Ann's papa) to marry a nice old dame, called the "Duchess," who will back the show for a husband. Hall gets as far as the "Will you?" stage, but with the coveted check in Gene's jeans, and the "I do!" business just around the corner, papa gets cold tootsies and scrams. And, on the opening night, "Duchess" stops payment on the check unless papa comes back and follows through. Which he finally does, out of desperation.

So, the show goes on to the usual bang-up success and everybody lives happy ever after—except papa!

Sitting on the arm of the davenport, Gene looks down at Ann, tenderly. "You're great stuff, Pat," he says.

"I think so, too," she agrees.

"Tell me—" he goes on, "were you ever born in a big white house, surrounded by a high green hedge?"

"With an orchard and a patch of woods and a natural spring?"

"Yeh . . . and little taxes growing all over the place? Nothing like walking out in the garden and picking yourself a nice bunch of taxes! Boy! am I glad I got rid of that place. Just think, I might have had to get married in that old shack."

"Not to me, you wouldn't!" Ann declares.

"Let's see," Gene meditates, " . . . lost my house, lost my show, have no prospects—say, don't I get anything out of this?"

Ann looks up at him. "All you have to do is take it," she says.

"Let's have it then!"

So they kiss (like they—meant it, too!) and we stagger out into the rain, wondering how they make it look so real . . . mad, like that, and everything?

STRANDED
•
WARNERS

After finishing this one, Kay Francis dashed cross-country, hopped a big boat and landed in Paris, where, the gossips say, she will put her head into the marital noose with Maurice Chevalier, who beat her to Gay Paree by about seventeen knots. But, don't look at us, my friends. We don't know how true it is.

Anyway, we'll still have this to remember her by, and if this story, by Frank Wead and Ferdie Reyher, is as good as it sounds, Kay can put another notch in her gun.

Kay works for the Travelers' Aid Society, and, from behind her counter at the Union Station, she looks after children traveling alone; helps distracted mothers find their wandering daughters; locates living quarters for timid strangers; and generally, behaves like a "good deed in a naughty world."

To her counter comes George Brent who is supervising the construction of a steel bridge nearby. And, before Kay can open her mouth, George shouts:

"Whenever Januschek gets drunk, he wants to go back and see his wife! If you people didn't butt in on other people's business, he couldn't get there! He's the best steel worker on the Coast and you've got to get him back for me!"

And that, kiddies, is the beginning of a beautiful friendship. They argue a lot, and Patricia Ellis, who has moved in on Kay, tries to get Brent for herself, but George knows his own mind. And just as he's about to get down on one knee to propose, trouble breaks out at the bridge.

Fearing for him, Kay follows along to the scene of action and, sure enough, there's her boy friend knocked cold for trying to make a dozen mugs listen to reason!

Taking him home, she puts him up on her davenport for the night. And Patricia, getting in in time for breakfast, is tickled to death to put her own construction on the situation. That day Kay is kicked out of the Travelers' Bureau for having a man in her apartment all night.

Next day there's another fight at the bridge. And if you don't mind seeing a man take off into empty space from the tip end of a steel girder, come along . . . I'll look, too!

The way Kay fixes things up is something Director Frank Borzage would rather I'd not tell. Suffice it to say, it's a breath-taking finale, with all's-well-that-ends-well-but-keep - away from-that-edge-there! for Kay and George.

CHINA SEAS
•
M-G-M

Captain of a ship that is suspected of running fire-arms from Hong Kong to Singapore, Clark Gable is annoyed to find Jean Harlow, the gal he intended to leave behind him, on board. A five-year-old romance, Rosalind Russell, whom Clark has loved and left because she happened to be a married woman, is also aboard, and, when she tells him that her husband is now skeet shooting in the Happy Hunting Ground, Gable is more afraid than ever that Harlow will gum up the works.

Truly loving the man, Jean determines to fight for her rights and, donning an irresistible (to everybody but Gable) evening gown of ashes-of-roses satin, she goes to his stateroom. He isn't a bit glad to see her but, belonging to the Hollywood Northwest Mounted, Jean turns from the door and languidly selects a book from the table.

"I was just looking for a book, lambie," she says casually. "I've decided to improve my mind. . . ."

"Hm-mm," Clark says indifferently, "pick out *two* books. Give yourself an even break!"

Looking in the book, Jean says: "It says here 'his very words caressed her' . . . I bet you get hot and cold flashes when you read that—"

"Yeh? Maybe you don't know it, but I'm the guy they're writing about—now go on, scram out of here, little one."

Jean sits down and looks up at him. "That's right . . . you don't have time to fool around with the passengers."

"It's your fault," Clark grins and buttons his collar, "you wanted to be one!"

Heartbroken when Gable announces his engagement to Miss Russell, Jean consoles herself by playing "Put and Take" with Wallace Beery, a rascally China Seas trader. Winning most of his money, Jean proceeds to drink the big fella under the table and when Beery wakes up to discover that she has taken him for a hundred-pound note with some Chinese characters written on it, well . . . to put it mildly, heck breaks loose!

A pirate junk comes alongside and there is a battle to the finish, with

(*Please turn to page* 60)

"Funny-tasting stuff . . . this knitting! Can't say the brown kind is particularly good. Not much flavor. How's that white stuff you've got, Brother — lemme try a mouthful of that!"

"Say, this is swell—a nice long, hard bone in it! Feels great on that place where there's going to be a new tooth next week. No — you can't have it! I found it! G'wan off — it's mine!"

"Oh, take it, cry-baby! This woolly stuff's making you cross . . . you need Johnson's Baby Powder to soothe away the prickles. It's so soft, it makes any baby good-natured — even you!"

"I'm Johnson's Baby Powder . . . when I'm on guard, skin irritations don't have a chance to get started! I 'slip' like satin for I'm made of finest Italian talc. No zinc stearate—and no orris-root. And does your baby have Johnson's Baby Soap and Baby Cream? He should!"

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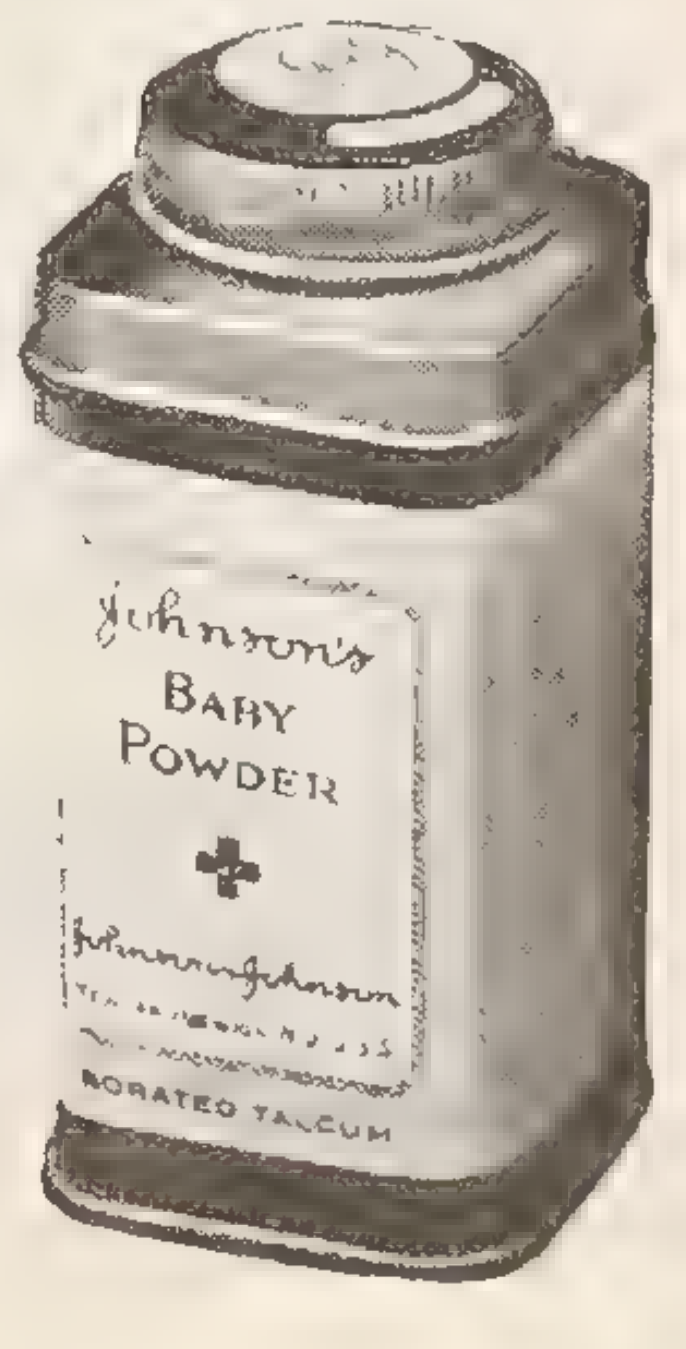

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Here's a new kind of deodorant—a welcome improvement. No need to spread it on or rub it in with the fingers. No need to dig into a jar. Use it before or after you are dressed—it cannot injure clothing. No waiting for it to dry, and you can use it right after shaving.

This new deodorant is the size and shape of a lipstick—applied as easily as a lipstick. A few touches to the armpits and you are protected against odor for the day.

Its name? Perstik. And because it is the size and shape of a lipstick, it is easy to keep in your purse for use during the day or evening. If you have ever—even for a single moment — suspected the presence of under-arm odor when away from your boudoir, you will appreciate having a Perstik with you in your purse at all times.

Drug and department stores throughout the world feature Perstik at 50¢. Or, send 10¢ for trial size to *"Perstik 465A Fifth Ave., New York City"*

Perstik

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 59)

explosions, tortures 'n' everything. But, in the end, Clark (with an eye on the Hays office) decides to make an honest woman of Jean, discovering that, after all, Miss Russell would hardly fit in with his rough-house design for living.

Jay Garnett directed.

FRISCO NIGHTS
•
UNIVERSAL

Hugh O'Connell had just returned from a trip to New York when we caught him on the set and demanded to know all about it.

"Well . . ." he said seriously, "I was sort of disappointed all the way along. Y'know, I stopped off at all the towns I'd played, thinking perhaps I'd see a familiar face or something to remind me of all the good times we had in those road show days." He sighed forlornly. "It was pretty discouraging. Hotels had changed . . . the theaters were all stepped up . . . depots were bigger and better. But, one thing had stayed the same. The hash we got at the lunch counters! And boy! Did I eat a plateful!

Hugh is playing a dumb detective in this L. G. Blochman story, and having a lot of fun doing it. That's if Director Murray Roth isn't looking, Hugh is having a lot of fun. And if Director Murray Roth *is* looking, then they both have a lot of fun!

Anyhow, in the story, Lyle Talbot is a demoted government agent who is driving a Chinatown sight-seeing bus to keep the gas heater burning. Escorting his party through a chop suey joint, he runs smack into a mysterious murder, and it's like the smell of the smoke of battle to a war horse!

Sleuthing around, he discovers Valerie Hobson acting very strangely and wanting to get out of there. Well, that looks bad. But the dame's so beautiful, and . . . you know our Lyle? He just tucks her under his arm and makes the best of it.

It's exciting enough, as mysteries go. Anyhow, there are secret panels, dark alleys, apertures opening to admit hands with revolvers, knives, etc., and finally, the real culprit dragged through a sliding panel right alongside the booth where the body was found.

We won't tell you who done the dastardly deed. It'll be more fun if you go and see for yourself. And with O'Connell, Henry Armetta and Andy Devine in the case, there ought to be enough laughs to make it interesting. Our old friend Leslie Fenton is there, too, playing an Oriental. BUT swell!

GIRL FROM TENTH AVENUE
•
WARNERS

If you read Hubert Henry Davies' novel, "Outcast," then we won't have to tell you the plot of "The Girl from Tenth Avenue."

Ian Hunter is the man, and gals, here's something you're going to learn to care for! Tall, handsome, with a charming British accent. And he can act, too. We watched him at a table in a French cafe, where Bette Davis had steered him after dragging him away from the scene of his fickle sweetheart's wedding.

Ian is filling the champagne glasses. Bette says: "Say, mister . . . I'm beginning to feel this!"

"You're lucky," he says bitterly. "I wish you could have the fun I am. I never expected to find myself in a joint like this!"

"You've been swell . . . keeping me from going nuts all day," he looks at his watch. Bette covers the watch with her hand.

"Please don't . . ." she begs.

His eyes are heavy with bitterness. "The boat left the dock half an hour ago. . . ."

"Let's dance," she is trying to get the man's mind off his tragedy. "What do you say?"

Hunter looks blindly into space. "She . . . she's alone with him now."

Impulsively Bette puts her arm around him. "You've been swell up to now," she says. "Don't go to pieces!"

"Don't leave me!" he groans. "I can't be alone. . . ."

"I'm sticking," Bette assures him. "I have my arm around you . . . right here in a public place." She puts her lips on his hair, gently. "You're just a poor little kid that wants to be petted. . . ."

He moves his head on her shoulder. Le's get drunk. . . ."

"Sure!" Bette agrees.

And do they get drunk? My goodness, so much so that they wake up next morning married! And it works out nicely, too, until Ian's erstwhile fiancée gets tired of listening to her ancient hubby's bones creak and goes on the make for Ian again.

But Bette stands by faithfully and you just know that even though her husband makes a fool of himself, well . . . what are wives for but to stick around until their men get sense?

Al Green directs, capably as usual.

SHE
•
RKO

If you go for the bizarre in pictures, then this is the one to check for future reference. H. Rider Haggard could have written it for no purpose other than pure entertainment, because we're telling you right now that it couldn't possibly have happened. And, if it did—we still don't believe it!

Randy Scott and Nigel Bruce go off in search of an element of "eternal life." They believe this is a flame, so hot that, instead of destroying, it preserves, just as a million volts of electricity may be harmless, while a mere thousand volts will kill you.

Furthermore, there is a family legend to the effect that, five hundred years before, another explorer (who looks so much like Randy that we suspect it might have been Randy!) had found in Muscovy a flame of eternal life!

Crossing the unchartered Sugul Barrier, Randy, Bruce and Helen Mack find a perilously poised glacier *and* . . . will you believe it? . . . frozen in it are the members of Randy's ancestorial expedition!

In attempting to cut through to get at it, Helen Mack's father causes a landslide that destroys the entire expedition, with the exception (and didn't you guess?) of Scott, Bruce and Helen!

Rescued from a savage tribe by Gustav von Seyffertitz, they are led before the throne of "She" (Helen Gahagan) and, because she has had a big crush on Randy's ancestor, five hundred years before, she is just in the mood to carry on from where she left off, all those years ago!

Jealous of Helen Mack, "She" diabolically plans to use the poor girl as a living sacrifice at the yearly Ceremony of the Flame.

Incidentally, the fire dance is one of the most colossal (really) spectacles we have seen in many a day. Wearing gold masks, a la Benda, the dancers execute a weird routine to the maddening beat of the tom-toms and, watching

BABIES BY THE *hundred thousand* HAVE THRIVED ON GERBER'S *Strained Vegetables*

SIX years ago Gerber began saving young mothers hours of daily tiresome work . . . began giving babies strained vegetables richer in *vitamins* and *minerals,* more scientifically prepared than home equipment permits.

This year's babies have a *special* treat in store. They'll find their Gerber's Strained Vegetables finer than ever in flavor . . . fresher-tasting, brighter in color, more uniformly cooked because of Shaker-Cooking, an exclusive new Gerber process that shortens cooking time 50% to 60%.

Gerber's Strained Vegetables are specially grown—fresher, richer in vitamins. Air-excluding equipment further protects vitamins. Moisture regulation conserves mineral salts. Straining is through monel metal five times as fine as kitchen sieves. Gerber's Strained Vegetables are unseasoned. Serve as they are or season slightly if the doctor directs.

Nine Shaker-Cooked Strained Foods
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Peas . Green Beans
Spinach . . . Cereal
4½-oz. cans.

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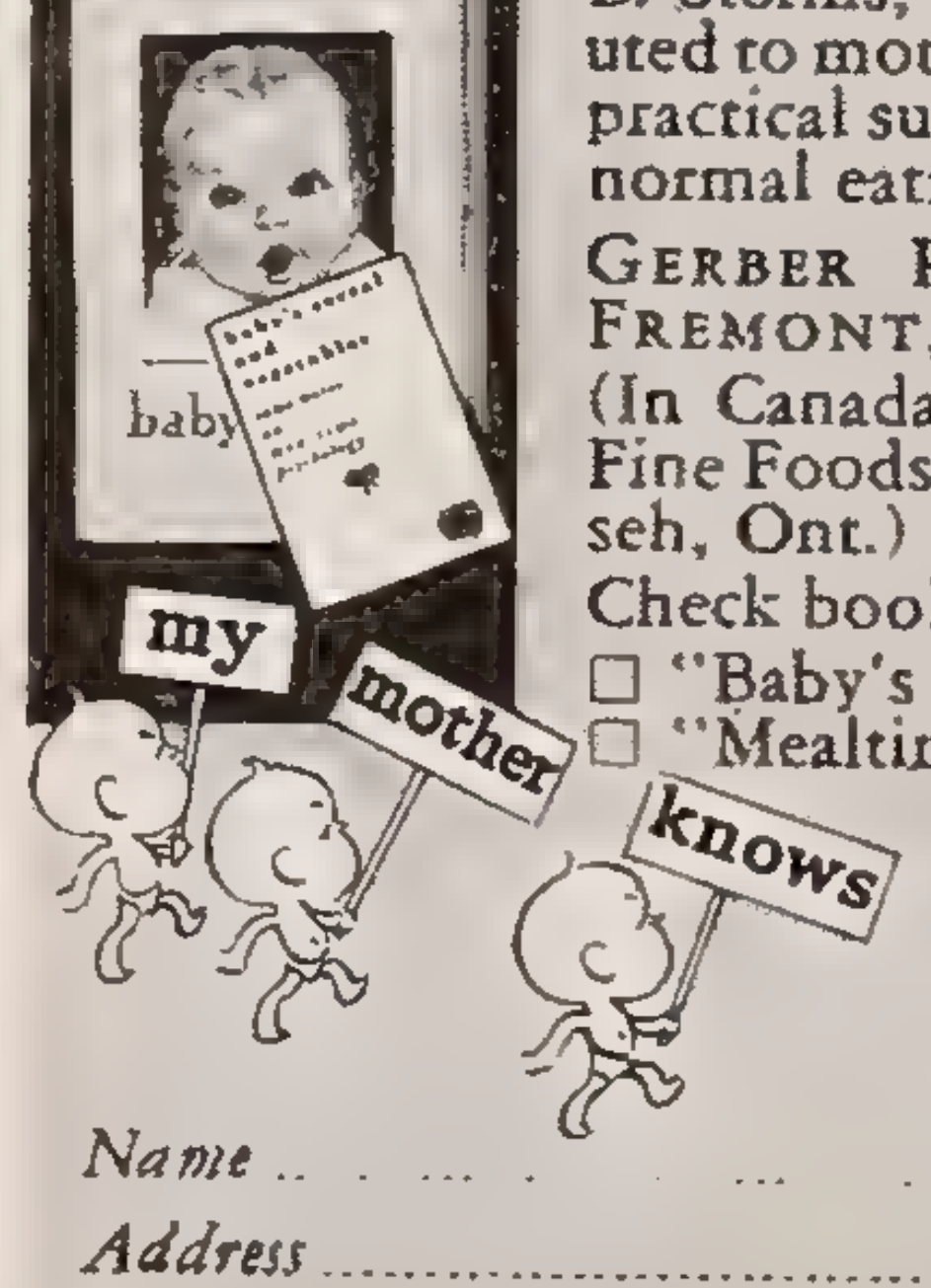

MOTHERS! Send for these helpful books. "Baby's Book"—practical information on daily care of baby, by Harriet Davis, R. N. "Mealtime Psychology," by Lillian B. Storms, Ph. D.—widely distributed to mothers by physicians for its practical suggestions in developing normal eating habits.

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On-the-Set Reviews

it, the thrills chased up and down our spinal column.

Of course, Randy rescues his trembling girl friend and, in giving angry chase, "She" steps into the flames that have given her eternal life up 'til now. But, this time there seems to be a short circuit some place. For an instant, "She" is glorified. Then, before their amazed eyes Miss Gahagan is reduced to a hag-like old woman, who dies at their feet!

And then, all the kids have to do is go home and try and make their friends believe they were sober all the time!

It took two directors, Irving Pichel and L. C. Holden, to keep track of this one. And we're not surprised at all.

ALIBI IKE

•

WARNERS

You deserve a good laugh after that one and who can dish out the giggles any better than Joe E. Brown?

Joe is back on the ball diamond again, but this time, instead of thinking he's a combination of the Dean boys and Babe Ruth, Joe never makes a home run nor a swell field catch without apologizing for it!

If he makes a mistake, he has an excuse, and if he makes a triple play all by himself, he swears he could have done better if the short stop hadn't got in the way!

Falling in love with the team captain's daughter, Olivia de Haviland, Joe declares that the letters he gets from her are from a college chum. And when Olivia blossoms out with a diamond the size of the Kohinoor, he says he just loaned it to her to fool a friend.

Olivia overhears this and, that night, Joe finds his ring and a note informing him that the engagement is off. And right there our hero's batting average drops from .400 to .000.

With the World Series just around the corner, the rest of the boys write to Olivia, assuring her that Joe is so bashful that he was afraid to come right out and admit that he asked such a beautiful girl to be his bride! So, what does Olivia do? Well, she does exactly as you and Director Ray Enright want her to do.

So, with Olivia in a tender mood, Captain Bill Frawley arranges to give Joe a few days off to go to Boston and do a little scouting.

"Have a good time!" the boys call as he starts to leave.

But you can't change the leopard's spots. "I ain't lookin' for no good time," says Joe. "I'm just goin' scoutin'."

"Aw, c'mon," the boys insist. "You better have a drink on us before you go."

"Well . . ." says Joe, "they do claim it helps a cold!"

Ray Enright directed this famous Ring Lardner story.

THE RAVEN

•

UNIVERSAL

This one, taken from Edgar Allen Poe's "The Raven" and "Gold-bug," contains a little bit of both and not much of either.

There is a raven, all right, but it's no more than a stuffed one and simply hangs innocently on Bela Lugosi's wall as a symbol of ill omen and . . . death!

Operating on Irene Ware, Lugosi goes for her in such a big way that he casts a spell on her, hoping to get her for himself. Which doesn't go over at all with Irene's fiancé, Lester Matthews.

Boris Karloff, a notorious criminal, comes to Lugosi to have his face reconstructed and the surgeon agrees to do the job if Karloff will help him turn a mean trick he has up his sleeve for Irene. Karloff agrees, figuring that he can slip out of the dirty work once his face is fixed. But, when Lugosi removes the bandages, the Karloff "phiz" is "phixed," all right, and so horribly that the poor fellow will do anything Lugosi says in order to have his features restored.

Well, to think up so much dirty work, Lugosi should be quintuplets, at least! With Karloff's unwilling assistance, he chases people all over the spooky house, finally coralling Miss Ware and Matthews in a trick room that is controlled by a switch that brings the walls together!

We're going to leave you here, because Karloff and Matthews are having "tiffin" on the other side of the set, and have given us a hearty wig-wag to join them!

The left side of Karloff's face is presentable, but, getting around on the other side—so help me, we dropped a perfectly good cup, full of tea, too! Horribly twisted and scarred, the right side looks as though it might be a relief map of North America! An artificial eye has been slipped over Karloff's own right eye and the thing, besides being painful, points off at a crazy angle that gave us the jitters in no time at all!

But we drank tea and inquired of Matthews how he liked our country. And here's another British charmer, ladies, that might do things to your blood pressure if I weren't obliged to warn you that he's already married! He thinks Hollywood is slightly mad, "but," he assures us, "I don't think people are interesting unless they *are* a little mad, do you?" which pleased us no end, being the way we are!

These tea parties are all right and we were just reaching for our third cup (counting the one we dropped) when Director Louis Friedlander called, "On the set!" And that was that until next time.

BROADWAY GONDOLIER

•

WARNERS

Because we can't hear too much of Dick Powell's voice, and because it sounds like a swell story, and because it took three good writers (Sig Herzig, Hans Kraly and E. Y. Harburg) three weeks to throw the tale together; and because three's our lucky number, well . . . for reasons of our own, we're putting this one in the Best List! Furthermore, we're crazy about the Mills Brothers and Director Lloyd Bacon. So there!

Dick, a New York cab driver, is the pupil of Adolphe Menjou, a broken-down old opera singer, whose faith in the lad is only exceeded by his determination to put Dick across.

With a couple of drunken opera critics in his cab, Dick turns loose a few arias, and the soaks are so impressed that they give him a letter to one of the better radio stations.

However, on the night of his scheduled try-out, a pair of cops hop on the running board and order our would-be crooner to "follow that car!", so, there he is, stuck with a mouthful of "bo-bo-bo-boes" and no place to put 'em!

Louise Fazenda, owner of a cheese corporation, goes to Europe to unearth

(*Please turn to page 64*)

to keep lips young and lovely enjoy Double Mint gum—everyday
WRIGLEY'S
DOUBLE MINT
CHEWING GUM
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FIVE STICKS
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YOU TELL US

A page which is growing to be one of the most popular in the magazine. Your page. We reserve it for your opinions. Say what you like about pictures, or about us, and you may see it in print

We feel that we owe you an explanation. In the past few months this page has grown so popular that we are simply swamped with letters. We could fill the whole magazine with them, but you wouldn't like that. So the best we can do is print one or two out of each hundred that come in. We make no pretense of printing the "best" letters. We try to print the ones that are interesting to the greatest number of people, that's all. For instance, we are still receiving scores of answers to Mrs. Dorothy Johnson's letter of three months ago, saying she wished the old stars would quit. And we remember one, this month, about Gareth Hughes, that brought tears to our eyes . . . Just to show you what would happen if we printed every letter that came in, we are taking one line each from just a part of the letters that have come in answer to Mrs. Magley's, and printing the excerpts below.

"Bing Crosby can do no wrong," say twenty-nine letters. "Are Dolores Del Rio's lips actually the shape they are in photographs?" "Freddie Bartholomew is a full-fledged artist." So say other interesting letters received in this department.

NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE pays one dollar for every interesting and constructive letter published. Address communications to A-Dollar-for-Your-Thoughts, NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Mrs. Magley Please Notice . . .

"A scallion to Mrs. J. Magley for her sarcastic comments on my ideal, Bing Crosby."—*Miss Frances McCann, Hartford, Conn.* "My dear Mrs. Magley. Not onions to Bing Crosby, but onions to you. I agree with you in saying that Rudy Vallee has a goofy map, but at that he reigns over Lanny Ross."—*Dorothy Goans, Lafayette, Indiana.* "I have just read what some lady thinks about Bing Crosby. Don't you mind, Bing!" — *Pearl Sykes, Smithfield, Va.* "Orchids to Mrs. J. Magley for her letter in regard to Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee. All they've got is a lot of ballyhoo."—*Frank Guest, Ashton, R. I.* "Let me impart a few well-chosen words to Mrs. Magley and her ilk. When criticising in the future, stop and think before writing words that don't hold together."—*Cecilia Joseph, North Vassalboro, Maine.* "Mrs. Magley: I know the people who read your letter would like to shake you, so you would wake up."—*Miss Alberta Robinson, Chesterfield, Indiana.* "So Mrs. Magley thinks Bing Crosby deserves tomatoes and grapefruit. It really is a shame millions don't agree

(*Please turn to page* 66)

This is your last chance to win a grand trip to Hollywood or New York with all expenses paid. The contest for this year closes with this issue. Awards will be made soon. Find complete details below

A NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE FAN WILL PRESENT THESE AWARDS

The People's Academy of Motion Pictures (sponsored by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE) will present twelve gold medals for what the readers of this magazine consider to be the twelve outstanding achievements of the year 1935 in the films. Letters from our readers, carefully tabulated, will be the sole guides to these awards. It is your vote that will count when we make the final decision!

Address letters to The People's Academy or Dollar Thoughts department of this magazine, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Write us what you think. Medals will be given for the following:

1. BEST ALL-AROUND FEATURE PICTURE
2. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTRESS)
3. BEST PERFORMANCE (ACTOR)
4. BEST MUSICAL PICTURE
5. BEST HUMAN INTEREST PICTURE
6. BEST MYSTERY PICTURE
7. BEST ROMANCE
8. BEST COMEDY
9. BEST SHORT REEL PICTURE
10. BEST NEWSREEL PICTURE
11. BEST DIRECTION
12. BEST STORY

When all these votes are counted at the end of the year, the winners will be named. Then the fan whose vote most closely tallies with the final compilation will be given a trip to New York or Hollywood to present the awards. The stars and producers who win the medals will be there in person to receive them, wherever production schedules permit. All expenses to and from Hollywood or New York and entertainment, hotel accommodations, etc., will be borne by THE NEW MOVIE MAGAZINE. Be sure to cast your vote carefully and YOU MAY WIN THIS THRILLING TRIP.

Which story do you like best in this month's New Movie? (Title) ....

Which story do you dislike in this month's New Movie? (Title) ....

Name .... Address ....

JULY

MUSIC in the Movies

By

JOHN EDGAR WEIR

The Hollywood song factories are shutting down for the Summer, but such tunes as the new films offer are good

Maria Gambarelli, who dances in the picture, "Hooray for Love."

"HOORAY FOR LOVE," the RKO musical production starring Gene Raymond and Ann Sothern, offers music written by Jimmy McHugh and Dorothy Fields, famous for their writing of hits for night club floor shows, and whose contribution to last year's list of ace tunes was the popular "Lost in a Fog." Included in the score of the film we have "You're an Angel," a love ballad; "I'm Living in a Great Big Way," a rhythmic tune, and the title song, "Hooray for Love."

Mae West also presents a few of her characteristic songs in her new Paramount picture "Goin' to Town." The erstwhile Belle of the Nineties sings "He's a Bad Man," "Love is Love in Any Woman's Heart" and "Now I'm a Lady," a blue tune written in a minor key in which Mae tells us she has reformed.

So much for the current picture songs, and while the Crosbys, Vallees, Cantors, Powells and Astaires are busy planning and preparing those pictures which give us many big song hits, let us look at the current records.

"I'M LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY" from "Hooray for Love" is played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. This is a contagious rhythm number and the whole outfit rocks with rhythm. Benny, himself, sizzles in a lively interlude which will give you a lift. If you like a great dance band you'll love this recording. Buddy Clark does justice to the vocal chorus.

The reverse side carries "Hooray for Love" from the picture of the same name, also played by Benny Goodman. This one is a more melodic tune with the tempo cut down a bit, but the band rides through it in jazzeroo style. Benny's clarinet is again featured in a half chorus and he does a masterful job. Helen Ward handles the vocal in a pleasing manner. (Victor.)

"YOU'RE AN ANGEL," also from "Hooray for Love," is played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. This charming love ballad is probably the best song in the picture and Jan Garber's silken-smooth style serves to emphasize its beauty. The popular sax section, which is so similar to that of Lombardo's, has the major role, but a muted interlude also meets with approval. The lyrics are fresh and lovely as sung by Lew Palmer.

The opposite side presents "To Call You My Own," also played by the Jan Garber band. A slow tempo fox trot ideally suited to the suave style of Garber. The saxes are superb. The vocal is sung by Fritz Heilbron. (Victor.)

"THE LADY IN RED" from the forthcoming picture, "In Caliente," is played by Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria orchestra. This is a typical rhumba and Cugat's outfit, a top band in this field, gets plenty of Latin color into the arrangement. Some very original tricks are employed in a string interlude, but when it's all over we must confess we can't get excited over these rhumbas. However, when we see Miss Del Rio dance to their Latin strains we may change our minds. Don Reid sings a vocal in English.

The other side brings us "Tina" also played by the Cugat crew. This is in tango tempo and falls a bit easier on the ear. Incidentally, the melody was composed by Will Grosz who gave us that country-sweeping "Isle of Capri." Of course "Tina" is a long way from "Capri," but Cugat's string section does a fine job. Don Reid again sings an English vocal. (Victor.)

"MUSIC IN MY HEART," from "Nit Wits," is played by the Jan Garber tunitians. We have no desire to crowd you with the Garber band, but at this writing, his is the only recording of the number. The tune is of the sweet melodic type and is well executed by the leader and his mates. The smooth saxes have the spotlight most of the time. Lew Palmer sings an alluring vocal.

"Now I'm a Lady," from Mae West's picture, "Goin' to Town," is featured on the other side of the disc. Written and played in a minor key, this is the sort of song that features the lyrics, which in this case are comical a la West, in spite of the minor strains. Lee Bennett handles the lyrics. (Victor.)

FOR the Vallee fans we wish to recommend his latest and incidentally his last until he returns from the Coast. The number is "Life is a Song," written by the composer of Crosby's "Where the Blue of the Night." This is a beautiful melody wedded to a fresh lyric and virtually made to order for the popular crooner. A pleasant recording with Vallee at his vocal peak. If this song isn't a hit we miss our guess.

Rudy returns on the other side with "You Opened My Eyes," another popular tune, and does an equally fine job. This time the Connecticut Yankees turn in a fine performance in a medium tempo. A splendid couplet, this.

"THE ST. LOUIS BLUES," W. C. Handy's perpetual favorite, seems to crop up on new records every time you turn around, each time dressed in a different fashion. But for entirely new treatment, listen to the Charioteers, a colored male quartet singing it in genuine concert style and without one ounce

(*Please turn to page 65*)

HITS OF THE MONTH

"YOU'RE AN ANGEL." Played by Jan Garber and his orchestra. (Victor)

"LIFE IS A SONG." Played by Rudy Vallee and his Connecticut Yankees. (Victor)

"EVERYTHING'S BEEN DONE BEFORE." Played by Richard Himber and his orchestra. (Brunswick)

"LIVING IN A GREAT BIG WAY." played by Benny Goodman and his orchestra. (Victor)

"VACATION DAYS
are
HEALTHY DAYS—
but..

—it takes more than these glorious vacation days to keep me gliding along the main stream to health. I keep a sharp eye on diet, too. Shredded Wheat is my favorite breakfast because I discovered how it helps build lasting energy and strength."

Millions of vigorous outdoor folk put crisp, golden-brown Shredded Wheat on the diet list that builds glowing health.

Why? Because Shredded Wheat is made entirely of one of Nature's most perfect creations. *It's whole wheat—nothing added, nothing taken away!* Each tasty, nut-brown biscuit contains a natural balance of the vital health elements—the minerals, carbohydrates and vitamins so necessary to well-being.

Try this favorite breakfast tomorrow morning. Heap it high with fresh, juicy fruits of the season.

Ask for the package showing the picture of Niagara Falls and the red N.B.C. Uneeda Seal.

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NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

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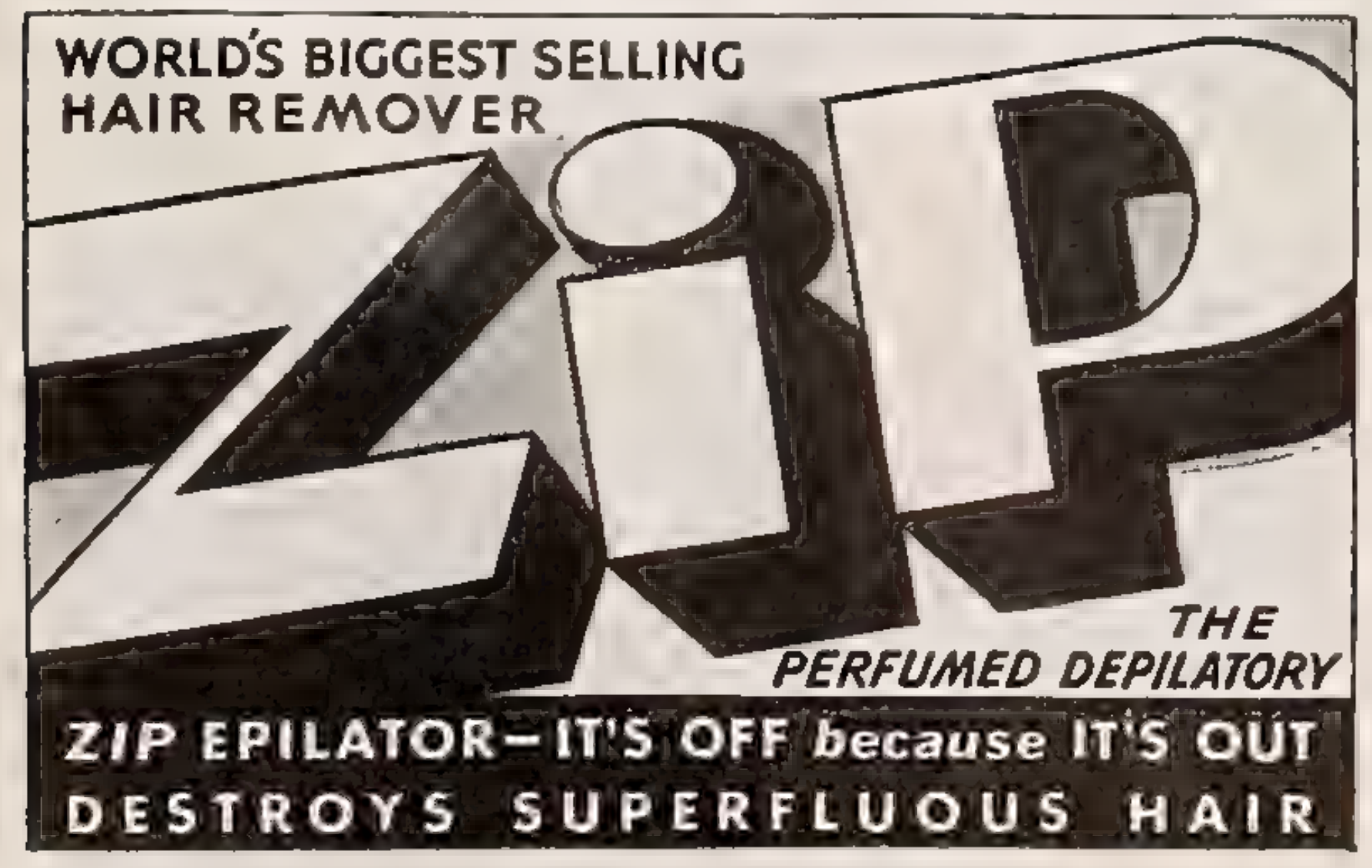


THE PERFUMED DEPILATORY

ZIP EPILATOR—IT'S OFF *because* IT'S OUT
DESTROYS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR

On-the-Set Reviews

(*Continued from page* 61)

some real talent for the "Choosey Cheese" program she is sponsoring on the air. Joan Blondell, who has met up with Dick when he came up to the radio station where she works, goes along.

With Menjou leaving for Europe, Dick figures "what the heck!" and stows away on the same boat with his vocal teacher, unknown to anybody.

In Venice, Menjou, who could find nothing to do but peddle vegetables, gets Dick a job on a gondola. And there is where Fazenda hears him singing, thinks it is too, TOO romantic and totes him back to New York to star on her cheese program!

Bill Gargan, in love with Joan, threatens to expose Dick for a four-flusher unless he gives up either his career or Joan. And, right in the middle of a program, when Dick sees Gargan leering at him, he stops the program and tells the whole, wide world that he is not a romantic Italian at all, but just a plain ordinary New York cab driver! And what are you going to do about it?

So the good old American radio audience comes through with such a demand for the Broadway gondolier that there's nothing for meanie Gargan to do but bow himself off and mend his evil ways!

NO MORE LADIES
•
M-G-M

In a very swanky dancing salon, Joan Crawford and Bob Montgomery are gliding languorously around the floor, looking very much "that way" at each other.

Bob says: "Sometimes . . . when I'm dancing with you, I am tempted to forget the philosophy I've acquired during a long and useful life."

"Philosophy?" Joan wonders. "Do you *have* a philosophy, darling? I thought it was . . . well, just your natural cussedness that makes you the way you are."

"Does capacity—a *large* capacity for living—indicate 'cussedness'?"

"I don't know, Sherry," Joan says seriously. "I . . . hope not."

"We do have great times together," with that Montgomery murmur.

And so they are married, and Bob promises to be a good boy (as nearly as possible) and declares that if he *should* fall from grace, he'll come to the little woman and confess before the town gossips can do the job for him.

Of course, he does fall, but thinking to "larn" him a lesson, Joan stays out all night with Franchot Tone (in a nice way, and we can prove it!) and is Bob mad!

But, instead of hopping off to Reno, he takes the missus in his arms, forgives all and, while he still doesn't know what she did on her night out, determines to turn over a new leaf and make it work this time.

A. E. Thomas wrote the play. The cast includes Crawford, Montgomery, Tone, Reginald Denny, and for comedy relief, Edna May Oliver and Charlie Ruggles!

LET 'EM HAVE IT
•
RELIANCE (UNITED ARTIST RELEASE)

Aroused by an unprecedented wave of organized crime, America declares relentless war against gangsters and public enemies.

Richard Arlen, an attorney, disgusted with the ease with which lawbreakers beat cases in court, joins the drive, and with him, Harvey Stephens, wealthy sportsman, who has given up a big game hunt to pursue more dangerous human quarry; and Gordon Jones, a dead-shot cowboy who is infuriated by the ruthlessness of modern bad men.

Nipping a daring plot to kidnap Virginia Bruce, the "Three Musketeers" see to it that the gangsters get life sentences, while, much against their better judgment, they allow Virginia to talk the law out of holding her chauffeur, Bruce Cabot, who is in line for a three-yard stretch for carrying a gun.

With Cabot loose, everything happens. He engineers a jail break and a reign of terror sweeps the Middle West, featuring bank hold-ups, the slaughter of innocent bystanders and other gangster atrocities that shock the country.

Among other things, Virginia's brother, Eric Linden, (and we haven't seen that boy for too long) is murdered because the gang thinks he knows too much.

With his face done over by a plastic surgeon, Cabot becomes bolder. And he might have gotten away with it, too, if his girl, convinced that he had been unfaithful to her, hadn't revealed his hideout.

The finish is spectacular, and we've just got to move over and make room for a romantic clinch between Arlen and Miss Bruce. Director Sam Wood says so! The story was written by Joseph Moncure March and Elmer Harris.

PUBLIC HERO NO. 1
•
M-G-M

To get the low-down on a desperate Public Enemy, Chester Morris, a justice operator, allows himself to be put in the same cell with Joe Calleia, the better to get in his confidence.

Calleia is planning a daring jail break and, in order to keep the guy fooled, Chet has to fall in with his plans, which puts the well meaning fellow in a bad spot, believe us.

Wounded in the break, Calleia hides in an abandoned shack and sends Chet for a doctor. And in his mad dash Chet crowds a bus off the road, salvaging a beautiful young passenger, Jean Arthur, who persuades him to take her along.

Falling in love with the girl (just like that!) Chet is amazed to discover that she is the gangster's sister who is trying to find her brother in order to inform him that he has inherited some money.

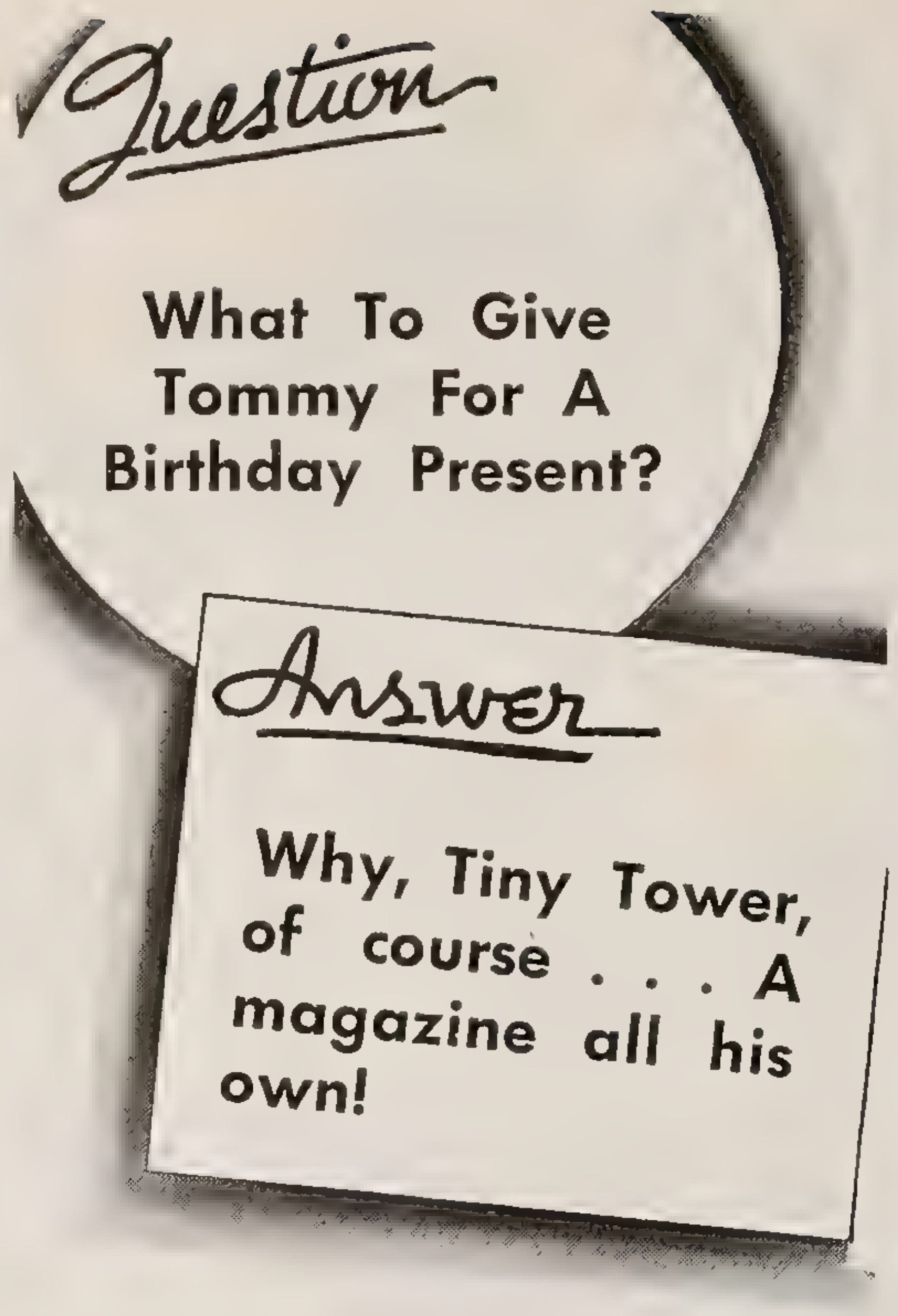
Discovering that Chet is after her brother, Jean naturally turns against him. But when our hero is seriously wounded in a gun battle in which Calleia is killed, Jean takes him to her heart and tells him that she knew "crime didn't pay" all the time!

The day we watched them, Morris was supposed to pick up Lionel Barrymore (who plays a doctor) and throw him over his shoulder. And, in spite of the fact that he outweighs Barrymore, he was surprised to find that the trick just couldn't be done!

Seeing his chagrin, Lionel chuckled. "Don't feel badly about it," he said. "Zbyszko couldn't do it, either!"

And seeing as how Zbyszko is a one-time wrestling champ of the world and he and Barrymore used to work out together, Chet felt a whole lot better about it.

And that just about takes care of the Hollywood working class for this month!



Question

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Answer

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Music in the Movies

(*Continued from page 63*)

of rhythm. These boys are as different in their style as the Mills Brothers are in their hot style. An unusual recording that we feel sure you'll like.

On the other side The Charioteers sing "Peaceful Road," written by Hoagy Carmichael, who gave you "Star Dust" and "Lazy Bones." This song is reminiscent of "The Last Roundup," as the boys produce some unusual vocal harmonies that may strike your fancy. (Decca.)

Ray Noble's recording of the song, "Down by the River," from Bing Crosby's film, "Mississippi" is as fine a bit of work as we've heard in some time. This is played by Ray's new band, and although we don't think that it's quite up to his English combo, without a doubt it will get there. The saxes don't have the lift and the rhythm isn't so pronounced but these are offset by the brass work, this section having his former unit stopped a dozen different ways. The genius of Ray Noble's arranging is found in every measure and without doubt, he could pick up a band on a street corner and turn out good records. Al Bowlly is Noble's featured vocalist and although he has had plenty of ballyhoo, we can't get very excited over his work. Bowlly has a pleasing voice, but there are plenty just as good who have never gotten the breaks.

Another tune from "Mississippi" is heard on the other side as Ray Noble and his orchestra play "Soon." A slow tempo bit with plucked fiddles and the brass cut short. Another example of Noble's versatility, with Al Bowlly doing the vocal chorus. (Victor.)

"IT'S AN OLD SOUTHERN CUSTOM" is next and it's played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. This melody is from George White's "Scandals of 1935" and is a typical southern show tune. Reisman does a surprisingly good job of recording, good all the way through, with a bit of trumpet work that does much to make the record a success. Phil Duey is the vocalist. Another tune from the Scandals is on the other side. "According to the Moonlight" is the title and it's also played by Leo Reisman and his orchestra. Again we have nothing but praise for Reisman. Most leaders play this song to a fairly fast tempo, with the result that much of the delightful melody is sacrificed for the sake of rhythm. Reisman converts it into an excellent slow tempo dance number that is very pleasing to say the least. Again it's Phil Duey who does the vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

FROM the film, "Reckless," Richard Himber and his orchestra select and play the number, "Everything's Been Done Before." Needless to say, Himber turns out a fine platter. It is a smooth rhythmic melody with a nice vocal bit by Joey Nash. You ought to go for this.

"Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt," also from Reckless, is played on the reverse side. Jan Garber and his orchestra do the recording, and if you are a Garber fan, no doubt you will find this entertaining. Played in the approved Garber-Lombardo-Kassel fashion, this one, like "Old Man River," just keeps rollin' along. Lee Bennett does the vocal refrain. (Victor.)

"I THINK I CAN" is from the picture, "Brewster's Millions," the song being written by Ray Noble and in this case played by Jack Jackson and his orchestra. Since Noble left London, Jackson seems to have taken his place, and without doubt, they could have found a much worse substitute. Jackson really has the stuff, and we believe that you'll agree after hearing this record. There is one chorus of French harmony and brass figures that is a masterpiece. You'll like it.

Back to this side of the pond as we listen to the other side played by Raymond Paige and his orchestra. "So Lovely and So Sweet" is the title and we certainly find no fault with the recording. The arrangement by Felix Mills coupled with the vocal work by Hugh Grant goes to make a record that is entertaining all the way through. (Victor.)

TED FIO RITO and his orchestra entertain us next with the recording of "Got Me Doin' Things" from "Love in Bloom." Fio Rito and his orchestra have changed their style considerably in the last few months and, in our estimation, the change is for the better. The new style tends for more solo work, and we believe that it's always a good idea to let the good men in a band show what they can do. In this case, we enjoyed the accordion and trumpet interludes. Muzzy Marcellino is the featured vocalist. Another song from "Love in Bloom" is heard on the other side as Ted and the boys play "Let Me Sing You to Sleep With a Love Song." A waltz this time and affording an agreeable contrast. It's Howard Phillips who is heard in the vocal chorus. (Brunswick.)

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BRIGHT TRICKS WITH NEW COLORS

Hollywood dyes for economy plus style

HOLLYWOOD has one disadvantage that the stars will grudgingly admit. That drenching sunshine has a habit of taking the sparkle out of gay-colored clothes. Many a Hollywood personal maid and many a star-in-the-making resorts to the simple, economical methods modern dye technique makes possible in the renewing of dainty underthings, draperies or a whole wardrobe. And the refurbishing job can be done with no fuss and for as little as a dime.

What a marvel of modern science this *selective* dyeing is, for example. Think of dropping your best nightie into a colorful bath and bringing it out with the lace still white, while the silk itself is new with another color? Imagine too, with a swish, being able to take the color *out* of this or that and then present it with another one, without doing one whit of harm to the fabric. We can call it a swell way to vary your wardrobe if the exchequer needs watching—and whose doesn't?

Still another dye manufacturer has thought up an idea that links his dyes with Paris' latest whims—with a little simple cooperation on your part. He stresses the point that dye manufacturers must all turn out standard colors every year, fashion or no fashion. People always want pink and blue and brown and green. There would be a great waste of profits and to-do if every dye man restyled his whole line four times a year to suit the stylists' moods. But they do concede us our fashion idiosyncrasies. It is now possible to buy, with your dye, instructions on how to combine one or more colors, and in what proportions, so that you can get the shade of the moment. Each wafer is scored so that there is no question about the proportions. There is an elaborate system that keeps the manufacturer advised far enough in advance as to the new seasons' shades so that his chemists can work out the proper formulas. The underlying idea is that clothes, instead of being re-colored, should be dyed *into* style, maybe while they are still more or less new, if it's necessary for you to satisfy that yen for the *dernier cri.*

Color is so important psychologically that, these days, it is positively foolhardy not to clutch at its possibilities for one's clothes and surroundings. Fresh paint and paper do the household job and good dyes can make shabbiness in curtains or clothing into style or, at least, livability. An article well and tastefully re-colored can pull itself promptly into fashion and a fine new spot in your affections.

We can send you helpful folders issued by various manufacturers describing the newest dyeing methods if you will write to the Home Service Department of the Tower Magazines, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, for them.

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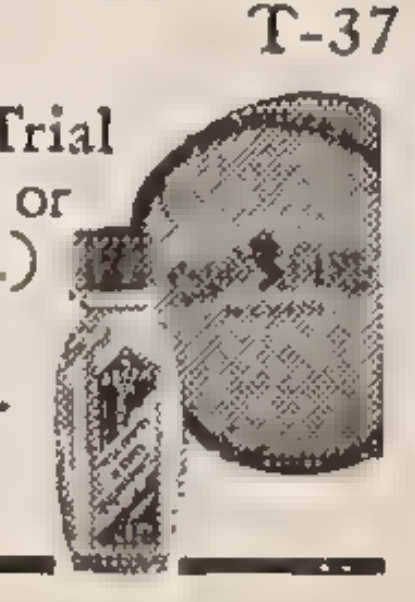


Name ____________________

Address

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 62*)

with her."—*Paula Lister.* "Mrs. Magley: If you don't like them, stay home and gaze at your husband."—*Georgene Lez, St. Cloud, Minn.* "Mrs. J. Magley certainly threw mud in my face."—*Mrs. Allen Jones, Madisonville, Ky.* "When I read the insult to Bing Crosby thrown by Mrs. Magley, it was just the same as if she had insulted me personally."—*Dorothy Gray, Wilmington, Del.* "Now for Mrs. J. Magley. I agree with her, too, only instead of tomatoes and onions I would like to use nice soft custard pies."—*Margaret W. Kille, Collingswood, N. J.* "Mrs. Magley had better save her onions and study them carefully."—*Mr. Art Millan, Hollywood, Calif.* "It sure is disgusting when people like Mrs. J. Magley do not like such lovely, charming and sincere stars as Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee."—*Marian Fretz, Bedminister, Penn.* "Pl—ease, Mrs. J. Magley! What you say about Bing Crosby and Rudy Vallee is really shocking."—*Margaret Dlouhy, Cleveland, O.* "It doesn't seem right that a person should criticize an actor or actress so rudely."—*Lorene Houstead, Boise, Idaho.* "It made my blood boil. I resolved that I would post an indignant answer to know-it-all Mrs. Magley. Here it is."—*Miss Gloria Judge, Flushing, L. I.* "My dear Mrs. Magley, Bing besides being a very good actor and singer has to his credit three handsome sons. Do you think Lanny will establish such a record? Did you?"—*Miss Olive Banks, Cincinnati, O.* "Please allow me to set Mrs. J. Magley of Chatham, N. J., on the right track."—*Kathdryn W. Jacocks, Norfolk, Va.* "Mrs. Magley: I don't think you have any right to criticize. I'd like to see you get up before those cameras and do half as well. I can just picture you stumbling all over the place."—*Edna Mannes, Toledo, O.* "To Mrs. Magley. You seem to be quite fond of passing out onions, so kindly accept a few prunes and a coupla scallions from me."—*Miss Madge Riley, Newcastle, Indiana.* "When you can give radio performances such as Bing and Rudy do, Mrs. Magley, or when you have taken leads in as many successful pictures as they have, then you may well be able to criticize them."—*Gloria Wood, Los Angeles, Calif.* "I'm for tolerance in fans."—*Mrs. M. Thrasher, Philadelphia, Penn.* "Thank you, Mrs. Magley. Your criticism I quite agree with."—*Beverly Gunn, Austin, Tex.* "The first thing I want to say is 'Razzberries' for Mrs. Magley."—*Mary Ann Jones, Indianapolis, Ind.* "I don't mind appearing equally foolish by saying that onions and tomatoes are nothing compared to what I would like to see thrown at Lanny Ross."—*Miss A. Ficken, Brooklyn, N. Y.* "With good intentions, try looking in your own mirror and see if there is perfection in your map. Tch! Tch! Mrs. Magley, such words you use!"—*Mildred Rinck, Philadelphia, Penn.* "I daresay Mrs. Magley of Chatham, New Jersey, is going to be a target for many a curdled custard pie, and please let me sling the first one."—*Mrs. L. W. Black, Chicago, Ill.* "I hope the lady will take her tomatoes and onions into the kitchen to cook."—*R. W. Pearl, Toronto, Canada.* "After reading Mrs. J. Magley's letter I admire Bing Crosby a thousand times more."—*Mrs. Ann Smith, Philadelphia, Penn.* "I'd advise Mrs. Magley not to go to see Bing or Vallee. Her empty seat will make room for someone who appreciates their efforts to please us."

And letters were still pouring in as we went to press.

You Tell Us

So now you see, fans, why we don't print every letter that comes in. Whew! Well—let's cool off, now. We've had our fun. New Movie *hereby declares this subject closed, unless Mrs. Magley wants to write in and reply. That's good sportsmanship.*

Thoughtful Criticism

Certainly John Boles is a wonderful singer and actor, and "Back Street" was a wonderful film, but why should many of his later films be copies of "Back Street"? Many good actors lose their popularity through this method. Intelligent audiences demand an original story, not rehashing of material to suit an actor's ability. The insertion of an impromptu song does much to break the interest of many a story. The casting of actors in roles for which they obviously are too aged insults the intelligence of observing theater-goers. Recently Jack Holt, an excellent actor, was cast in a role in which he was utterly incapable of attaining the more youthful appearance demanded of that characterization. Yours for better pictures.—Roy O. Phelps, 4441 Easton Avenue, Kansas City, Kansas. *Actors and actresses resent being "typed" too, Roy.*

A Good Sport

What about three loud cheers for New Movie! What other movie magazine would have dared to publish such an article as "It's a Fake," which appeared in the April issue?

I, for one, applaud this warning article—even if in the second paragraph of the third column, you did practically call me a sucker. I can take it, but next time I hope to receive your warning before I have swallowed the hook, line and sinker. It's fun to be fooled, but that is a rather expensive pastime for us poor folks (trying to get rich quick).

Thanking and cheering very, very much, I am, Helen Herrington, Box 218, Route 3, Beaumont, Texas. *Thank you, Helen. If the article helps a few people, that's all we ask.*

Discussion

New Movie has raised an interesting discussion as to the desirability of trailers in picture theaters. They appear, from a managerial point of view, to be necessary, and are as helpful as are free samples of any other products. Advertisements of physical "foods" as being opposed to mental stimulation should be vetoed. Most movie programs are too long, and I think the ideal entertainment should consist of: a sequence picture, a travel film, and a "short" and news (minus natural but unlovely portraiture of people). A few minutes' pause before pictures would rest one's eyes and ears and conduce to perfect enjoyment.—Connie Cowell, 2 Manhattan Apartment, Thurloc St., Vancouver, B. C. *How do the rest of you feel about those trailer films?*

Youthful Ronald

One question has been bothering me since I saw "Clive of India." Has Ronald Colman found the fountain of youth? In the early sequences of the picture, he looked like a man in his twenties, and I know he's much older than that. If it's the lack of a moustache, then, please, Ronnie, don't ever grow it back. You were just too, too, handsome as Clive.—Jennis Carry, 125 W. Chestnut St., Lawrence, Mass. *It was the lack of a moustache, plus good make-up, plus years of clean, athletic living, Jennis.*

Newsreel Close-Ups

I wish to voice my approval of Mr. Barton's stand, in regard to newsreel close-ups.

After seeing a close-up of a well-known personality in the newsreels, I always wonder how he feels when he sees himself as thousands of other theater-goers see him. How I pity him!

He does not have the advantages of a good director, the magic touch of a make-up artist, and no helpful lighting effects. He usually just has to stand—frowning at the sun—give his speech, and finally bestow a toothy grin on the public. Just consider what happens to a star's popularity by bad direction, make-up, lights, or one story. Oh, my! What a catastrophe!

Just a distant shot of a famous person is all that is needed; except for laughs. Why not let a person keep a little self-confidence, instead of an inferiority complex?

Congratulations, New Movie, on your grand new magazine. —Mrs. Geraldine Gay, c/o The Equitable Life Assurance Society of the U. S., 131½ S. Central Ave., Glendale, California. *And yet the realism of the newsreel is one of its most delightful characteristics.*

For D. Rissmiller

May Robson

After reading your letter in the New Movie, D. Rissmiller, I cannot seem to agree with you. I think that *Sailor* in "The White Parade" played her part splendidly, but as for taking Marie Dressler's place, it seems impossible.

If any of the stars now on the screen can take Marie's place, it is May Robson. Have you seen her in "Lady by Choice," with Carole Lombard? If not, see it. You might then go back to your first opinion, that May Robson will take Marie Dressler's place. But I am quite sure that in the hearts of the American public no one will ever take the place of the late Marie Dressler.—Miss Mabel Corson, 7657 Amboy Road, Tottenville, S. I., N. Y. *It will be hard to replace Marie in the hearts of the picture public.*

What One Reader Likes

Barbara Barry's "News of Forthcoming Pictures."

Nemo and Herb Howe and the clever sketches accompanying their columns.

Stories by Elsie Janis and Jack Jamison.

Douglas Gilbert's interesting series, though he sometimes is irritating.

Stories discussing development and progress of the screen—including the ones on the new color process and on opera in the movies.

Stories about Hollywood itself—like the ones about Hollywood Boulevard and about the fake schools of acting.

What I don't like about New Movie:

(*Please turn to page* 68)

"I have an important job!"

MINE is a perfectly thrilling job—something new and exciting every day. You see, *my* job is being Tom's wife—and the mother of two small children. It's no snap, of course, but I'm just as determined to make a success of my job as Tom is of his. The most important thing, I figure, is feeding my family well. When you've got a man coming home tired and hungry, and a couple of youngsters who have been playing hard all day, why you've simply got to make their food interesting.

That's why I depend so much upon the food pamphlets I get from Tower Magazines. How Tom loved that fresh ham steak baked with pears! Then I followed that with Southern Sweet Potato Pie which was really delicious. Both recipes I got out of "American Cooking"—and there are 60 other recipes in that pamphlet every bit as good.

If you, like this young woman, are determined to be successful in your home-making job, send right away for

AMERICAN COOKING - 10¢

Rita Calhoun
TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 67*)

The new size.

The absence of reviews of current pictures.

The insipid department called "Hollywood goes apartying."

Miss O. Oneal, 4062 39th Street, San Diego, California.

We print pre-reviews, Miss Oneal, to show you how things are going on the sets, and then Barbara Barry tells you which pictures each month she thinks you'll enjoy. As for the new size, that seems to be a personal preference. Most people like it much better.

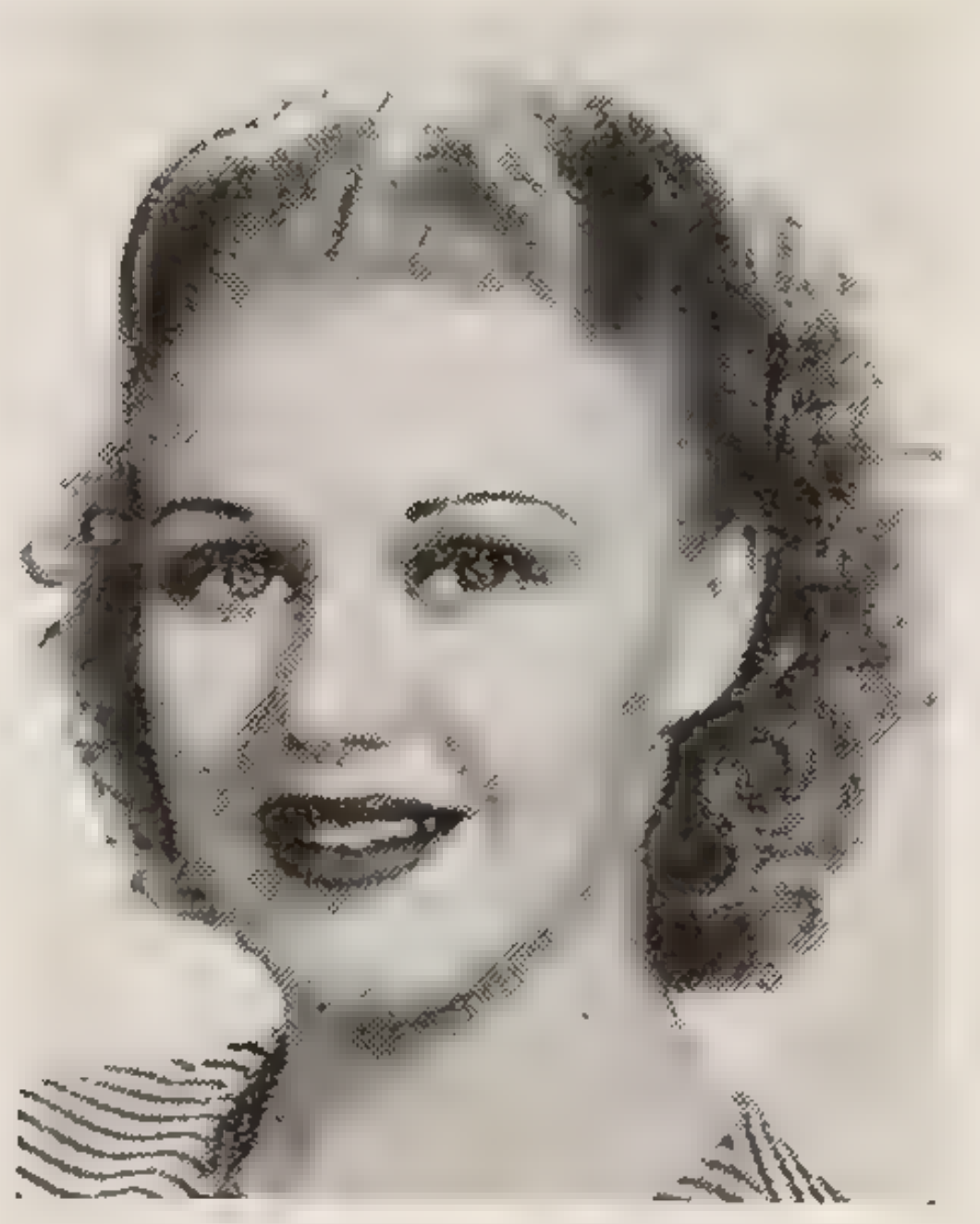
Whiskers

"Whiskers, whiskers, who hasn't got the whiskers?" or something to that effect. Oh, you movie idols, why must you don moustaches? First King Gable went that way, than Ricardo Cortez, and now even Bing Crosby has decided to decorate his upper lip for his forthcoming picture, "Mississippi." I'm beginning to wonder if I can depend on Baby LeRoy now. What do you think?—Miss Gertrude Hunt, 26 Clonard Avenue St. Vital, Winnipeg, Man., Canada. *Baby LeRoy is growing a long purple beard, Gertrude. We are casting him as Moses in a Cecil DeMille picture.*

Conclusions

I would like to meet Dolores Del Rio to see if her lips are actually the shape they are in photographs, or if it is artistic make-up, and to see if her eyes are as beautiful as pictures show them to be.

I would like to meet Constance Bennett to see if she has as much to be conceited about as is often implied in news notes and to see if her hair is as golden as it looks.



Ginger Rogers

I would like to meet Ginger Rogers just to satisfy myself that she really isn't as coarse-looking as her later pictures show her to be—especially "Romance in Manhattan." I'm sure it's make-up—at least I hope.

I would like to meet Loretta Young to find out why she is considered beautiful, since I think her eyes are too small and her mouth is too large.

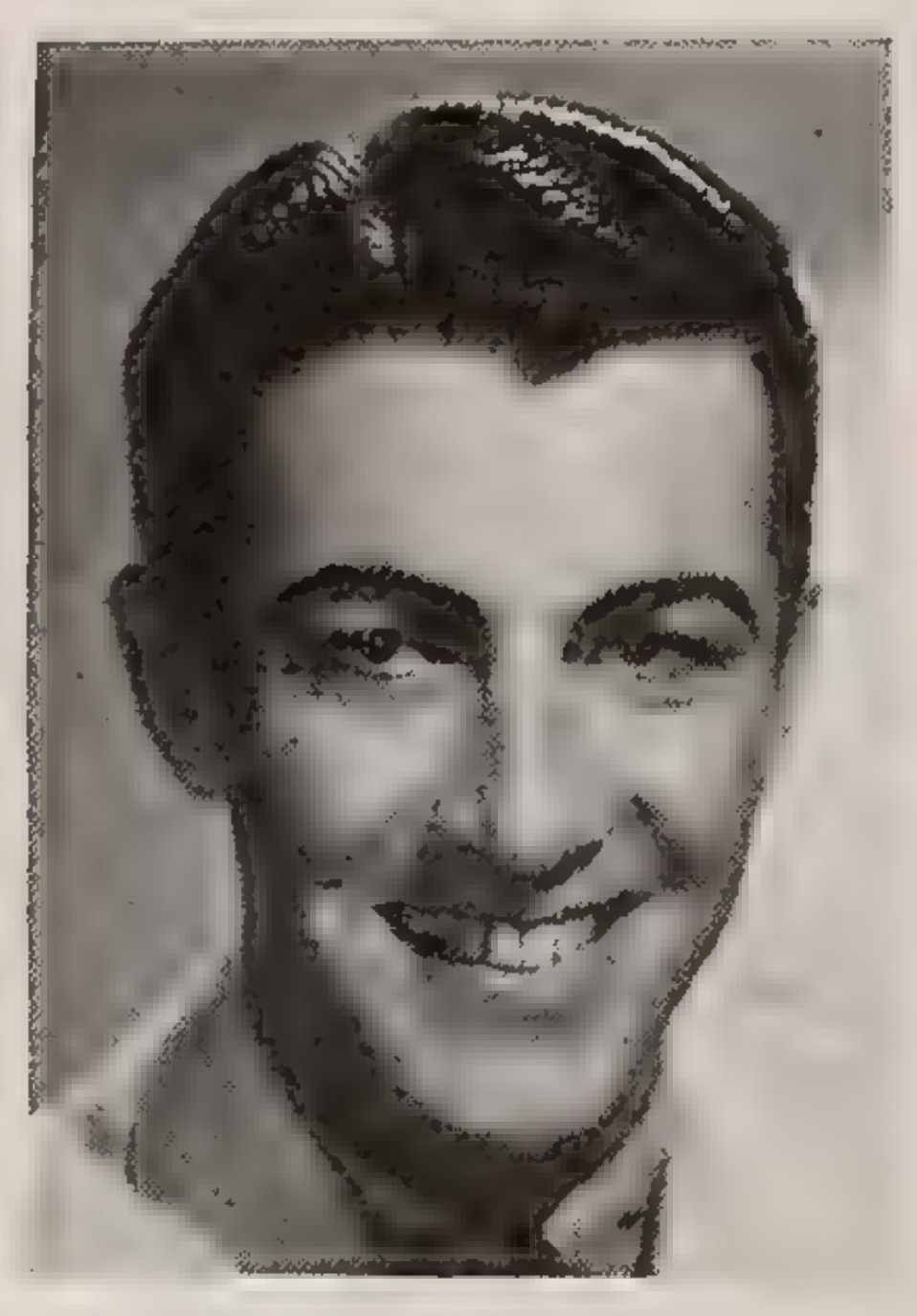
And, more than anyone, I would like to meet Jean Parker, because she is Jean Parker.—Jean Darling, 237 Roberts Avenue, Glenside, Pa. *Dolores' lips are really that way; Connie's hair is really golden; Ginger Rogers is anything but coarse, and Loretta is really beautiful. And Jean is Jean, that's true.*

Stone Forever

Stars may come, and stars may go, but Lewis Stone seems to go on forever. His performances may not have set the world on fire, but he has gone on through the years giving a fine performance always, regardless of whether his role was small or large, and never has he disappointed me. The picture in itself may have been a mediocre one, but Mr. Stone's performance was always everything that could be desired.—Adriana Leynaar, 6210 Patterson Ave., Chicago, Ill. *We all have great admiration for Mr. Stone.*

Ah-ha!

The first time I saw Robert Taylor was in an M-G-M short. I was impressed by his acting ability, liked his looks and hoped he would be given bigger parts. He did get one in "Society Doctor" and, in my opinion, he nearly stole the picture. As for his possibilities of being a star, I think he could be compared to Clark Gable.—Mrs. Rose Mutulo, 445 West 9th Street, Pittsburg, Calif. *Pleasant words, Mrs. Mutulo. We were the first to single out Robert Taylor back in April.*



Robert Taylor

We Bow

I'd like to tell you how much I've really enjoyed NEW MOVIE in the last five months. You see, although I had bought one of your magazines occasionally, it wasn't until you started this new policy that I felt as if I just couldn't miss a copy. In fact I raved about it so much that a friend of mine gave me a subscription for Christmas in desperation.

I'm very much the movie fan, and in the last two years I've made three scrapbooks of my favorite stars. Naturally, the bigger and more lifelike the picture, the more valuable it is to me. So you can imagine how much pleasure I get out of your "Gallery of Stars."

I read "You Tell Us" every month, too, and that's why I'm writing to you now. It has puzzled me that no one else seemed as thrilled about the "Gallery" as I am. And I do believe in giving credit where it is deserved. So NEW MOVIE, take a bow!—Jess Grimsley, 16 Fort Marion Circle, St. Augustine, Florida. *Thank you, Jess.*

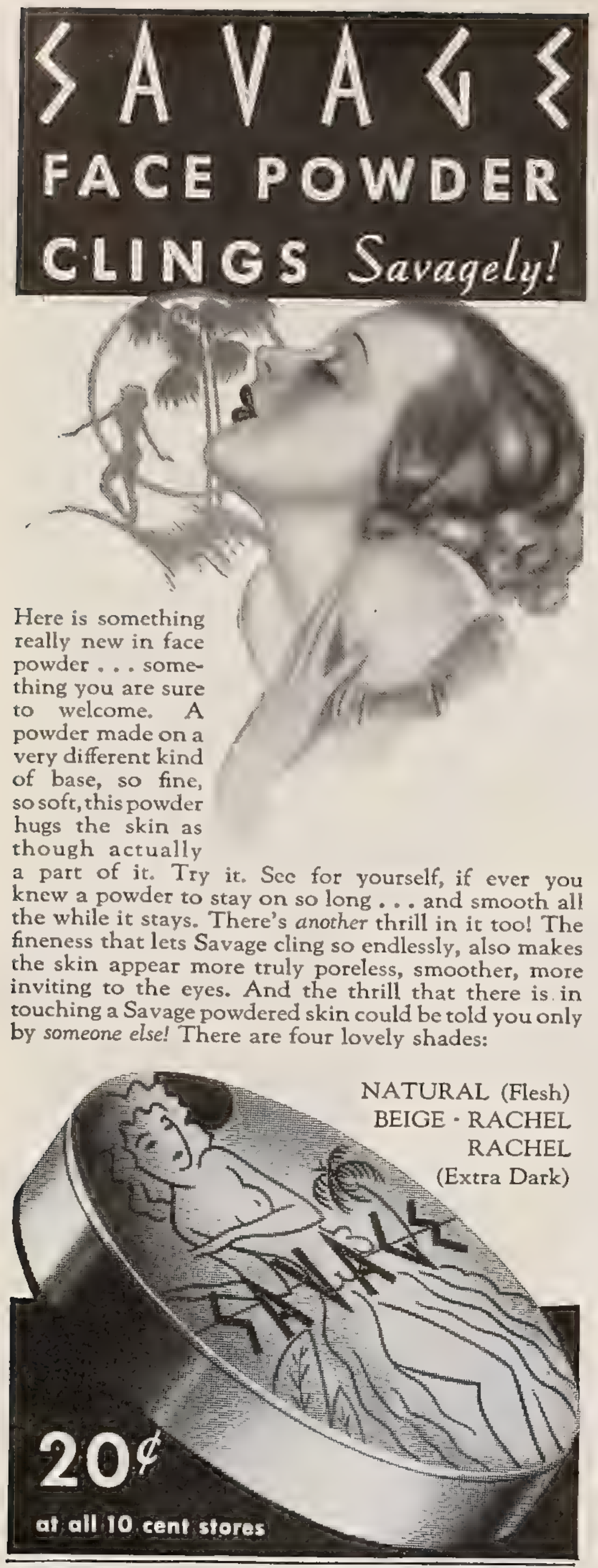
From a Prominent Clubwoman

This is to thank you for your letter of February 18th. The information contained therein was very valuable. We held our meeting last evening and at the close of the meeting it was voted one of the best of the year. Thank you again for your suggestions.

It was also brought out that there are 32,000 club women in Indiana alone. If all these club women had a program such as ours, only once a year, it would reach that many folks in one state alone. All seemed to think that pictures have improved tremendously in the past year and will continue to do so. They felt they were a wonderful medium for culture; that good music, fine dancing, good diction, manners, customs, etc., are in short—the finest educational features. Again thanking you, and if there is any way we club women can co-operate, we will be glad to do so.—Gamma Omicron Literary Club, 204 E. Foster Parkway, Ft. Wayne, Ind.

P.S.: This might interest you, that we had copies of NEW MOVIE, in fact that was the only Movie magazine at the meeting. We discussed its merits and the fact that it was the cleanest of its kind and that the articles therein were written with intelligence, and that the magazine avoided so-called "scandal."

Members of Gamma Omicron: Pardon us for not printing your exceedingly interesting letter in full. Space limitations forbid.



SAVAGE
FACE POWDER
CLINGS *Savagely!*

Here is something really new in face powder . . . something you are sure to welcome. A powder made on a very different kind of base, so fine, so soft, this powder hugs the skin as though actually a part of it. Try it. See for yourself, if ever you knew a powder to stay on so long . . . and smooth all the while it stays. There's *another* thrill in it too! The fineness that lets Savage cling so endlessly, also makes the skin appear more truly poreless, smoother, more inviting to the eyes. And the thrill that there is in touching a Savage powdered skin could be told you only by *someone else!* There are four lovely shades:

NATURAL (Flesh)
BEIGE - RACHEL
RACHEL
(Extra Dark)

20¢
at all 10 cent stores

THIS QUICK, SAFE WAY TO
REMOVE HAIR

Hair-free loveliness in a new, quick, pleasant way. No sharp razors, nor disagreeable chemicals. Use it regularly when necessary. Does not stimulate regrowth, nor coarsen the hair. *At leading chain stores.*

NOW 10¢
Charmette
HAIR ERASING PAD

I MAKE MY CURLS EASILY WITH "THE CURLER USED BY THE STARS"

LU ANNE MEREDITH

HOLLYWOOD
Rapid Dry CURLER

Better, lovelier, more lasting curls in half the usual drying time. That is what the HOLLYWOOD Rapid-Dry CURLER... "the Curler used by the Stars"...will give you. Easy to apply; comfortable while sleeping; simple to remove. Rubber lock holds hair and curler secure. Perforations insure rapid drying. Tapered and regular models are available in various sizes. HOLLYWOOD CURLERS are used in millions of homes and in better beauty shops everywhere.

5¢
AT 5c and 10c STORES
and at NOTION COUNTERS

Dress Up
your kitchen

Photograph courtesy of Lewis & Conger

7 diagram patterns for 15¢ bring beauty and charm to the kitchen

Just between us women, isn't a kitchen a much pleasanter place to be in when it boasts a few gay spots . . . new curtains, a pot of flowers, colored canisters! You'll enjoy making these attractive kitchen accessories below from diagram patterns, each one with complete directions.

CURTAIN PATTERN
To be made from scrim and checked gingham. With this are directions for making checked flower pot holders to match. Very decorative.

CROCHETED STOOL COVER
It's easy to make a crocheted stool cover and a matching floor mat from heavy white and colored cotton thread! Directions tell you how.

COLORED CANISTERS
Empty tin containers can be transformed into good-looking, serviceable canisters with the aid of waterproof paint and simple stencils.

LETTUCE BAGS
Unbleached muslin decorated with designs in colored cotton. Useful and good-looking.

TABLE PADS
No scarred tables when bone rings are made into table pads with a good-looking crocheted body.

OILCLOTH CASE
A necessary convenience for memo pads, pencils and sales slips. A clever "dummy" prize.

TWINE HOLDER
You'll never be without a ball of twine in a handy place when you have this wall holder.

Send for these diagram patterns today . . . all seven for 15 cents

Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

You Tell Us

Generous

For the obvious reasons that they detract from stars and men and women who have devoted their lives to developing a dramatic technique, almost all the professional theatrical world hates the average child actor who gets top billing merely for cleverness or native childish appeal. Therefore, accept for once the unlimited praise of an actor for a youngster whom he considers the greatest child actor ever to come to the screen, the Mozart of dramatic endeavor—Freddie Bartholomew, in the same breath "David Copperfield," but a lad to whom we look to re-create all our favorite childhood heroes.

This small-timer only wishes he had one-eighth the genius that young Freddie B. possesses, and wishes through this medium to send him and those who also anticipate great things from him, the very best wishes.—Robert Downing, Showboat Dixiana, Diversey Parkway Bridge, Chicago, Ill. *A generous letter, Mr. Downing. We cannot help but admire you.*

Mr. Smock

This is my first letter to this department but the criticism of James Smock made me see red. In the first place if he wants technical articles let him buy the technical magazines on the market. If a vote were taken I am sure it would be in favor of more gossip and pictures. How about it, fans? And another thing, Mr. Smock has no reason to criticize the NEW MOVIE reviews. In what magazine, I'd like to know, are there any better?

That's that. Now I would like to toss a few bouquets.

Fred Astaire—In my humble opinion the most talented, charming young man on the screen.

Walter King—He played his role in "One More Spring" superbly. He's a natural comedian. More power to him!

Hugh Williams

To the man, whoever he was, who played the part of Steerforth in "David Copperfield." He has a compelling personality. What is his name and where can I write him?

NEW MOVIE—one thing I'd choose to take along anywhere. The grandest, most complete movie magazine in every department.—Shirley Leiser, 280 LeMoyre Avenue, Mt. Lebanon, Pittsburgh, Pa. *"Steerforth" was played by Hugh Williams. Write him in care of M-G-M Studios, Culver City, Calif. As we told Mr. Smock, most people feel as you do, Shirley.*

Six Greatest Actors

This is just one movie-goer's opinion, but I should like to mention the names of the screen's six greatest living actors. They are:

Edward G. Robinson, Fredric March, Lionel Barrymore, Wallace Beery, Charles Laughton, and Warner Baxter.—J. Walter LeBon, 2029 Ursulines Avenue, New Orleans, La. *And a pretty good choice, too, Mr. LeBon.*

Bewitching eyes and well trained eyebrows

Accentuate the alluring beauty of your eyes with graceful, well trained eyebrows. Scientifically designed, well-balanced, Wigder Tweezers make plucking a painless, pleasant duty and quickly banish bushy brows and "wild" hairs.

Wigder Tweezers and Manicure Aids are on sale at your local 5 and 10¢ store. Get yourself a set today.

Nail Files Tweezers Nail Clips Scissors

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists. **Phelactine removes hairy growths—takes them out—easily, quickly and gently.** Leaves the skin hair free.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Free for Asthma and Hay Fever

If you suffer with attacks of Asthma so terrible you choke and gasp for breath, if Hay Fever keeps you sneezing and snuffing while your eyes water and nose discharges continuously, don't fail to send at once to the Frontier Asthma Co. for **a free trial** of a remarkable method. No matter where you live or whether you have any faith in any remedy under the Sun, send for this free trial. If you have suffered for a life-time and tried everything you could learn of without relief; even if you are utterly discouraged, do not abandon hope but send today for this free trial. It will cost you nothing. Address

Frontier Asthma Co., 326-W Frontier Bldg., 462 Niagara St., Buffalo, N. Y.

...and Look 10 Years Younger

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. A small brush and BROWNATONE does it. Used and approved for over twenty-three years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by applying a little of this famous tint to a lock of your own hair. BROWNATONE is only 50c—at all drug or toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.

More on Taylor

Chester Morris

Have seen a great many so called hospital pictures, the latest one being "Society Doctor." It is not, strictly speaking, a hospital drama, but rather a chronicle of human emotions, crowded into a few short hours, making a very interesting film, with the love interest supplied by Chester Morris as the doctor, and Virginia Bruce as the nurse. Both turn in excellent performances and so does Robert Taylor (a newcomer to the screen) as the third member in the triangle. He seems to have everything: good looks, personality plus, and histrionic ability. We shall be hearing more about him, if he is given the right parts.

I have always liked Chester Morris, with his crooked smile and virile strength.—Mrs. Betty Toles, 514 N. Nevada Ave., Colorado Springs, Colo.

Title Changes

I've read a lot of complaints in the Fans' Department against the constant "title-changing" upon completion of a production. Well—I'll take the opposite side, and say to the producers, "Go on—change titles a million times if you wish, but don't pull a "boner" like the one I'm going to mention."

It seems that there were two pictures with titles alike—"The Count of Monte Cristo" and "The Countess of Monte Cristo." Surely United Artists and Universal were aware of the similarity—but did they do anything about it? Oh, no! If they only knew how much misunderstanding, confusion and ill feeling that error caused, they would certainly have had a "story conference."

Many a theater manager was perplexed with the situation—wondering how he was to exploit both pictures to the "un-movie-wise" patrons. That "ess" on "Countess" didn't mean a thing except that movie-goers thought it was a typographical mistake in the "Count" title. In other words, they thought they were on the verge of seeing the second-run of "Monte Cristo."

Of course there are those who read both stories and knew which "Cristo" was which—but how about those who don't read?

When two companies happen to possess a similar title, for heavens' sake—why don't they compromise?—Mrs. Mary E. Padgett, 619 Vermont Street, Quincy, Ill. *And then there were "Paris in Spring" and "Spring in Paris," Mrs. Padgett, and other similar titles.*

A Thoughtful Letter

After reading the "You Tell Us" page in the NEW MOVIE Magazine for the past several months, I came to the conclusion that, although I never before have written a letter of any kind to any magazine, I at last have good reason to write one. So here goes. I hope you will survive the shock.

To begin with, I LIKE your magazine. It is the most complete and satisfying publication of its kind that I have seen. I like your editorial page, and I like its place right at the front, where I can read it and go on through the book,

(*Please turn to page* 70)

HA! WORKIN' FER DAT MEAL IS A CINCH—A COUPLA SQUIRTS OF 3-IN-ONE AN' DIS T'ING ALMOST RUNS BY ITSELF

You bet 3-in-One Oil will make that mower easier to handle! It prevents rust while it lubricates. Handy cans and bottles.

Blended from 3 oils for better protection

CLEANS - LUBRICATES PREVENTS RUST

WOMEN ENTHUSIASTIC OVER NEW 3-IN-ONE FURNITURE POLISH

Beautify furniture and woodwork with this creamy new polish. Removes dirt and film; rubs to a quick lustre and dry, hard finish. At your dealer's—or sample free.

Three In One Oil Company, Dept. 16-B
170 Varick St., New York, N. Y.
I'll try your new furniture polish!

*Name*____________________
*Street*____________________
*City*__________ *State*__________

"HUSH" FOR BODY ODORS AT 10¢ STORES

ECZEMA TORMENTS quickly pacified. For efficient help use concentrated POSLAM

Send for FREE SAMPLE Poslam Station G New York

Freckles

Secretly and Quickly Removed!

YOU can banish those annoying, embarrassing freckles quickly and surely in the privacy of your own room. Your friends will wonder how you did it. Stillman's Freckle Cream removes them while you sleep. Leaves the skin soft and smooth, the complexion fresh and clear. *A Jar* 50¢

Stillman's FRECKLE CREAM

Mail this Coupon to Box 102
THE STILLMAN CO., Aurora, Illinois
and receive a **Free Booklet about Freckles.**

Name..............................
Address..............................

. . . Continued. . . .

The List of Stores Where You Can See Tower Star Fashions

Please see also page 72 for stores from Alabama to South Dakota. Pictures of Tower Star Fashions are on page 22.

TENNESSEE

Bristol—The H. P. King Co.
Chattanooga—Miller Bros.
Dyersburg—Style Shop
Harriman—Dress Shop
Jackson—The Francis Shop
Knoxville—Miller's, Inc.
Memphis—J. Goldsmith & Sons Co.
Nashville—Rich, Schwartz & Joseph
Morristown—J. W. Arnold
Paris—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)
Union City—Hunt Bros. (Hollywood Dept.)

TEXAS

Abilene—Campbell's
Amarillo—Hollywood Dress Shop
Athens—Mandelstein's
Austin—Goodfriends
Bay City—The Hurley Shoppe
Beaumont—Worth's, Inc.
Beeville—The Parisian
Brady—Benham Style Shop
Breckenridge—The Belota Shop
Brownwood—Garner-Alvis Co.
Cameron—Lyon D. G. Co.
Cisco—J. H. Garner's
Corpus Christi—Smart Shop
Denison—Richie-Freels
Denton—H. M. Russell & Sons
El Paso—The White House
Gainesville—Teaque Co.
Greenville—R. E. King
Houston—Hutton, Inc.
Kingsville—J. B. Ragland Merc. Co.
Laredo—A. C. Richter, Inc.
Lubbock—Freed's Women's Apparels
Lulling—O'Neill's
McAllen—The Fashion
Overton—The Model
Pampa—Mitchell's
Port Arthur—Worth, Inc.
Shamrock—B. & L. Store
Temple—W. P. Roddy
Texarkana—I. Schwartz Co.
Tyler—Miller
Vernon—Gold Feder's
Victoria—A. & S. Levy, Inc.
Yorktown—Goodfriend's

UTAH

Logan—Milady's Shop

VERMONT

Burlington—Abernethy Clarkson-Wright, Inc.
Brattleboro—J. E. Mann
Rutland—The Vogue Shop
St. Johnsbury—The Gray Shop

VIRGINIA

Charlottesville—H. G. Eastham Shop, Inc.
Covington—The Quality Shop
Danville—L. Herman's Dept. Store
Galax—Claire's Fashion Shop
Harrisonburg—J. Ney & Son
Lynchburg—Baldwin's
Norton—The Ladies Shop
Richmond—Jonas Shop
Roanoke—Natalie Shop
Staunton—Helen G. Eastham
Suffolk—Ballard & Smith
Waynesboro—Rosenthal's Style Shop
Winchester—The Smart Shop

WASHINGTON

Long View—Columbia River Merc. Co.
Pomeroy—H. H. Cardwell
Seattle—Jerome
Spokane—The Palace Store
Yakima—Barnes-Woodin Co.

WEST VIRGINIA

Alderson—J. M. Alderson
Beckley—The Women's Shop, Inc.
Bluefield—The Vogue
Charleston—The People's Store
Clarksburg—Parson-Souders
Fairmont—J. M. Hartley
Hinton—Campbell's Quality Shop
Lewisburg—Yarid's
Logan—Manning Clo. Co.
St. Mary's—Everly Sisters
Weston—Polly Primm Dress Shop
Wheeling—Geo. E. Stifel Co.
Williamson—Schwacter's

WISCONSIN

Appleton—Geenen D. G. Co.
Ashland—Smith Style Shop
Beaver Dam—Heuton & Wenz
Beloit—McNeany D. G. Co.
Kenosha—Betty Shops
Madison—Cinderella Shop
Milwaukee—Reel's
Monroe—Link Store
Sheboygan—Hill Bros.

WYOMING

Cheyenne—Bon Marche
Lander—The Smart Shop
Laramie—Sheridan—Kepp-Baertsch

You Tell Us

(*Continued from page 69*)

from front to back, reading everything in its logical order.

Your articles about the great and near-great in Moviedom are not only interesting, but well-written, and in good taste. The movie reviews are very good, and I have yet to be disappointed in a show that New Movie said was good. Your special articles are fine, and to top it all, you carry better quality advertisements than most of the movie magazines.

There is one thing more that I would like. I would like, on an imaginary trip through the studio, to turn my back for a while on the actors on the set, and see what the electrician, the camera-man, the prop-man, the script-girl, and any others working on the set but not in the picture are doing, and why. Such an article once in a while would give us a better understanding of why it costs so much to make a picture; why some pictures can be made "on the set," and some have to go "on location"; and it would, I believe, answer a lot of questions a visitor on the lot would naturally ask.

After seeing "Lives of a Bengal Lancer," it occurred to me that those same characters could make a fine show of Scott's "Lady of the Lake." I can just see Jeanette MacDonald as "Ellen," Sir Guy Standing as Ellen's father, C. Aubrey Smith as "Allen-Bane," Gary Cooper as "Roderick," and Franchot Tone as "James Fitz-James." What a grand and glorious spectacle that would make! And the director of the "Bengal Lancers" could do it to perfection. And would the company go on location to Loch Lomond, in Scotland? Hmmmm? What a swell time the boys and girls would have!

And I still like your magazine.—Mrs. Don Nutt, 718 Russell Avenue, El Dorado, Ark. *See the Joan Crawford-Robert Montgomery photos in this issue, Mrs. Nutt, for a glimpse of a set in action.*

Ladies' Aid

New Movie looks imposing and attractive, and stands out distinctively on news-stands. Its increased size makes it tower over and above other Movie magazines, but being a Tower publication, I suppose that is to be expected.

When one looks at the space devoted to fan letters it's heartening to see what a number of such letters there are. I can recall some movie magazines that print barely five letters from fan readers, and in these magazines it's disappointing to turn to that page and find so few opinions about pictures, and stars, and things pertaining to them.

It's but natural for one to want to hear others express appreciation of one's own favorite star, and in thought silently condemn a few opinions that other readers have entertained.

To read a good batch of such fan letters is like going to the Ladies' Aid, or some sewing society, of an afternoon, and listening to the harmless gossip about things that all are interested in.

I thank New Movie for such an interchange of thought among ourselves, that the large letter department gives to its fan letter writers.—Mary Belle Walley, Butler, New Jersey.

Charlie

Charles Chaplin is making a picture! Such interest has not centered in a single production since Garbo made her first talkie. One well remembers when she appeared on the threshold of the rum-soaked bar-room in "Annie Christie" and a breathless movie public waited for her to utter her first word into a microphone.

Will Chaplin speak? Let us hope not! The picture should have sound effects, but not the spoken word. He is a genius in the art of pantomime and his expressive hands, mobile features and characteristic gestures are all that are necessary to get his laughs and emotions across. Being a consummate artist he does not need the spoken word, silly gags and ridiculous situations to keep a theatre full of people entertained. Chaplin's appeal is world-wide and he should wisely remain unfettered from the bonds of language. —Mrs. R. W. Ballard, 506 Clement Ave., Charlotte, N. C. *Sound effects and no dialogue—that's just what the picture has, we're betting, although we haven't seen it yet.*

Silly Clothes

Producers evidently have a very poor knowledge of the psychology of the human mind. Interest should be allowed to center round the plot of the story and the acting, yet distractions, such as ridiculous and inappropriate costumes, often succeed in diverting one's mind entirely.

Adrian frequently designs such extreme clothes that he actually caricatures instead of compliments. Garbo and Shearer are his pet victims, and their talents are often subordinated to the glitter of the bizarre and the fantastic.

The picture "The Painted Veil" is a case in point. In the latter scenes Garbo's clothes bore the stamp of extreme Oriental influence and were the last word in exaggerated eccentricity. Such clothes, too severe even for the classic features of Garbo, resulted in a hardness of feature and expression, to say nothing of divorcing our attention from the plot and the cast entirely.

Costumes should be appropriate and becoming, but unobtrusive. Claudette Colbert's clothes in "It Happened One Night" were an example of perfect costuming, yet who remembers the details? The plot and the excellence of the acting were allowed to take precedence over clothes.

Please, producers . . . give us proper balance in our movie diet!—Mrs. H. D. Cooksey, 2709 Lochmore Avenue, Raleigh, N. C. *And a lot of other people feel the same way, Mrs. Cooksey.*

Men!

Congratulations to Joseph Vojacek, for his note asking why more men do not have letters printed. I have often wondered the same. Don't men go to the movies and have a voice about their favorites too?

If I had two weeks to spend in Hollywood with the stars, here is my plan.

1st week

Monday—Dick Powell—I met him personally, and have never forgotten his powerful boyish personality.

Tuesday—William Powell—I never did like him on the screen, and want to know him in real life.

Wednesday—Fred Astaire—I am also interested in dancing.

Thursday—John Boles—to meet him, and see if he is "Just plain John" as our Elsie Janis says he is.

Friday—Freddie Bartholomew — A great star for the future also.

Saturday—Joe E. Brown—Because he is truly so human.

Sunday—Bing Crosby—A type of man we all enjoy and worship.

2nd week

Monday—Minna Gombell—Because

Are You Clever With a Needle

Modern Table Linen Must Be Beautiful. Here Are Six Smart Diagram Patterns

●

Beautiful tables make food seem more exciting! And no one has to long for lovely table linen when it's so easy to make. These diagram patterns will show you how to make six exquisite cloths. All six patterns and complete directions for 15c. Get started right away on:

A Peasant Table Cover. Designs and diagrams for making cross-stitch designs—flowers, animals, people.

Smart Crochet Designs. For bridge or luncheon cloths. So very good-looking and so easy to make.

Coarse Linen Doilies. Made gay and bright with stripes from colored seam binding. Very decorative.

Inexpensive Cloths. Plain material trimmed in gingham with gingham napkins to match. Clever as can be.

New Crochet Edgings. New edgings which are sure to bring out the "ahs" and the "ohs". For many trimmings.

Six Applique Designs. Made from colored linen or cotton in fruit designs. For table spreads or doilies.

Send your request to Miss Frances Cowles

TOWER MAGAZINES, Inc.
55 Fifth Avenue New York, N. Y.

You Tell Us

she is so real in reel life; so dear.

Tuesday—Merle Oberon — to see those wonderful eyes.

Wednesday—Ginger Rogers—Full of pep, and expresses "kindness."

Thursday—Jean Harlow—She seems so friendly and like a fan herself.

Friday—Mae West—I am a prize fight fan also.

Saturday—Mary Pickford — Because she is everyone's Sweetheart.

Sunday—Shirley Temple—To go to Sunday school with her and on a picnic.

These would be Real days, not just Reel days. Huh?—Charles Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Illinois. *We like your itinerary, Charles.*

Another Man

Personally, I usually leave the letter-writing honors in the wife's capable hands—but just to keep Mr. Vojacek (who asked for more letters coming from male members of your audience), company, I want to contribute this bit of well-meant criticism that I know would somewhat embarrass Mrs. Stone herself to write about:

We had seen George Raft and the lovely Carole Lombard in "Rumba." The whole story seemed far-fetched, even ludicrous at times, and not because we didn't like the acting by two who are really among our favorites, but because of *a pair of trousers!* Yessir, some dancer or well-dressed man ought to tell George Raft that he wore 'em so high that he absolutely looked deformed. Trite, perhaps? Well, it seems to this he-man, that if George Raft is to continue reminding his admiring public of the late Valentino, he would do well to remember that part of that artist's Art was the minute attention he paid to every costume he appeared in—and never did he seem to deem it necessary to make himself look deformed in either following the dictates of an extreme style or in selecting trousers (?) suitable for dancing.—Ulysses A. Stone, 67 35th Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. *See the other letter on silly costumes, Mr. Stone.*

A Shock

The article "Stars of Yesterday" in the March issue is indeed a very shocking revelation.

One does not need to be very old in years to recall many fine pictures, many fine performances and many hours of real pleasure provided by these actors and actresses of other days.

With the passing of the years they have ceased to be stars. Probably it is only right and just that youth should have its chance to replace them.

But these former stars are merely seeking work in very minor "bits" or as extras. Any system which denies them preference in securing such work is heartless and cruel. Obviously it is a system which cannot have the sympathy of the theater-going public. Neither ignorance nor apathy should allow it to exist.—R. Nicholson, 243 Robie St., Halifax, Nova Scotia, Canada. *Thank you. We will fight, as always, to get jobs for these fine deserving folk.*

Pictures That Disappear

For some unknown reason Anna Sten's picture, "We Live Again," has not come to our neighborhood theater. Three months or more have passed since it left the down town theaters, and it has not been shown in the city since.

I fail to understand any reason for withholding this picture. It seems to be unfair to the public. They are introduced to a new star; they are made to wait for the release of her new picture; and they are unable to see this picture after it is released because it does not come to the neighborhood movie.

Personally I have watched and waited patiently for the arrival of this picture. For all I know it may never come.

Can you explain, and possibly aid, this situation?—Albert S. Weiman, 4002 York Road, Philadelphia, Penna. *Your neighborhood theater has signed a contract to take some other studio's pictures, probably. You can find out by asking the manager.*

Applause

My hat is off to New Movie. I find it is the only magazine pertaining to the screen that I care to put in the hands of my niece (14) who is movie mad. I feel she gets only wholesome reading that instructs as well as entertains; and she sees the inner life of worthwhile men and women who can make or mar our morals.

Your sketch of Janet Gaynor is calculated to make any girl want to build for a sane and more normal life than the present day trend leads them. I have had only three copies, but I pat myself on the back, for spending my dollar for a year on New Movie. The pictures are good, and of interesting people, the sketches show us the human side of our favorites and the articles are uniformly clean.

I thank you, and I hope you can hear the applause I am sending in this letter.—Miss Carrie Moore, 300 N. Lombardy St., Richmond, Va. *We can hear it, Carrie—and we are grateful. My, all the letters are congratulatory, this month! Hasn't anyone any knocks?*

More Boosting

I thank you for your advice in answer to my letter published in the April New Movie. I appreciate the fact that you thought it good enough to publish. And I thank you for the prize awarded me.

The "A-Dollar-For-Your-Thoughts" department is one that I like, and enjoy very much. You are rendering your readers a real service in exposing "rackets" with such articles as "It's a Fake."

New Movie is one of my favorite magazines. As long as you keep it up to its present standard, you will have a satisfied reader in me. C. E. Gilstrap, Rte. 1, Neosho, Mo.

Nelson Eddy

Hats off to M-G-M for giving Nelson Eddy a real chance to show his ability in "Naughty Marietta"! They took him away from the concert stage and then ignored him for about two years. And does he sing his way into our hearts—he and Jeanette MacDonald! And how!—Leslie E. Dunkin, Wolcott, Indiana. *The returns that are coming in seem to indicate that "Naughty Marietta" will be regarded as one of the leading musicals of the year. We think you'll be seeing more of Nelson Eddy, Leslie.*

American Beauties

A big bouquet of American Beauties for Joan Crawford, a real live American Beauty. Her role in "Forsaking All Others" proves she isn't a type player. She can play either dramatic or comedy parts perfectly. Her new way of make-up for her lips is much more natural and becoming. She should top the list of outstanding stars. Let's see her in another comedy. — Mrs. Wm. Thurwanger, 549 Tenny St., Kewanee, Ill. *Joan is talented, Mrs. Thurwanger, or she wouldn't be where she is today.*

QUICK, SURE RELIEF

CORNS

CALLOUSES–BUNIONS–SORE TOES

ACTS 2 WAYS

(1) Ends pain; stops pressure; prevents sore toes and blisters.

(2) Quickly loosens and removes corns and callouses.

The instant you apply Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads on corns, callouses, bunions or tender toes—you'll have relief! It's the soothing, healing medication in them that ends pain so quickly. The pressure-removing feature of these thin, cushioning pads immediately stops the *cause* and prevents corns, sore toes, blisters and tender spots from new or tight shoes. To loosen and remove corns or callouses quickly and safely, use Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads with the separate *Medicated Disks*, now included in every box. After that use the pads only to stop shoe pressure or friction. Only a thorough, complete, scientific, double-purpose treatment like Dr Scholl's Zino-pads will do all these things for you. Always keep a box handy. They're sold everywhere.

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STANDARD WHITE, *now* 25¢

New DE LUXE *flesh color* 35¢

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

Put one on—the pain is gone!

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Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated and inflamed skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

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Betty Lou

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F.W. WOOLWORTH STORES
Regular Size
ONE DOLLAR

10¢

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WHY BE SKINNY OR FAT

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Overcome your FIGURE FAULTS by a new, easy method. Avoid unattractive SKINNINESS—flat chest, flabby breast, thin neck and limbs; or dispose of uncomfortable over-weight and surplus flesh. You can mold yourself into a SUPERB FIGURE if you listen to this.

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☐ BUST ☐ ARMS ☐ NECK ☐ ABDOMEN ☐ HIPS
☐ CHIN ☐ LEGS ☐ HAIR ☐ COMPLEXION ☐ FIGURE

NAME (Miss or Mrs.)..

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dry rouge

STAYS ON ALL DAY

. . . or all night!

Savage Rouge, as your sense of touch will tell you, is a great deal finer in texture and softer than ordinary rouge. Its particles being so infinitely fine, adhere closely to the skin. In fact, Savage Rouge, for this reason, clings so insistently, it seems to become a part of the skin itself . . . refusing to yield, even to the savage caresses its tempting smoothness and pulse-quickening color so easily invite. Try it. You'll see the difference instantly! Four lovely shades.

TANGERINE · FLAME · NATURAL · BLUSH

20c · at all 10 cent stores

SAVAGE

DRY ROUGE

I'D LIKE TO CLEAN YOUR WHITE KID SHOES! *IRENE MARCHANT*

I'd show you how ColorShine White Kid Cleaner (10c) keeps new shoes *white* and bleaches old shoes in three applications—without harming the leather. Then it polishes beautifully (*or leave dull if you prefer*), and "won't rub off." That is ColorShine White Kid Cleaner. For other white shoes, I use the special ColorShine White Cloth and Buckskin Cleaner (10c). Get both at Woolworth's and many other stores. For valuable information write *Irene Marchant*, c/o The Chieftain Mfg. Co., Baltimore, Md.

No. 11
Special Cleaner for WHITE KID SHOES
No. 12
Special Cleaner for Cloth, Buckskin Shoes

Each One Does its Own Job BETTER

Whitens!

Bring the touch of Springtime to your complexion. Lighten your skin and revive its youthful freshness with this charming, pearly-white appearance. Gently bleaches.

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White - Flesh - Rachel and Oriental - Tan

NEW TOWER STAR FASHIONS

are now on display in these leading stores

Lives there a woman who hasn't looked longingly at the fashions worn by her favorite star and said to herself, "*That* would look well on me!" The new Tower Star Fashions—worn by popular stars—are pictured on page 22—and displayed in the stores listed below. For further information write Tower Star Fashions Editor, 55 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

ALABAMA

Birmingham—New Williams
Huntsville—Mary Shop
Montgomery—Alex Rue
Troy—Rosenberg Bros.

ARIZONA

Bisbee—Smart Shop
Douglas—Hosiery & Art Shop
Phoenix—Goldwater's
Tucson—Whitehouse Dept. Store

ARKANSAS

El Dorado—J. F. Sample Co.
Ft. Smith—Tilles, Inc.
Helena—H. S. Cooper
Little Rock—M. M. Cohn Co.

CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles—The May Co.
Oakland—Zukor's
Pomona—C. C. Bower & Co.
San Francisco—The Emporium
San Jose—M. Blum & Co.
Santa Barbara—The Smart Shop

COLORADO

Colorado Springs—C. V. Clamp
Denver—Denver D. G. Co.
Grand Junction—A. M. Harris Stores Co.
La Junta—Holbrook Costume Shop
Meeker—A. Oldland Co.
Pueblo—Colorado Supply Co.

CONNECTICUT

Bridgeport—Howland D. G. Co.
Hartford—Brown Thomson Inc.
New Haven—The Gamble-Desmond Co.
Torrington—Dankins Inc.

DELAWARE

Wilmington—Kennard-Pyle Co.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA

Washington—Woodward & Lothrop Inc

FLORIDA

Arcadia—Personality Shop
Gainesville—Geiger's
Miami—Burdine's
Ocala—Blocker's
Orlando—Yowell-Drew Co.
Quincy—The J. S. Shaw Co., Inc
St. Petersburg—Rutland Bros.
Tallahassee—P. W. Wilson Co
Tampa—Ernest Maas Inc.

GEORGIA

Athens—Michaels Bros. Inc.
Atlanta—Davison-Paxon Co.
Augusta—Goldberg's
Bainbridge—Turners Shop
Blakely—Daniel's
Cordele—The Everstyle Shoppe
Macon—Mayson's
Waycross—The Fashion Shop
West Point—Cohen Brothers

ILLINOIS

Champaign—G. C. Willis
Charleston—Dress Well Shops
Chicago—Mandel Bros.
Du Quoin—Ross Store
Galesburg—Kellogg, Drake & Co.
Joliet—Dinet & Co.
Marion—C. W. Hay
Mattoon—M. M. Lewis
Mount Vernon—The Fashion Shop
Murphysboro—Ross Store
Rochelle—Whitson D. G. Co.
Rockford—Wortham's
Springfield—Myer Bros.
Streator—Opdyckes
Waukegan—Hein's
West Frankfort—Burg's

INDIANA

Bloomfield—Stalcup's
Crawfordsville—Adler's. Inc.
Frankfort—The Adler Co.
Gary—H. Gordon & Sons
Greenburg—Levenstein D. G. Co.
Indianapolis—William H. Block Co.
Lebanon—Adler & Co.
Logansport—Schmitt & Kloepper
Newcastle—Woodbury's
Peru—Senger D. G. Co., Inc.
Richmond—Sittloh's
Shelbyville—Morris's
South Bend—Ellsworth's

IOWA

Atlantic—Bullock & Sons
Boone—The Riekenberg Co.
Cherokee—Ellerbrook Bros.
Des Moines—Younker Bros.
Dubuque—Roshek Bros., Inc.
Mason City—D. K. Lundberg Co
Oelwein—Connor's
Sioux City—Davidson Bros. Co.

KANSAS

Atchison—Ramsay's
Coffeyville—Cole's
Manhattan—The Parisian
Pittsburg—Newman's
Salina—The Parisian
Topeka—Edward's
Wichita—George Innes Co.

KENTUCKY

Ashland—The Smart Shop
Fort Thomas—The Ft. Thomas Shoppe
Glasgow—H. W. Jolly & Son
Hazard—Major Store
Henderson—Bohn's
Louisville—Kaufman-Strauss Co.
Owensboro—Levy's, Inc.
Paris—Model Dress Shop
Somerset—The A. J. Joseph Co.
Winchester—Vic Bloomfield & Sons

LOUISIANA

Alexandria—Hixson's
Lafayette—Davis's
Lake Charles—Maurice's
New Orleans—D. H. Holmes Co Ltd.

MAINE

Bangor—Cortell-Segel Co.
Calais—Unobsky's
Caribou—Pattee Co.
Houlton—Bennett's
Presque Isle—Green Bros.

MARYLAND

Baltimore—The May Co.
Frederick—Gilbert's
Hagerstown—Eyerly's
Sparrows Point—Service Stores

MASSACHUSETTS

Allston—Lila Dress Shop
Boston—Wm. Filene's Sons Co
Gardner—Rose's
Haverhill—Sherry Stores Inc.
Lawrence—Russem's
Lowell—Katherine C. Mack
Salem—Besse's Apparel Shop
Springfield—Meekins, Packard & Wheat, Inc.

MICHIGAN

Albion—Vaughn & Ragsdale Co.
Alpena—Thomas Gown Shop
Battle Creek—Schroeder's
Bay City—Tabor Dress Shop
Big Rapids—Wilson's
Birmingham—Twin Shop
Detroit—B. Siegel & Co.
Flint—King Clothing Co.
Goldwater—Vaughn & Ragsdale
Jackson—Jacobson's
Kalamazoo—Sanders
Lansing—F. N. Arbaugh Co.
Mt. Clemens—Marshall's Store
Saginaw—Heavenrich's

MINNESOTA

Albert Lea—Skinner-Chamberlain
Austin—M. Lewis & Co.
Detroit Lakes—L. J. Norby Co.
Duluth—Geo. A. Gray Co.
Faribault—Gray's Style Shop
Fergus Falls—Norby Dept. Store, Inc.
Hibbing—Nide's
Long Prairie—James Hart & Sons
Minneapolis—Power's
Redwood Falls—The Wm. R. Wingate Co.
Rochester—Ladies Shop
St. Paul—Golden Rule
St. Cloud—Fandel's
Stillwater—Kolliner's
Wadena—James Hart & Son
Winona—The Fashion, Inc.
Virginia—Johnny's

MISSISSIPPI

Clarksdale—The Madeira Shop
Columbus—The Fashion Center
Greenville—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.
Grenada—The Leader
Jackson—Fried's Shop for Women
Meridian—Kay's, Inc.
Vicksburg—J. B. Tonkel Shops, Inc.

MISSOURI

Booneville—Sunny Day Stores
Brookfield—Vogue Shop
Chillicothe—Lewis Anderson, Inc
Hannibal—Reib's
Jefferson City—Peltason's
Kansas City—Geo. P. Peck
Kirksville—Herman's
Laplata—Tansil-Grantges
Mexico—Phillip's
Moberly—Grand Fashion Shop
St. Joseph—The Paris
Trenton—Ellis'
University City—Rubenstein's
Warrensburg—Foster's

MONTANA

Billings—Hart-Albin Co., Inc.
Chinook—Princess Pat Shoppe
Columbus—The Boston Shop
Great Falls—Stiles' Style Shop
Helena—Fischer Mill'y. Co.
Sidney—Yellowstone Merc. Co.

NEBRASKA

Fall City—Jenny's
Fremont—Marson's
Omaha—Goldstein-Chapman
Lincoln—Gold & Co.
Scottsbluff—The Hollywood Shop

NEW HAMPSHIRE

Claremont—Pelletier & Snowman
Concord—Betty Alden
Littleton—C. A. Libby Co.
Lebanon—Richardson & Langlois
Manchester—Rogers, Inc.

NEW JERSEY

Asbury Park—Dainty App. Shop.
Freehold—Pearlman's Dept. Store
Guttenberg—Florence Shoppe
Jersey City—State Gown Shop
Maplewood—Constance Harris
Newark—Kresge's
New Brunswick—Zarra's
Passaic—Charlotte Shop
Paterson—Anne Shop
Trenton—Lillian Charm

NEW YORK

Albany—Davids
Baldwinsville—D. Cooper
Binghamton—Sisson Bros.-Welden Co.
Buffalo—Adam, Meldrum & Anderson
Ithaca—Pritchard's Style Shop
Newburgh—The Sonia
New York City—Macy's Cinema Shop
Norwich—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Ogdensburg—Nathan Frank's Sons
Oneonta—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Rochester—David's
Saranac Lake—Altman's
Sidney—Rosalyn Spec. Shop
Staten Island, St. George—Irene Dress Shoppe
Syracuse—David's
Utica—Doyle-Knower Co., Inc.
Watertown—Frank A. Empsall Co.

NEW MEXICO

Albuquerque—Mosler's Smart Shop
Gallup—R. & R. Mill'y

NORTH CAROLINA

Albemarle—G. M. Dry & Sons
Asheville—Brener's
Burlington—B. A. Sellars & Sons, Inc.
Charlotte—Darling Shop
Durham—R. L. Baldwin

• Turn to page 70 for stores from Tennessee to Wyoming •

NORTH CAROLINA—*Cont'd*

Goldsboro—Niel Joseph
Greensboro—Ellis Stone & Co.
Greenville—C. Heber Forbes
Hickory—L. Herman, Inc.
High Point—Beavans Quality Shop
North Wilkesboro—Spainhour-Sydnour Co.
Red Springs—Graham Co.
Reidsville—The Hazel Shop
Rocky Mount—Rosenbloom-Levy Co.
Washington—Carter's Dress Shop
Wilmington—The Julia
Wilson—Lucille's
Winston Salem—Arcade Fashion Shop

NORTH DAKOTA

Fargo—A. L. Moody
Grand Fork—Herberger, Inc.
Jamestown—Robertson's, Inc.
Kenmore—Knudson's, Inc.
Minot—Sgutts Store for Women
New Rockford—Rodenberg & Schwoebel
Valley City—Fair Dept. Store
Williston—G. M. Hedderick & Co.

OHIO

Ashland—Max H. Zola
Athens—Slingluff's
Cincinnati—Mabley & Carew Co.
Cleveland—Halle Bros. Co. Budget Shop
Cleveland Heights—Polly Style Shop
Dayton—Elder-Johnson Co.
E. Liverpool—Stein D. G. Co.
Findlay—Simon's
Hillsboro—Rothman's
Kenton—F. W. Uhlman
Lakewood—Bailey's Lakewood Store
Mansfield—The R. B. Maxwell Co.
Marion—Uhler Phillips Co.
Massilon—Van Horn's
Portsmouth—Atlas Fashion
Toledo—Lasalle & Koch Co.
Wilmington—Lacy's
Youngstown—Strouss-Hirshberg Co.

OKLAHOMA

Ada—Katz Dept. Store
Altus—The Vogue
Ardmore—G. H. Henley
Blackwell—Pollyanna Shop
Bristow—The Globe Store
Chickasha—The Eagle Merc. Co
Duncan—Hollywood Shop
Enid—Garfield's
Frederick—Mark's
Guthrie—Davenport's
Miama—Rose Bud Shoppe
Sapula—Katz Dept. Store
Sulphur—Sulphur D. G. Co.
Vinita—Zimmerman's
Wewoka—J. M. Davidson

OREGON

Medford—Adriennes

PENNSYLVANIA

Aliquippa—Pittsburgh Merc. Co.
Allentown—Zollinger-Harned Co.
Altoona—William F. Gable Co.
Bradford—Becky's
Butler—Weiss's
Chambersburg—Worth's
Charleroi—Wayne's
Corry—The Nast Co.
Erie—Keefe & Johnson
Greensburg—S. W. Rose Co.
Harrisburg—Pomeroy's, Inc.
Homestead—Robbins Shop
Johnstown—Schwartz
Lansford—Bright's
Lock Haven—Grossman's
McKeesport—Cox's
Philadelphia—Gimbel Bros.
Pittsburgh—Kaufman's
Pottsville—Skelly's
Reading—Pomeroy's
Scranton—The Band Box
Shamokin—Worth's
Shenandoah—Goldberg's
Upper Darby—Mayer's
Wilkes-Barre—Fowler Dick & Walker
Williamsport—Worth's
York—P. Wiest's Sons

RHODE ISLAND

Woonsocket—McCarthy D G. Co.

SOUTH CAROLINA

Anderson—G. H. Bailers
Camden—Fashion Shop
Clinton—Ladies Shoppe
Columbia—Haltiwanger's
Conway—Jerry Cox Co.
Kingstree—The Ladies Shop
Mullins—Razor Clardy Co.
Orangeburg—Mosley's Dept. Store

SOUTH DAKOTA

Aberdeen—Olwin-Angell
Huron—Erickson's
Watertown—Schaller's
Sioux Falls—Aaronson's

DR. ELLIS' BEAUTY AID PRODUCTS

Be modern! Exquisite loveliness is the mode of the day. Quality and quantity are combined in Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids to make beauty culture a pleasant daily routine of home grooming within your means instead of an extravagant luxury.

Dr. Ellis' Beauty Aids contain the finest and purest of ingredients. They have been tested and approved by the leading skin specialists and beauticians.

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In hot, sulky, sultry summer weather the care of the skin presents "Touchy" problems. Dr. Ellis' Creams solve these problems one by one. In Dr. Ellis' facial creams lie the secret of skin loveliness. They are scientifically and dermatologically tested. Each cream is compounded and prepared to accomplish a definite purpose. Whether your skin needs stimulation, nutrition or cleansing, you will find a Dr. Ellis' cream for your individual need. Your complexion is precious—guard it as you would a treasure, by using Dr. Ellis' Creams.

There is a wealth of satisfaction in knowing that you use the *Best.* You have *that* satisfaction when you buy a Dr. Ellis' Product. Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" WAVESET gives that rich, gleaming lustre of a lemon rinse to the hair. It does not discolor hair; waves become more beautiful and last longer.

DR. ELLIS' SPECIAL "QUICK-DRY" WAVESET LEAVES NO POWDER. Sold in the original comb-dip bottle. . . The name Dr. Ellis' on the package is your definite assurance of superior quality.

Dr. Ellis' Liquefying Cleansing Cream	1½ oz. 10c. 4 oz. 20c
Dr. Ellis' Vanishing Cream - -	
Dr. Ellis' Lemon Cleansing Cream	
Dr. Ellis' Tissue Cream -	
Dr. Ellis' Cold Cream - -	
Dr. Ellis' Hand Cream - -	

Dr. Ellis' Original Skin Balm - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Special "Quick-Dry" Waveset -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Brilliantine—Rose & Amber -	10c

DR. ELLIS' SALES CO., INC.
PITTSBURGH, PA. • TORONTO, CAN.

Dr. Ellis' Lemon Oil Concentrate Shampoo	10c
Dr. Ellis' Waveset Concentrate - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Waveset Powder - - -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Nail Polish (Clear or Creme) Ruby, Cardinal, Coral, Natural, Rose, Crystal	10c
Dr. Ellis' White Tip (in Creme only) -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Cuticle Oil and Remover -	10c
Dr. Ellis' Polish Remover, Plain and Oil	10c
Dr. Ellis' Lilac Astringent (Freshener) -	20c

We asked Society Women why they Prefer Camels —

"No Nerves"! "Every one is gay now and almost every one is smoking Camels," replied Mrs. Allston Boyer. "I can smoke as many as I want and they never upset my nerves. Lots of people have told me the same thing. And I notice that if I'm tired, smoking a Camel freshens me up."

Flavor! "In the enjoyment of smoking, Camels certainly make a difference," answered Miss Mary de Mumm (below). "Their flavor is so smooth and mild that you enjoy the last one as much as the first. I'm sure that's one reason they are so extremely popular." More expensive tobaccos!

NO BOTHERED NERVES FOR MRS. ALLSTON BOYER

"REFRESHING," SAYS MRS. ROBERT R. HITT

Mildness! "Camels have such a grand, mild flavor, and that's because they have more expensive tobaccos in them," said Miss Dorothy Paine (below). "They are the most popular cigarettes... every one is smoking them now."

Women do appreciate mildness in a cigarette, and the additional happy fact that Camels never bother the nerves—that is why they are so enthusiastic about Camels! The finer, more expensive tobaccos in Camels make a real difference—in mildness, flavor, and pleasure.

So Refreshing! "Sometimes you are apt to smoke more than usual," said Mrs. Robert R. Hitt, "and I notice that Camels never upset my nerves. In fact, if I'm a bit tired, I find that smoking a Camel rests me—I have a sense of renewed energy."

Camels give you just enough "lift" by releasing your latent energy in a natural way. They contain finer, more expensive tobaccos—both Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand. Smoke one and see.

"FLAVOR," SAYS MISS MARY DE MUMM

Among the many distinguished women who prefer Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, *Philadelphia*

MISS MARY BYRD, *Richmond*

MRS. POWELL CABOT, *Boston*

MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., *New York*

MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, *Boston*

MRS. BYRD WARWICK DAVENPORT, *New York*

MRS. HENRY FIELD, *Chicago*

MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL, *New York*

MRS. POTTER D'ORSAY PALMER, *Chicago*

MRS. LANGDON POST, *New York*

MISS EVELYN CAMERON WATTS, *New York*

MRS. WILLIAM T. WETMORE, *New York*

MILDNESS IS WHAT MISS DOROTHY PAINE PREFERS IN CAMELS

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Camels are made from finer, more expensive tobaccos — Turkish and Domestic — than any other popular brand